



# THE BOYS OWN PAPER

*Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.*

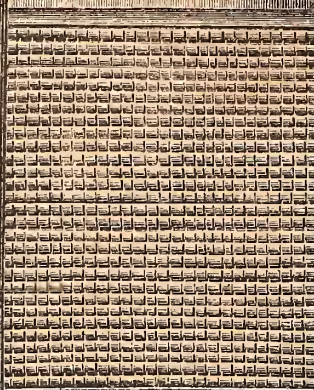
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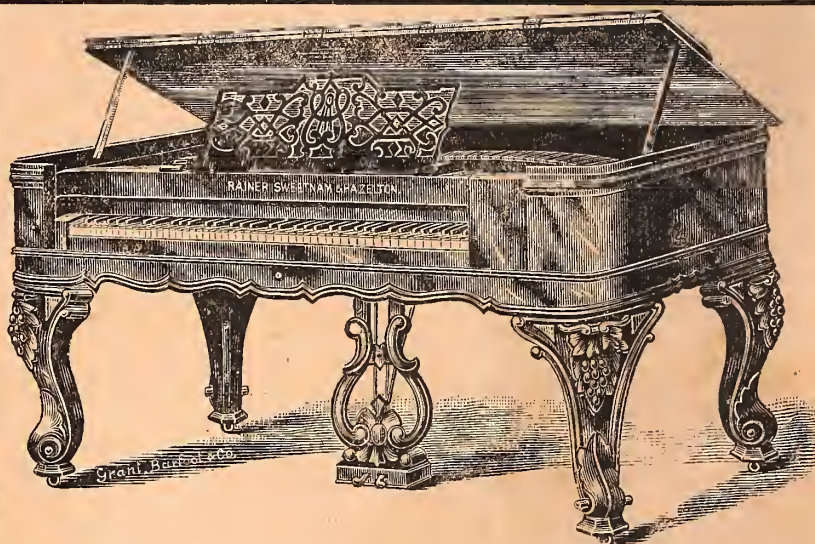
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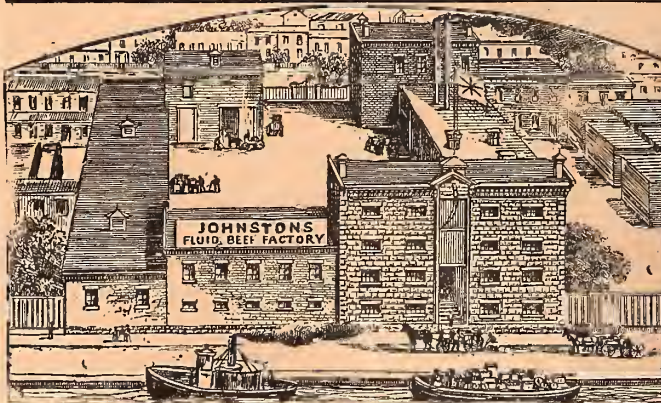
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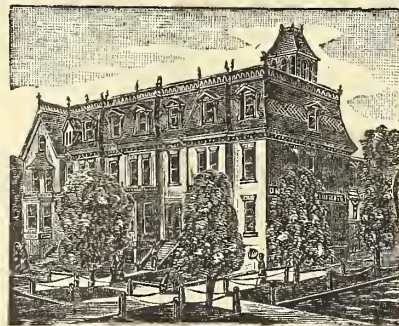
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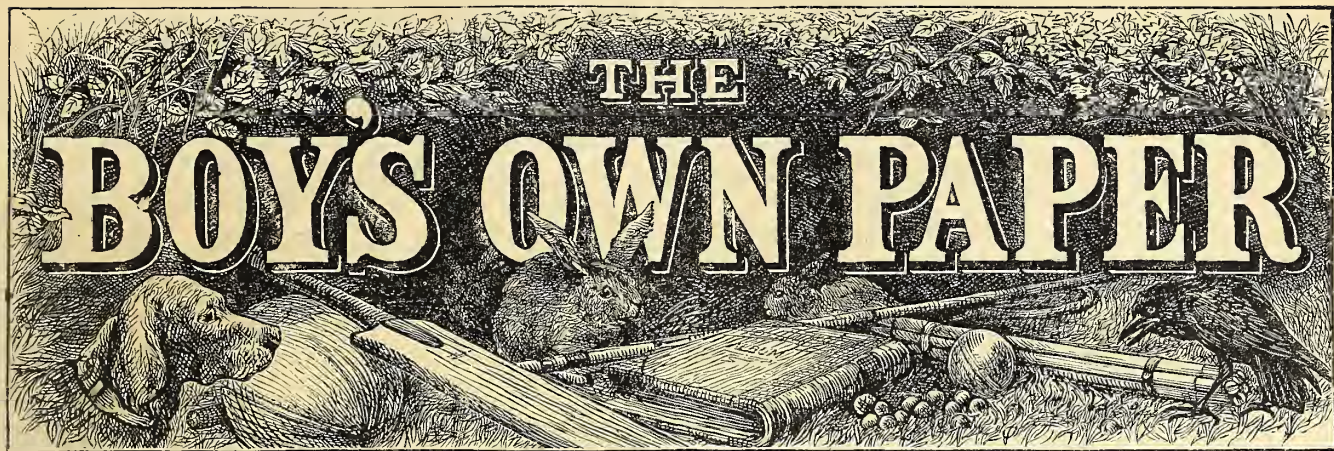
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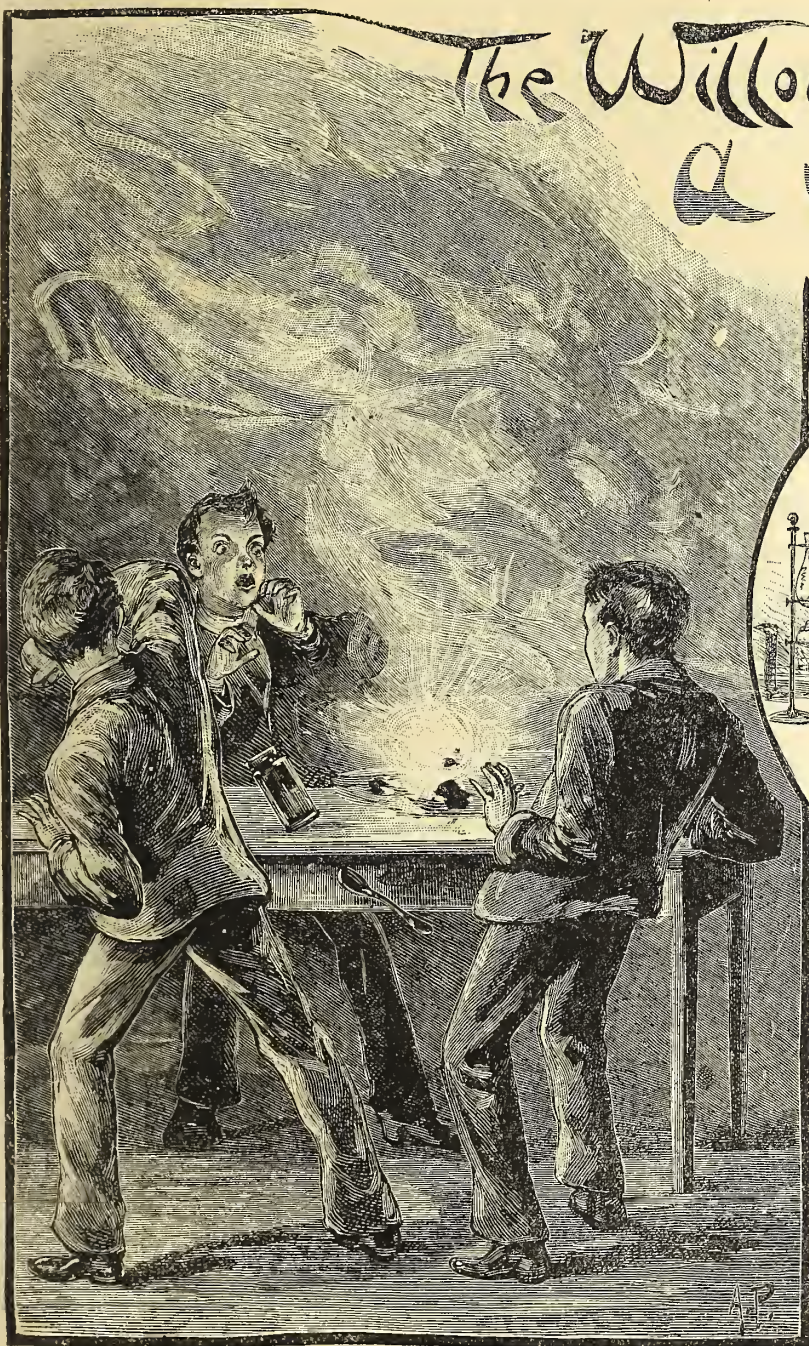
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# The Willoughby Captains. A School Story

By  
TALBOT BAINES REED,



CHAPTER IX.—A SCIENTIFIC AFTERNOON  
IN WELCH'S.

"PIL," said Cusack, a few days after the unfortunate end to that gentleman's "motion" in Parliament—"Pil, it strikes me we can do pretty much as we like these times. What do you think?"

"Well, I don't know," said Pil, meditatively; "I got a pot from Coates to-day for playing fives against the School House door."

"Oh yes; of course, if you fool about out of doors you'll get potted. What I mean is, indoors here there's no one to pull us up that I can see."

"There was a loud report."



"Oh! I see what you mean," said Pilbury. "Yes, you're about right there."

"Gully, you know," continued Cusack—"Gully's no good as master of a house; he's always grubbing over his books. Bless his heart! it doesn't matter to him whether we cut one another's throats!"

"Not it! I dare say he'd be rather glad if we did," replied Pilbury.

"Then there's Tucker. No fear of his reporting us, eh!"

"Rather not! when he's always breaking rules himself, and slinking down to Shellport, and kicking up rows with the other chaps. What do you think I found in his brush-and-comb bag the other day? Thirteen cigar-ends! He goes about collecting them in Shellport, I suppose, and finishes them up on the quiet."

"Oh, he's no good!" said Cusack. "And old Silk's about as bad. He doesn't care a bit what we do as long as he enjoys himself. Don't suppose he'd be down on us?"

"No fear! He might pot us now and then for appearance' sake, but he wouldn't report us, I guess."

"And suppose he did," said Cusack; "the new captain's as big a muff as all the lot of them put together. He's afraid to look at a chap. Didn't you hear what he did to the Parrett's kids the other day?"

"Yes; didn't I!" exclaimed Pilbury. "He let them all off, and begged their pardons or something. But I'm jolly glad Parrett was down on them. He's stopped their river-play, and they won't be able to show up at the regatta."

"I'm jolly glad!" said Cusack; "chaps like them deserve to catch it, don't they, Pil?"

"Rather!" replied Pilbury.

A silence ensued, during which both heroes were doubtless meditating upon the unexampled iniquities of the Parrett juniors.

Presently Pilbury observed somewhat dolefully, "Awfully slow, isn't it, Cusack?"

"What's awfully slow?"

"Oh, everything! No fun kicking up a row if there's no one to pull you up. I'm getting sick of rows."

Cusack stared at his friend with rather concerned looks. He could not be well, surely, or he would never come out with sentiments like those.

"Fact is," continued Pilbury, contemplatively balancing himself on one foot on the corner of the fender, "I've half a notion to go in for being steady this term, old man, just for a change."

As if to suit the action to the word, the fender suddenly capsized under him, and shot him head first into the waistcoat of his friend.

Cusack solemnly restored him to his feet and replied, "Rather a rum start, isn't it?"

"Well," said Pilbury, examining his shin to see if it had been grazed by the treacherous fender, "I don't see what else there is to do. Any chap can fool about. I'm fagged of fooling about; ain't you?"

"I don't know," said Cusack, doubtfully. "It's not such a lark as it used to be, certainly."

"What do you say to going it steady this term?" asked Pilbury.

"Depends on what you mean by 'steady.' If you mean never going out of bounds or using cribs, I'm not game."

"Oh, I don't mean that, you know," said Pilbury. "What I mean is, shutting up rows, and that sort of thing."

"What can a fellow do?" asked Cusack, dubiously.

"Oh, lots to do, you know," said Pilbury—"dominos, you know, or spellikans. I've got a box at home."

"Very slow always playing dominos," said Cusack, "or spellikans."

"Well, then, there's—"

"Hold hard!" broke in Cusack, struck with a sudden idea. "What's the name of the thing old Philpot's always at?"

"What, chemistry? Jolly good idea, old man! Let's go in for that."

"Not a bad lark," said Cusack—"lots of explosions and things. Philpot told me he could make Pharaoh's serpents, and smells like rotten eggs. We'll get him to coach us, eh, Pil?"

"I'm game," said Pil, no less delighted than his friend at this happy thought.

And, full of their new idea of "going it steady," the two worthies forthwith sallied out and made hue and cry for Philpot.

Unless Philpot in his leisure moments was engaged in some predatory expedition, or happened to be serving a term of imprisonment in the detention-room, it was a pretty safe guess to look for him in the laboratory, where as an ardent student of science he was permitted to resort, and within certain limits practise for himself. Philpot bore the office of "second under bottle-washer" in Willoughby; that is, he assisted the boy who assisted the chemistry fag who assisted the assistant-master to the science master; and on the strength of this distinction he was allowed some special privileges in the way of improving himself in his favourite branch of study.

He was on the whole rather a promising pupil, and had a very fair idea of the properties of the several substances he was allowed to experiment with. Indeed he had had to pass an examination and perform some experiments in the presence of the master before he was allowed to enter the laboratory as a private student at all. No one knew exactly how he distinguished himself on that occasion, or how he succeeded with his experiments, but it was well known that, if he had succeeded then, he had never done so since—that is according to anybody's idea but his own.

Cusack and Pilbury found him busy blowing through a tube into a bottle of water, looking very like a purple cherub bursting at the cheeks. He was so engrossed with his task that he did not even notice their entry; indeed it was not till Pilbury had stepped quietly behind him and clapped him suddenly on either side of the face, making his cheeks explode like a small balloon, and spilling the contents of his bottle all over the table, that he became aware that he had visitors.

"What a frightful idiot you are, Pilbury!" he exclaimed; "you've spoilt that whole experiment. I wish you'd shut up fooling and get out."

"Awfully sorry, old man," said Pilbury, "but you did look so jolly puffed out, you know; didn't he, Cusack?"

"Now you've done, you'd better hook it," said Philpot; "you've not got leave to come here."

"Oh, don't be riled," said Cusack, "the fact is, Pil and I came to see if you'd put us up to a thing or two in this sort of business."

"We've gone on the steady, Phil, you know," explained Pilbury, in conciliatory tones, "and thought it would be rather jolly if we three worked up a little chemistry together."

"We'd watch you do the things at first,

of course," said Cusack, "till we twigged all the dodges."

"And it would be jolly good practice for you, you know, in case ever old Mix'em-up is laid up, and you have to lecture instead."

Philpot regarded his two would-be pupils doubtfully, but softened considerably as they went on.

"You'll have to promise not to fool," said he, presently, "or there'll be a row."

"Oh, rather, we won't touch anything without asking, will we, Pil?" replied Cusack. "Awfully brickish of you, Philpot."

Philpot took the compliment very complacently, and the two students settled themselves one on either side of the table and waited for operations to begin.

"Wire in, old man," said Pilbury, encouragingly; "cut all the jaw, you know, and start with the experiments. Can't you give us a jolly flare up to begin with?"

"All serene," said Philpot, who had now quite recovered his humour, and was pleased to find himself in the position of an instructor of youth, "wait a bit, then."

He reached down from a shelf a large saucer containing water, in which lay a round substance rather like the end of a stick of peppermint-rock. On this Philpot began to operate with a pair of scissors, greatly to the amusement of his spectators, for try all he would he couldn't get hold of it.

"What are you trying to do?" said Cusack.

"Cut a bit off," said Philpot, trying to stick the substance with a long bodkin, in order to hold it steady.

"Why, that's not the way to cut it, you old dolt," said Pilbury. "Here, I'll do it," and he advanced to the saucer.

"What'll you do?"

"Why, fish it out, of course, and cut it then."

"You'd better not try. It's phosphorus."

"Is it, though—and what does it do?"

"Burn you, rather, unless you keep it in water. Ah, got him at last."

So saying, Philpot triumphantly spiked the obstinate piece of phosphorus, and succeeded in cutting off a small piece.

"Is that what makes the flare up," asked Cusack.

"Yes, wait a bit, till I get the jar."

"What jar?" asked Pilbury. "Here's one; will this do?"

"Look out, I say!" exclaimed Philpot, in great excitement; "let it go, will you?"

"What's the row?" asked Pilbury and Cusack, both in alarm.

"Why, that's got my oxygen in it," cried Philpot, securing the bottle and gently lifting it on to the table, taking care to hold the glass plate that covered the mouth in its place.

"Got his what in it?" asked Cusack.

"Oxygen. It took me an hour to get."

"There's nothing in that empty jar," said Pilbury, laughing.

"Isn't there, though?" said Philpot; "it's full."

"You mean to say that jar's full of something," said Cusack. "Look here, don't you try to stuff us up. What's the use of saying it's full when it's empty?"

"It's full of gas, I tell you," said Philpot. "Don't you talk till you know."

This rebuke somewhat silenced the two devotees of science, who, however, con-



tinued to regard the jar sceptically and rather contemptuously.

Philpot next dived into a drawer and drew from it a large cork, through which passed a long wire having a small cup at the lower end.

"Now look out," he said.

He proceeded to shovel the small piece of phosphorus into the little cup under the cork, and drawing it out of the water, applied a light. The phosphorus lit up immediately, and at the same instant he slipped the glass plate off the mouth of the oxygen jar, and clapped the cork, with the wire and cup hanging down from it, in its place.

The effect was magical. The moment the phosphorus was introduced into the oxygen it flared up with a brilliancy that perfectly dazzled the spectators, and made the entire jar look like one mass of light.

The two pupils were delighted; Philpot was complacently triumphant; when all of a sudden there was a loud report, the illumination suddenly ceased, and the jar, broken to pieces, collapsed.

Pilbury and Cusack, who at the first alarm had retreated somewhat suddenly to the door, returned as soon as they perceived there was no danger, and were profuse in their praises of the experiment and the experimenter.

"Awfully prime, that was!" cried Cusack; "wasn't it, Pil?"

"Stunning!" said Pilbury.

"Jolly grind that jar bursting up, though," said Philpot, with a troubled countenance.

"Why, wasn't that part of the show-off?" asked Pilbury.

"Part of the show-off! No!" exclaimed Philpot.

"I thought it was the best part of it all," said Cusack.

"So did I. No end of a burst up it was."

"You see," said Philpot, solemnly, "what I ought to have done was to dilute the oxygen with a little air first, but you fellows flurried me so I forgot all about it."

"Very glad you did, or we'd have missed the bust up," said Cusack. "I say, can't we try now? I know the way to do it quite well."

But this proposal Philpot flatly declined to accede to, and could only appease their disappointment by promising to perform one other experiment for their benefit.

This was of rather an elaborate nature. The operator first placed in a saucer some stuff which he explained was iodine. On to this he poured from a small bottle which smelt uncommonly like smelling-salts a small quantity of liquid, and then proceeded to stir the concoction up.

The two students were not to be restrained from offering their services at this point, and Philpot yielded. After they had stirred to their hearts' content, Philpot ordered them to desist and let it stand a bit.

This they consented to do, and occupied the interval in taking down and smelling all the bottles within reach, with a hardihood that frightened the wits out of poor Philpot.

"Look here," he said, when presently Pilbury suddenly dropped one bottle with a crash to the floor, and began violently spitting and choking, "you promised you wouldn't touch anything, and I'll shut up if you go on fooling any more. Serves you right, Pil, so it does."

It was some time before the unfortunate

Pil recovered from the results of his unlucky experiment, and even when he did the odours from the broken bottle were so offensive that the windows had to be opened wide before the atmosphere of the room became tolerable. It wouldn't have taken so long, only it was deemed advisable to shut the door at the same time to prevent the smell getting outside and telling tales to the school at large.

By the time this pleasant diversion was disposed of, the concoction in the saucer had recovered from its stirring, and Philpot declared it was ready to go ahead with.

He therefore placed another saucer upside down upon this one, and carefully strained off between the two all the liquid, leaving only a black powder in the saucer, which he announced was iodide of nitrogen.

"Rum name," said Cusack, "what does it do?"

"You wait a bit," said Philpot, scooping the wet powder up with the end of a knife and spreading it out on small separate pieces of paper.

"Fellow's born a chemist," said Pilbury, watching him admiringly, "that's just what old Joram does at the dispensary. What's all the spread out for?"

"To dry it," said Philpot.

"Why don't you stick it on the shovel and hold it over the gas?" suggested Cusack. "Jolly fag waiting till it dries itself."

"Oh, it won't be long," said Philpot.

"And what's it going to do when it's done," asked Cusack.

"Hope it'll flare up like the other," said Pilbury.

"It ought to," said Philpot.

"Ought it. Hurrah! I say, Cusack, what a jolly clever beggar old Phil is, isn't he?"

"Rather," said the admiring Cusack, perching himself on the side of the table and swinging his legs to pass the time.

"Oh," said Philpot, condescendingly, "it only wants a little practice."

"Rather; I mean to practise hard, don't you, Cusack?"

Cusack said yes he did, and proceeded to prow round the laboratory in a manner that made Philpot very uncomfortable.

It was a relief to all parties when the powders were at last pronounced to be dry.

"Now," said Philpot, taking up one of the small papers gently on the flat of his hand, "we shall have to be careful."

"That little lot won't make half a flare," suggested Pilbury; "let's have two or three at once."

So saying he lifted up one of the other papers and emptied its contents into the paper on Philpot's hand.

"Look out!" said Philpot, "it'll blow up."

"Eh, what?" cried Cusack, jumping off the table in his excitement at the glorious news.

As he did so Philpot uttered a cry, which was accompanied by a loud crackling explosion, and a dense volume of blue smoke, which made the boys turn pale with terror. For a moment neither of them could move or utter a sound except Philpot, who danced round and round the room in the smoke howling and wringing his hand.

When at last they did recover their presence of mind enough to inquire of their preceptor who was injured, it was in tones of terrible alarm.

"Oh, Phil, old man, are you hurt?"

What was it? We're so awfully sorry. Is your hand blown off?"

"No," said Philpot, continuing to wring his injured hand, but otherwise considerably recovered; "it was your fault jumping off the table. It's lucky it wasn't all dry, or I might have had my eyes out!"

It was a great relief to find matters were no worse, and that in a very few minutes Philpot's hand had recovered from the smart of the explosion. This accident, however, decided the young enthusiasts that for the present they had perhaps had enough chemistry for one lesson.

In a few days, however, they had all sufficiently got over the shock of the last afternoon's experiments to decide on a fresh venture, and these lessons continued, on and off, during the rest of the term. It can hardly be said that by the end of the term Pilbury or Cusack knew any more about chemistry than they had known this first day. They persistently refused to listen to any of Philpot's "jaw," as they rudely termed his attempts at explanation, and confined themselves to the experiments. However, though in many respects they wasted their time over their new pursuit, these volatile youths might have been a good deal worse employed.

In fact, if every Welcher had been no worse employed that house would not have brought all the discredit on Willoughby which it did. As it was, everybody seemed to follow his own sweet will without a single thought for the good of the school or the welfare of his fellows. The heads of the house, Tucker and Silk, did not even attempt to set a good example, and that being so, it was hardly to be expected those below them would be much interested in supplying their deficiencies.

On the very afternoon when Pilbury and Cusack had been sitting at the feet of the learned Philpot in the laboratory, Silk, a monitor, had, along with Gilks, of the School House, a monitor too, gone down to Shellport, against all rules, taking Wyndham junior, one of their special *protégés*, with them.

They appeared to be pretty familiar with the ins and outs of the big town, and though on this occasion they occupied their time in no more disgraceful a way than waiting on the harbour pier to see the mail steamer come in, they yet felt all three of them as if they would by no means like to be seen by any one who knew them.

And it appeared as if they were going to be spared this embarrassment, for they encountered no one they knew till they were actually on their way home.

Then, just as they were passing the station door, they met, to their horror, a boy in a college cap just coming out with a parcel under his arm. It proved to be no other than Riddell himself.

Riddell, who had come down by a special "permit" from the Doctor to get a parcel—containing, by the way, his new boating flannels—at first looked as astonished and uncomfortable as the three truants themselves. He would sooner have had anything happen to him than such a meeting. However, as usual, his sense of duty came to his rescue.

He advanced to the group in a nervous manner, and, addressing Wyndham, said, hurriedly, "Please come to my room this evening, Wyndham;" and then, without waiting for a reply, or staying to notice the ominous looks of the two monitors, he departed, and proceeded as fast as he could back to Willoughby.

(To be continued.)



## POTTERY-PAINTING.

(Continued from page 134.)

FIG. 3 is designed to be treated similarly to Fig. 2, and little more need be said about it, as what applies to the one applies to the other. The fish can be traced in blue, the centre part of plaque filled in solidly, and the outer rim painted with conventional water. The scales of

upon some salient point in the bird, beast, or fish, and emphasise it until it becomes an ornamental feature. The fish here given are fairly accurate drawings of perch, and the dark rings on the back have come in with admirable effect. The spiny fins, too, make a telling feature in the

are peculiarly happy in this kind of work, and a study of some of their designs would be of great assistance to the tyro in his efforts after the quaint and curious. Endeavour to choose as your subjects for conventionalising such forms as will readily lend themselves to this kind of



Fig. 3.

the fish can be either traced or picked out. A little of the Persian turquoise touched in here and there would give a nice variety, and the outer border might be, instead of traced, picked out and washed over with turquoise, as heretofore mentioned.

A word or two might be said as to the designing of these quaint plaques. Birds, fish, and animals can be treated in a conventional manner, and often with very happy results. A good natural history, such as Wood's, will supply one with material. What you have to do is to seize

design. By introducing the minnows or small fish a secondary interest is brought in and a *motif* given to the plaque which it would otherwise have lacked. The owl was one drawn in the Zoological Gardens, and all that was done was to combine it with the principal idea of the moon which Gray speaks of in his "Elegy." It is not pretended that the bird could sit on the moon, but the ideas of the owl and night being appropriate, the great licence was taken of representing him on the moon itself. It is simply a quaint idea and nothing more. The Japanese

treatment. A fish like the John Dory is as quaint as human ingenuity could devise, and so is an owl, and while nature offers so many subjects there ought to be no paucity of material.

Æsop's fables are capital subjects for pottery, and our readers might try their hands at illustrating such well-known themes as the Frogs and the Stork, the Fox and the Crane, the Wolf and the Lamb, and many others that offer great scope for adapting the forms of nature to the requirements of decorative art.

(To be continued.)



## FOR JAMES OR GEORGE? A SCHOOLBOY'S TALE OF 1745.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

*Author of "Tales of Charlton School," "Schoolboy Honour," etc.*

## CHAPTER IX.

ON the day following the visit of Lord Rydesdale and the others, Hugh and his friends once more went into school at the usual hour, wearing their swords, as they had been wont to do before the quarrel with their schoolfellows took place, and then hanging them up in the school lobby.

Thither they returned when school was over, and consulted together as to how they should employ the afternoon, a special

what was settled at last. I don't say but what I may myself sometimes play bowls or hurling on the Level, but not to-day," said Hugh.

"John Warton," observed Farrell, "will not be in the playground to-day, if that—"

"It is quite indifferent to me whether he is there or not," interrupted De Clifford, stiffly. "I was going to say I would rather go over to Wyndford Abbey to-day

"Wyndford Abbey! Do you think of going there?" asked Farrell, in some surprise.

"Yes," answered Hugh, coldly.

"Why should he not?" inquired Maynard, still more distantly.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure," answered Farrell, apparently a little confused.

"Only, as it belongs now—that is, I mean, as it does not belong now to Sir Charles Wyndford, and the—and an objection



half-holiday having been asked for by Lord Rydesdale on the previous day.

"Well, I'm disposed to go into the playground," said Holmes, "and finish the game of bowls which was broken off the other day. We are to have the use of the Level to ourselves, you know, so that there can be no bother with any one."

"Yes," said Grantley, "I think that would do very well. It makes all the difference in the world to me whether I am forbidden to wear my sword, or whether I leave it off of my own free will."

"I agree in that too," observed Farrell. "What do you say?" he added, looking at De Clifford and the others.

"There is a great difference, of course, between what Dr. Oakes proposed and

—that is, if Charlie and Edgar will go with me. We haven't been there for a month and more, and the fishing is at its best now. This will be the very day, too, for an hour's nutting, or for a swim off the Hermitage Island."

"They were interrupted by a man in a hussar's uniform."



might be made, perhaps—but it is no business of mine.”

“Certainly not,” assented Maynard, in the same tone as before. “I don’t see that it is anybody’s business. We had leave from the owner, and that, I suppose, will last till a new owner comes. Of course, if he didn’t like it we shouldn’t think of going there any more. If it should be Mr. Wyndford, of Broadstone Park, Dorsetshire—”

“Ah, if it should be,” interposed Farrell; “and I dare say it may be,” he added, hastily. “I can’t say, of course.”

“Well, if he is the new owner,” resumed Maynard, “I think he’ll allow us still to go. Meanwhile, Paul Beadon is in possession, and he is always glad to see us.”

“Well, I shouldn’t like to go there now, that is all I can say,” observed Farrell.

“You are not asked to go,” said De Clifford. “The question is, will Charles and Edgar go?”

“I’ll go with you if you wish it,” said Mostyn. “I should like a few hours’ fishing and a bathe in the lake particularly. And as it seems we may not be allowed to go there much longer, we had better make hay while the sun shines. Let us get out our rods and towels, and then we’ll be off without losing time.”

They were soon on their way, strolling easily along under the mild October sunshine.

“I am glad you set Farrell down as you did, Hugh,” remarked Maynard. “I dislike that fellow more and more every day. I am pretty sure he is a regular sneak. Don’t you remember it puzzled us a good deal how Dr. Oakes found out about our badger hunt last June—the day before the ball, you know?”

“I remember,” said Mostyn. “You said you thought Farrell must have blabbed to the Doctor. But it was only a guess, wasn’t it?”

“I guessed it,” said Maynard, “because the Doctor punished us three and let him off.”

“Yes, you said so,” said Mostyn. “But that wasn’t any proof, because Dick wasn’t with us all the time. The Doctor may have seen us three after he was gone.”

“Just so,” said Maynard. “But I found out afterwards that my guess was a right one.”

“How did you find that out, Edgar?” asked De Clifford.

“It was Joel told me,” said Maynard. “He has been making love lately to old Oakes’s maid-servant, I believe. Any way, he’s often there now. She told him that on the evening of the badger hunt, as Dick was going home—he went home by himself, as you observed just now.”

“That’s right,” said Mostyn; “he had lost his shoe in the bog, and had to hobble home at once as well as he could. Well, what then?”

“As he was passing Oakes’s house he ran right against the Doctor and almost knocked him over. The Doctor saw what a state he was in—all mud from head to foot, his coat torn, and only one shoe on—and he insisted on Dick’s telling him where he had been, threatening to punish him severely if he didn’t speak the truth, but to let him off easily if he told him all. Thereupon Dick said he would do so, if the Doctor would keep it to himself. Dr. Oakes promised, and then Dick declared that we three had induced him to go out against his will to bait a badger. Jane was in the passage, and heard every word.”

“Disgusting sneak!” exclaimed Mos-

tyn. “Well, it did puzzle me how we were found out. I was pretty sure Dr. Oakes hadn’t seen us; he never sees anything.”

“It is like Farrell,” rejoined Maynard. “He’s an arrant coward, and a coward is always a sneak. I noticed him when the fight took place in the playground the other day. He was louder than any one in threatening the town fellows; but when it came to blows he slunk back behind Holmes and Grantley, and then crept in among the shrubs, and never appeared again till it was all over. You noticed that, Hugh, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” assented De Clifford. “And what is more, I have noticed that he keeps up a kind of underhand intimacy with Jack Warton, as well as with the attorney, Bates. He manages it in a very sly way, and thinks we none of us know anything about it. But he’s mistaken there. I’ve remarked it more than once. And I’ve good reason for believing that he plays the spy upon us, and reports things to Warton.”

“We ought to send him to Coventry,” said Maynard.

“I don’t see how we could do that,” said De Clifford. “He’s a relation of Charlie’s, you see, and lives in the same house, and has the same tutor. We can’t get rid of him; and by sending him to Coventry we should only cut ourselves off from speaking our minds to him, when we wanted to do so. We had better keep our eyes upon him, and be careful not to say anything before him which we don’t want repeated. That’s enough about him. Here we are at the keeper’s lodge gate. Why, I say, how’s this? It is locked! It used always to be open.”

While the three adventurers are busy in endeavouring to effect an entrance, we will devote a few sentences to the history of Richard Farrell, the subject of his school-fellows’ remarks.

His mother, a Mostyn by birth, and a near relative of the old Lord Rydesdale—being the daughter of one of his half-brothers—had been left an orphan, and almost destitute, at an early age. It being inconvenient to her uncle to receive her as an inmate at Edburton, he had placed her as a boarder in the family of the Vicar of Peneshurst. She was, however, frequently a guest at her uncle’s house, and was rather a favourite with the family—until she gave them mortal offence by marrying a certain Giles Farrell, an attorney in Peneshurst. The connection was not only regarded as a terrible *mésalliance* in itself, but was further aggravated by the fact that Mr. Farrell was the man of business employed by Mr. Warton, and that he assailed on all possible occasions the rights and privileges of the county gentry. In particular he had given the gravest offence by taking up the cause of one Ernest Bates, who claimed a near relationship with Lord De Clifford’s family, and had endeavoured to gain possession of the De Clifford estates, when it seemed likely they would be declared forfeit to the Crown by Morton De Clifford’s share in the rebellion of 1715. Mr. Farrell had lent Mr. Bates all possible help, and, but for Lady Betty Mostyn, would probably have succeeded in the attempt. It is little wonder that, under such circumstances, Lord Rydesdale refused to receive his niece at Edburton, or acknowledge her as his relative.

Mrs. Farrell bore this with equanimity; but some six or seven years afterwards the sudden death of her husband, and the in-

solveny of his estate—for it was then discovered that he had for years been engaged in disastrous speculations—threw her once more on her uncle’s protection. He declined to see her, but instructed his attorney, Mr. Driscoll, to establish her in one of his houses in Peneshurst, and provided her, during the few remaining years of her life, with an income sufficient for her wants. When her son grew old enough to be placed at the grammar school, he allowed him to occupy the same lodging and share the same instruction as his son Charles.

But Richard was never a favourite with either father or son. He was sordid and calculating, looking in all things to his own advantage. He had been taught to look to Lord Rydesdale for his advancement in life; but he was quick enough to see that his uncle cherished no particular affection for him, and further that Mr. Geoffrey Bates, who had some years before become his father’s partner, and Mr. Warton, who had occasionally shown him some civility, might be more useful patrons than his titled relative. He sought, however, to obtain the favour of both parties, and was continually oscillating between them—at one time trying to ingratiate himself with his cousin, Charlie Mostyn, and his friends, and at another paying court, though, as De Clifford had observed, in a somewhat clandestine manner, to John Warton. Latterly—since the school fight, that is to say—he had been a good deal in the society of Warton and his set. Sooth to say, the demeanour of De Clifford and Maynard had not been such as to encourage intimacy with them.

We left the boys knocking at the keeper’s lodge, where, however, they failed to attract any notice.

“I dare say these new fellows, whoever they may be, have ordered old Beadon to be more careful as to whom he allows to get in here. He was rather slack about it, that can’t be denied. Well, as we can’t get through, I suppose we must get over.”

The three boys climbed over accordingly, and then pursued their way through the shrubberies until they reached Paul Beadon’s cottage.

“Hullo!” exclaimed Mostyn, as they came up. “Why, the cottage door is locked, as the gate was. I never knew that happen before. I suppose Paul can’t have been sent away, can he?”

“No, evidently not,” replied Hugh. “The cottage is not empty. The blind is down, but I can see that Paul’s furniture is there. And see the smoke from the chimney. No, old Paul has gone out somewhere, and has locked up the cottage in his absence. We had better go down to the lake and begin fishing. We are losing the best hours of the day.”

The others assented, and the boys, taking the shortest cut to their favourite fishing-place, baited their hooks and were soon rewarded by some capital sport. The wind and the light were both favourable, and their baskets began to fill.

An hour passed in this manner, when they were interrupted all of a moment by the appearance of a man in a hussar’s uniform, who, walking up to them, inquired stiffly, though not rudely, who they were, and what business they had to be there.

“What business have you to be here?” replied Maynard, to whom the question had been more directly addressed. “Who are you, and where do you come from?”

“I am here on duty,” was the answer, “and I have my commanding officer’s orders to allow no one here, unless they



have especial leave. Have you his leave?"

"I don't know who your commanding officer may be," said Hugh. "We had Sir Charles Wyndford's leave."

"Sir Charles Wyndford is not the owner of this property now," said the man. "It has passed into other hands."

"We never heard that," rejoined Hugh; "and if it has, it does not follow that the new owner will object to our presence when he knows who we are. If you will call Paul Beadon, the head keeper, he will put this to rights. We could not find him."

"No, but I will tell you where you can find him," was the rejoinder. "He's on the other side of the English Channel, where he has gone to escape being tried, and perhaps hanged, for high treason against our sovereign lord the King."

Hugh bit his lip; he was much distressed at this information, and longed to retort on the man, that what he thought fit to call treason, was in his view of the matter noble and devoted loyalty. But he had learned enough already to beware of the folly of making such a demonstration, and he remained silent.

Presently the silence was broken by Mostyn. "If the Abbey belongs to a new owner," he said, "I should like to know who he is?"

"I dare say," returned the man, "but it may be that he does not want his name to be known."

"Why should he wish to hide it?" asked Maynard.

"He may have his reasons."

There was another pause. The man, though not paying the young gentlemen the respect which they considered their due, could not be said to be uncivil, and it struck Hugh that he was simply not aware of their names and rank, and that if he did become acquainted with them he would make no objection to their presence.

"I wish you to understand this matter," he said. "You seem to be a stranger in these parts, and not to know us. This is Mr. Charles Mostyn, son of Lord Rydesdale, the Lord-Lieutenant of this county. This is Mr. Edgar Maynard, son of General Sir Andrew Maynard, of Brandleigh Hall, near here. My own name is Hugh de Clifford, and my father is Lord de Clifford, of Peneshurst Castle. Whoever the new owner of Wyndford Abbey may be, I do not think he would wish to exclude from it the sons of his neighbours and equals. It is true he does not know us at present—"

"I am not so sure of that, sir," rejoined the soldier. "If I don't mistake he has known you for a long time, and as for your families—but here he is—his son, that is to say—and you can speak to him."

All eyes were turned to the quarter intimated, and presently the figure of John Warton was seen issuing from one of the shrubby walks and advancing towards them.

"John Warton!" exclaimed Maynard, hastily; "you don't mean that he—that his father has bought the Abbey!"

"But I do," rejoined the man. "Colonel Warton, my commanding officer—and a very good officer he is—owns every acre of it. Will you please to tell these gentlemen so yourself, Mr. John?" he continued, as John Warton came up. "I can't persuade them that this park belongs to your father."

"Sergeant Mills is right," said John Warton, coldly; "Wyndford Abbey belongs to my father."

"I need not tell you that we were not aware of that," said De Clifford, "or we should not have intruded. We will now immediately go away, and, of course, will not trespass again."

He began unjoining his rod as he spoke, and the other two in silence followed his example. But Sergeant Mills, who, notwithstanding the curtness of his manner, was evidently a good-natured fellow, interposed.

"Mr. John," he said, "don't you think they might be allowed to stay this afternoon? It's past the time when the—when Colonel William was expected. I don't suppose he'll come here now, and it's a beautiful afternoon for fishing. It seems a pity to spoil the gentlemen's sport, doesn't it?"

"My father has given special orders through Captain Bates, and would not be pleased if they were not observed," said Warton. "And besides," he added, in a different tone, as he noticed the expression of Maynard's face, "I don't suppose they would consent to remain, even if I were to allow it."

"You are right there!" exclaimed Maynard; "nothing would induce me to remain. You had better take the fish," he continued, addressing Mills, as Warton turned short off and disappeared among the shrubs—"you had better take the fish, it will do for your supper."

The boys had now put up their rods and shouldered their baskets, and were just turning into the path which led to the keeper's lodge, when another person appeared on the scene. This was a young lady, well dressed, and attended by her page, who was coming down the path which they were on the point of entering.

She stood still in evident surprise on seeing the three boys.

"Do you want my brother?" she asked, addressing Hugh. "He is somewhere about here; I was going to take a walk with him." Then, suddenly recognising in De Clifford her intended partner at the ball, whom she had left after a somewhat uncereemonious fashion, she made a pause in her speech, while a crimson flush suffused her cheek. De Clifford had recognised her the moment she came in sight. He raised his hat, and, briefly replying that he had seen her brother, was about to pass on, when Lucy again addressed him. "I think I ought to ask your pardon for going away so abruptly from the ball. I believe there was some mistake—"

"If there was," interposed Hugh, again bowing, "it was altogether my fault, and it is I who ought to ask pardon."

"It is polite of you to say so. Are you leaving off fishing? It is quite early in the day."

"We—we didn't know that the Abbey was—had ceased to belong to Sir Charles Wyndford," said Hugh, embarrassed how to answer.

"My father would not, I am sure, wish you to go away on that account," said Lucy. "Will you not stay and finish your sport?"

The boys looked awkwardly at one another, and Mills interposed.

"Your father expects the—expects Colonel William, miss, you know."

"Colonel William," repeated the young lady; "who is he?"

"He is—he is—a person whom he wishes to see in private, Miss Warton, I believe," said Mills.

De Clifford roused himself. "I return you most grateful thanks for your cour-

tesy, Miss Warton," he said, "but I am afraid we cannot stay."

All three lifted their hats, and then turned quickly down the shrubby path. Not a word was spoken till they had passed the lodge gate, which was now unlocked, and issued out on Grover's Moor. Here they seated themselves on some stones on the roadside, and debated how they should employ the remainder of the afternoon.

"Well, Hugh, I must acknowledge that Miss Warton is of a different cut altogether from the rest of her family," exclaimed Maynard. "I am quite sorry I did not let you dance the minuet with her."

"Pity her name isn't Wynford," added Mostyn.

"She is very lovely," said Hugh, "and sweet-mannered too. I could almost forgive old Warton his presumption in thrusting himself into good old Sir Charles's place, for her sake. But no more of her; the question is, how are we to pass the remainder of the afternoon?"

"Let us go and finish our examination of the old ruin, into which we hunted the bustard," suggested Maynard. "I have often thought of going there; but it is a long distance, and we have had so much to do of one kind or another, that I have never found time. But to-day will just suit."

"Very well," said De Clifford, starting up; "I have no objection. As you say, it is a long way from Peneshurst, and we are close to it now. We have three or four hours at least before we are obliged to be in for supper. Come along, we shall have plenty of time."

(To be continued.)

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

ABIDETH FOR EVER.—When the great traveller, Baron Humboldt, was journeying in South America, there came one day a sudden stillness in the air, which seemed like a hush over all nature. But that was followed by a fearful convulsion of the earth, which made all hearts quake. And Humboldt tells us that the earthquake within his soul was as great as that in the world without. All his old views of the safety of the earth were destroyed in a moment. Should he fly to the hills for help! The mountains were reeling like drunken men. The houses were no refuge, for they were crumbling and falling, and the trees were overthrown. Then his thoughts turned to the sea; but lo! it had fled. Ships, which just before were floating securely on its surface, were now left rocking in the sands. Being thus at his wits' end, he tells us he "looked up and observed that the heavens alone were calm and unshaken." The world itself may dissolve, but God's promises in Christ abide for ever, and this is the Christian's confidence.

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—M. L. H. writes from Bushey, near Watford, under date of November 5th: "In Nos. 249, 250, Vol. VI., of your highly interesting paper, you give an account of a railway accident. 'Pegasus' is the name of the engine in the tale 'Very Special.' I was at the scene of the Watford disaster last Wednesday night very shortly after it happened. The fine engine of the Liverpool express was named 'Pegasus.' When I saw it lying 'an inert and seething' machine—to quote your story,—yet 'apparently angry, and struggling to rise from the railroad upon which it had so often run free and unfettered,' it struck me as a very remarkable coincidence that an engine of the same name as that given in your story should be wrecked within a week of the publication of your heroic tale."



## SIGVALD THE VIKING: A STORY OF A HERO.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "The Two Chums," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER I.

SPRING had gone and summer began to make Norway a pleasant land. But nights were yet chill, and the company gathered in the hall of Harfeld were not sorry to be within sight of a fire of pine logs.

Olaf and Bui, men of venerable aspect and great age, were making the time pass with stories of their youthful prowess, mingled with legends of Thor and Loki, when Gudruna, who was seated with her maidens in a farther part of the hall, asked suddenly, "What was that?"

Little Osvif, her boy, for a moment clung to her dress, but remembering what his father had often told him, he conquered his fear and listened.

A distant cry came through the open window, a cry for help.

"'Tis from the fiord," said Sigvald.

He beckoned to two or three of his men, who followed him down the steps of the castle till they reached the foot of the rock on which it stood. The night was dark, nothing could be seen over the waste of waters.

"'Twas but the cry of a gull," said Har, when they had listened some time for a repetition of the sound which brought them down.

"No, it was no gull," said Sigvald.

As if to confirm his words a loud cry for help startled them.

"It is some one on the Swan's Nest," said Har.

The Swan's Nest was a rocky island about two hundred yards from the head of the fiord where stood the castle. It was so called because the Swan, Sigvald's favourite vessel, was generally anchored there.

"How could he have got there without a boat?" queried one of the men.

This was a puzzle which they commenced to discuss. However, Sigvald did not join in the talk, he began to take off his jacket and tunic. Then he plunged into the waves as another despairing cry reached him.

"What a man he is!" exclaimed Har, admiringly.

"Still, I should have fetched a boat," said Vali, shrugging his shoulders. "It's a cold night for a swim."

"And find the man dead by the time you got a boat and pulled out," retorted Har. "Sigvald is not that sort, fortunately for us. However, we had better get a boat now, as we have been so careless not to wet our skins."

They ran along the shore to the spot where a boat was always moored, and pulled towards the Swan's Nest.

Meanwhile Sigvald was cleaving the waves sturdily, knowing he could reach the island sooner than if he had fetched a boat. He was accustomed to swim the fiord; once he had swum across its widest part; to reach the Swan's Nest was a trifle. Yet it was not a pleasant trifle; the water was cold and the waves just big enough to slap his face uncomfortably. But as to giving up—that was not the way Sigvald did things.

When near the island he gave a lusty shout, which was returned. A few minutes

more and he was on the island. The clouds were a little broken by now, and there was light enough for him to see a man lying on the rock.

"Help!" he cried, piteously. "I am perishing."

"Stay a moment," said Sigvald. He ran to the Swan, and seizing a rough jacket made the miserable shivering man put it on. Then he raised a mighty shout which was heard all over the castle.

"A boat!" he cried.

"Not so loud," returned Har; "we are not so far off as a gull's flight. What is it, captain?"

"A man who cannot wait," said Sigvald, seizing the prow of the boat and pulling it alongside. He lifted the rescued man in, and then stepped in himself.

"I will take an ear," he said, "the wind is chill."

Har stood in the stern to guide the boat.

"Who is this stranger, captain?" he asked.

"How do I know?" returned Sigvald.

"Time enough to find that out when we have fed and clothed him. See to it when we land."

Har was not too pleased at the rebuke to his curiosity, but Vali muttered something to him which sounded like, "It's your turn now."

Sigvald on landing ran up the steps and soon changed his dripping clothes for dry ones. Har grumblingly set about looking after the wants of the stranger, who seemed in a most miserable plight.

"Nice work for a viking," muttered Har, "to have to wait on a thrall. I should have left him on the Nest had I been Sigvald."

## CHAPTER II.

AN hour later Har again entered the great hall where Sigvald awaited him. The rescued man followed the viking, and going up to Sigvald knelt before him.

"Rise," said Sigvald, pointing to a seat. He motioned an attendant to give him a horn of mead, and then told him to tell his story.

"My name is Gangler," said the man.

"I was thrall to Kormak."

At the name of Kormak there was a thrill of anger in the hall, and one or two seemed as if about to attack the defenceless wretch. But a look from Sigvald restrained them.

"You are a bold man," said the captain, "to avow yourself a follower of Kormak in this hall."

"I am no longer a follower of his," replied Gangler. "I am a Dane; I was captured by Kormak, who made a thrall of me. Many is the stripe he has given me, and worse than stripes. See!" he cried, throwing open his tunic and showing the mark of a gash in his shoulder. "This I owe to Kormak, and I hope to live to pay it back."

"How did you escape from him?" asked Sigvald.

"Kormak has had to flee from Harald's wrath; he is on his way to the west. I and

two others leapt overboard last night when we passed the entrance to the fiord, and by hard swimming I reached land, but my companions were drowned. I hid during the day, but in the evening I clambered along the cliffs till I came to a jutting rock I could neither scale nor climb round. Then I saw your castle, and thought that if I could swim to the island I might find a boat and get to land. But my strength gave way, and scarcely could I reach the rock—I had barely life enough to cry for help."

"What do you desire?" asked Sigvald.

"To serve you, my lord; or if that may not be, to be sent to Denmark when next you sail thither."

Har shrugged his shoulders and whispered to Vali, "He has put his requests in the wrong order, it seems to me."

"Where is Harald?" asked Sigvald.

"He is in Viken, they say."

"That is enough; you may remain here," said the captain, turning to his companions.

A consultation was held on the news that Gangler had brought. To understand its importance it is necessary to know that Harald, who had some ten years previously conquered the whole of Norway, was by no means the absolute monarch he wished to be. The west coast, pierced by numberless fiords, was infested by various bands of vikings, under leaders who were the nobles of the country. Harald had issued a proclamation that no viking was to make raids upon any part of Norway—a command which not a few defied. The consequence was that Harald, who was determined to be master, made an annual excursion along the coast to punish the disobedient nobles, who had to escape with what speed they could, knowing they stood no chance against the king's superior forces.

Kormak was one of the chief offenders. Only a short time before he had made a raid on the district claimed by Sigvald, and had succeeded in making good his retreat with a number of cattle. Consequently Sigvald and he were at daggers drawn, and the news that he was now in flight before Harald could not fail to be pleasant to the ears of the inhabitants of Harfeld.

"What do you say?" asked Sigvald. "Shall we set sail to-morrow and try and take our revenge on Kormak as he escapes?"

"Who knows what will happen whilst we are gone?" said old Bui. "Remember the saying, 'Consider and examine well all your doors before you venture to stir abroad.' Perchance Harald may pay Harfeld a visit."

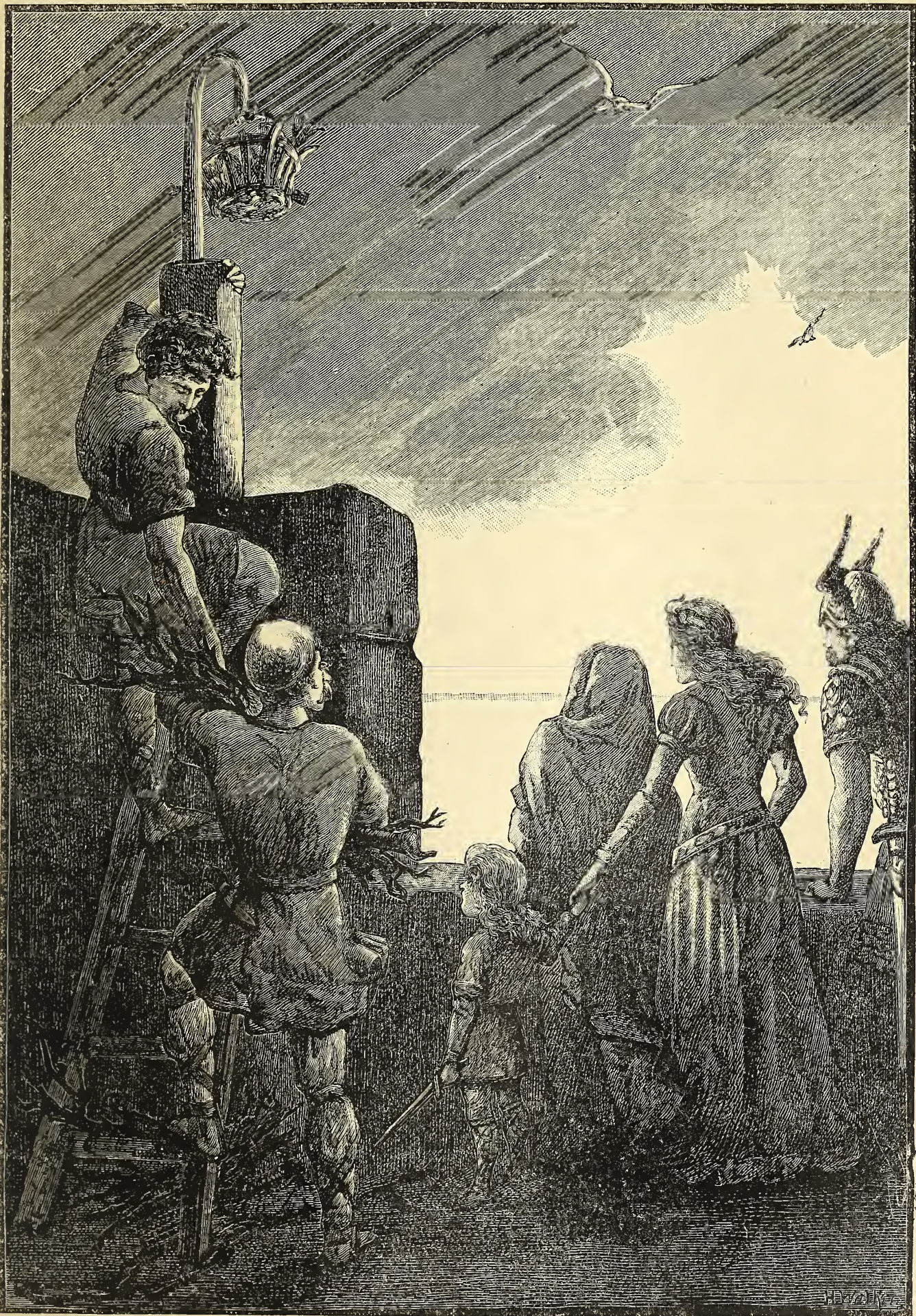
"What of that?" asked Sigvald. "We have never molested Norway; we have found our spoil on the low lands of Denmark."

"Kings do not lack an excuse for plundering when they want one," returned Bui.

"Where is Gangler?" asked Har. "We might learn something about Kormak's strength before we sail after him."

"Spoken like a nothing!" said Sigvald, contemptuously.





"Watched the beacon begin to blaze."—p. 133.



Har started angrily; the insult was deep. "He is not always wise who strikes before he sees the enemy," he retorted.

Sigvald regretted he had spoken so angrily. "Find Gangler," he said; "perchance you are right."

The conference had lasted farther into the night than was usual. The hall was nearly deserted: men and women had gone to rest. Har's footsteps echoed along the stone passages as he went in search of Gangler: he sought him in the thralls' quarter, amongst the men-at-arms, everywhere; but he was not to be found.

Then a sudden thought struck him, and he ran back to the hall.

"A spy," he shouted: "the villain has escaped."

All sprang to their feet.

"Silence," said Sigvald. "If we are betrayed we may yet have revenge. Wake every one. Vali, down to the boats and see that they are safe. We will not be caught sleeping."

The castle was in commotion in an instant. Har ran to the parapet surrounding the walls, and torch in hand clambered up the ladder which led to the beacon tower. Women and children were awake and up. Gudruna, holding Osvif by the hand, watched the beacon begin to blaze, a signal to those who lived inland to come

to the castle. The flaming pine knots threw a lurid glare over the waters, furnishing at the same time a guide and a defiance to the enemy.

Sigvald leapt down the steps to the landing-place, where a few hours before he had sped on his generous errand. As he neared it he heard the splash of oars, and a jeering laugh reached his ears.

"Till to-morrow, noble captain," shouted back Gangler, "unless you wish for another swim to-night."

Sigvald ground his teeth with rage.

"Yes, till to-morrow," he shouted in return.

(To be continued.)

## TRAPS, AND ALL ABOUT THEM;

INCLUDING HINTS ON MOLE, OTTER, WEASEL, RAT, SQUIRREL, AND BIRD TRAPPING.

By J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

Author of "Fish, and How to Catch Them," etc., etc.

### II.—THE WEASEL, STOAT, AND POLECAT.

"If we consider the animal creation on a broad scale, the aggregate of living beings will be found to be the devourers and destroyers of others." The editor of "Cassell's Natural History" is responsible for this statement, and it struck me as a very forcible and appropriate one for this chapter on weasels, etc. Without doubt the weasel, next to the rat, is one of the most destructive of our vermin, preying as it does with extraordinary ferocity on leverets, chicken, young ducks, pigeons, rabbits, in fact on all creatures more timorous than itself. Truly it is not a very formidable enemy to the farmer in connection with his granaries and other stores, for it is an inveterate slayer of rats and mice, but the gamekeeper cannot tolerate it. Its "treasons, stratagems, and spoils" are without exception excessive above all other of the spoiling mammalia whatsoever.

Perhaps you doubt the conclusions to which I arrive in reference to this pretty, brown-backed, white-bodied little animal, and there are some naturalists whose writings seem to clothe it with very different characteristics. A certain Mademoiselle de Laistre seems to contradict, in one of her letters, the commonly received opinion that it cannot be domesticated. She describes with touching minuteness how her weasel would drink milk out of her hands and fondle with her, showing signs of satisfaction and enjoyment, which could scarcely be apart from intelligence. "The little creature," she says, "can distinguish my voice amid twenty others, and springs over every one in the room till it finds me. Nothing can exceed the lively and pleasing way it caresses me with its two little paws; it frequently pats me on the chin in a manner that expresses the utmost fondness. This, with a thousand other kindnesses, convinces me of the sincerity of its attachment. He is quite aware of my intention when dressed to go out, and then it is with much difficulty I can rid myself of him. On these occasions he will conceal himself behind a cabinet near the door and spring on me as I pass with astonishing quickness."

This testimony would seem to rather invest *mustela vulgaris* with domestic virtues at least rare in his family, and, sooth to say, there is a vast crowd of witnesses waiting to be heard whose report of his character is far different.

The weasel, agile and lithe as he is, is ferocious to the degree which seems fear, and there are many instances wherein he has attacked the absolute viceroy of creation—man. I recollect once chasing a weasel with some determination and finding myself suddenly confronted by some seven or eight others, who ran up my legs and endeavoured to reach my face. Fortunately I beat them off and killed seven with the stick I carried, but I feel satisfied I should not have escaped so well if I had not stood my ground and luckily possessed a stick.

I have frequently heard of similar experiences, and one I find is recorded in a cutting from a Scotch newspaper in my scrap-book.

One night, it appears, the father of Captain Brown, the naturalist, was returning from Gilmerton, near Edinburgh, by the Dalkeith road. He observed on the high ground at a considerable distance betwixt him and Craigmillar Castle a man, who was leaping about performing a number of antic gestures more like those of a madman than of a sane person. After contemplating this apparently absurd conduct, he thought it might be some unfortunate mania, and, climbing over the wall, made directly towards him. When he got pretty near he saw that the man had been attacked, and was defending himself against the assaults of a number of small animals which he at first took for rats, but which, in fact, turned out, on getting closer, to be a colony of from fifteen to twenty weasels, which the unfortunate man was tearing from him and endeavouring to keep from his throat. Had he not been a powerful man, capable of sustaining the extreme fatigue of this singular exertion, he probably would have succumbed to the repeated efforts made by the ferocious little creatures to get at his throat. As it was, his hands were much bitten, and bleeding profusely.

It further appears that the commencement of the battle was nearly as follows. He was walking slowly through the park when he happened to see a weasel. He ran at it, and made several unsuccessful attempts to strike it with a small cane he held in his hand. On coming near the rock, he got between it and the animal, and thus cut off retreat. The weasel squeaked out aloud, when a sortie of the whole colony was made, and the affray commenced.

Apocryph of this, I have read somewhere of a colony of rats attacking a condemned criminal in the sewers of Paris—or in a dungeon closely contiguous—and I can quite believe that hunger and numbers would render these horrible vermin capable of homicide.

I do not quite see how any one can pity the members of this weasel family. Let any one of my boy readers hear the agonised cries of a pursued rabbit as it finds its relentless foe chasing it with a determination and persistence quite unequalled, and he will probably find the English love of fair play prompt him to take the weaker creature's part.

Emphatically I declare it—a weasel *never* relinquishes its quarry till the life's blood has been sucked and the brain extracted and eaten. Then, wasteful as the little tyrant is, the rats may have the remainder, whilst it seeks for more prey. Its little finger-thick body and black, venom-lead eyes seem the incarnation of destructiveness, whilst over the sharp incisive teeth rows might well be written—

"Ch'entrare lasciate ogni speranza,"

the terrible epigraph Dante, in his wonderful "Divina Commedia," saw inscribed over the portals of the infernal regions.

Perhaps there is one redeeming feature in all this pitiless ferocity, and that is the indomitable courage with which the weasel defends its young against all marauders. It breeds as fast as a rabbit—that is, two or three, or even more times in a year—and its nest of dried herbage and undergrowth is generally made in the hollow of some old tree or wall. Close by the nest may often be found the remains of putrid mice, rats, birds, etc., which circumstance has suggested to some naturalists the conclusion that the weasel prefers carrion to fresh food. This is erroneous. It is true that it hunts, like some dogs, entirely, or nearly so, by scent, and will even follow the sightless mole through the interminable windings of its burrow; but fresh flesh and blood are its delight, and if there be a plenitude of food it disdains all the grosser parts of its prey with a fastidiousness worthy of Apicius, the gourmet. The weasel generally produces five or six young ones at a birth.

(To be continued.)



## THE SILVER CAÑON: A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

CHAPTER XI.—BEARS AND FOR BEARS.

BART was sufficiently observing to notice, even amidst the many calls he had upon his attention, that Dr. Lascelles grew more and more absorbed and dreamy every day. When they first started he was always on the alert about the management of the expedition, the proportioning of the supplies, and matters of that kind; but as he found in a short time that Bart devoted himself eagerly to everything connected with the successful carrying out of their progress, that Jose was sternly exacting over the other men, and that Maude took ample care of the stores, he very soon ceased troubling himself about anything but the main object which he had in view.

Hence it was then that he used to sling a sort of game-bag over his shoulder directly after the early morning meal, place a sharp, wedge-like hammer in his belt, shoulder his double rifle, and go off "rock-chipping," as Jose called it.

"I don't see what's the good of his loading one barrel with shot, Master Bart, for he never brings in no game; and as for the stones—well, I haven't seen a single likely bit yet."

"Do you think he ever will hit upon a good mine of gold or silver, Jose?" said Bart, as they were out hunting one day.

"Well, Master Bart, you know what sort of a fellow I am. If I'd got five hundred cows I should never reckon as they'd have five hundred calves next year, but just calculate as they wouldn't have one. Then all that come would be so many to the good. Looking at it fairly, I don't want to dishearten you, my lad, but speaking from 'sperience, I should say he wouldn't."

"And this will all be labour in vain, Jose?"

"Nay, I don't say that, Master Bart. He might find a big vein of gold or silver; but I never knew a man yet who went out in the mountains looking for one as did."

"But up northward there, men have discovered mines and made themselves enormously rich."

"To be sure they have, my lad, but not by going and looking for the gold or silver. It was always found by accident like, and you and me is much more like to come upon a big lead where we're trying after sheep or deer than he is with all his regular trying."

"You think there are mineral riches up in the mountains then?"

"Think, Master Bart! Oh, I'm sure of it. But where is it to be found? P'raps we're walking over it now, but there's no means of telling."

"No," said Bart, thoughtfully, "for everything about is so vast."

"That's about it, my lad, and all the harm I wish master is that he may find as much as he wants."

"I wish he may, Jose," said Bart, "or that I could find a mine for him and Miss Maude."

"Well, my lad, we'll keep our eyes open while we are out, only we have so many other things to push, and want to push on farther so as to get among better pasture for the horses. They don't look in such good condition as they did."

There was good reason for this remark, their halting-places during the past few days having been in very sterile spots, where the tall forbidding rocks were re-

lieved by very little that was green, and patches of grass were few.

But these were the regions most affected by the doctor, who believed that they were the most likely ones for discovering treasure belonging to nature's great storehouse, untouched as yet by man. In these barren wilds he would tramp about, now climbing to the top of some chine, now letting himself down into some gloomy forbidding ravine, but always without success, there being nothing to tempt him to say, "Here is the beginning of a very wealthy mine."

Every time they journeyed on the toil became greater, for they were in most inaccessible parts of the mountain range, and they knew by the coolness of the air that they must now be far above the plains.

Bart and Jose worked hard to supply the larder, the principal food they obtained being the sage grouse and dusky grouse, which birds they found to be pretty plentiful high up in the mountains wherever there was a flat or a slope with plenty of cover; but just as they were getting terribly tired of the sameness of this diet, Bart made one morning a lucky find.

They had reached a fresh halting-place after sundown on the previous night—one that was extremely attractive from the variety of the high ground, the depths of the chasms around, and the beauty of the cedars that spread their flat, frond-like branches over the mountain sides, which were diversified by the presence of endless dense thickets.

"It looks like a deer country," Jose had said as they were tethering the horses amongst some magnificent grass.

These words had haunted Bart the night through, and hence, at the first sight of morning on the peaks up far above where they were, he had taken his rifle and gone off to see what he could find.

Three hours' tramp produced nothing but a glimpse of some mountain sheep far away and at a very great height.

He was too weary and hungry to think of following them, and was reluctantly making for the camp, when all at once a magnificent deer sprang up from amongst a thicket of young pines, and bounded off at an astounding rate.

It seemed madness to fire, but, aiming well in front, Bart drew trigger, and then leaped aside to get free of the smoke. As he did so, he just caught a glimpse of the deer as it bounded up a steep slope, and the next moment it was gone.

Bart felt that he had not hit it, but curiosity prompted him to follow in the animal's track, in the hope of getting a second shot. and as he proceeded he could not help wishing for the muscular strength of these deer, for the ground, full of rifts and chasms, over which he toiled painfully in a regular climb, the deer had bounded over at full speed.

It took him some time to get to the spot where he had last seen the deer, when, to his intense surprise and delight, he found traces of blood upon the stones, and upon climbing higher, he found his way blocked by a chasm.

Feeling sure that the animal would have cleared this at a bound, he lowered himself by holding on by a young pine which bent beneath his weight. Then he slipped for a few feet, made a leap, and came down amongst some bushes, where, lying per-

fectly dead, was the most beautiful deer he had ever seen.

Unfortunately hunger and the knowledge that others are hungry interfere with romantic admiration, and after feasting his eyes, Bart began to feast his imagination on the delight of those in the camp with the prospect of venison steaks. So, in regular hunter's fashion, he proceeded to partially skin and dress the deer, cutting off sufficient for their meal, and leaving the other parts to be fetched by the men.

There were rejoicings in camp that morning, and soon after breakfast Bart started off once more, taking with him Jose, Juan, and Sam, all of whom were exceedingly willing to become the bearers of the meat in which they stood in such great need.

The doctor had gone off in another direction, taking with him Maude as his companion, and after the little party had returned to the camp Bart was standing thoughtfully gazing at a magnificent eminence, clothed almost to the top with cedars, while in its rifts and ravines were dark-foliaged pines.

"I wonder whether we should find anything up there, Jose?" said Bart.

"Not much," said the frontier man. "There'd be deer, I dare say, if the sound of your rifle and the coming of the sheep hadn't sent them away."

"Why should the sheep send them away?" asked Bart.

"I don't know why they should," said Jose; "all I know is that they do. You never find black-tailed deer like you shot and mountain sheep living together as neighbours; it arn't their nature."

"Well, what do you say to taking our rifles and exploring?"

"Don't mind," said Jose, looking round. "Horses are all right, and there's no fear of being overhauled by Injuns up here, so let's go and take Sam with us, but you won't get no more deer."

"Well, we don't want any for a day or two. But why shouldn't I get another?"

"Because they lie close in the thickest part of the cover in the middle of the day, and you might pretty well tread upon them before they'd move."

They started directly after, and for about two hours did nothing but climb up amidst cedar and pine forest. Sometimes amongst the trunks of big trees, sometimes down in gashes or gullies in the mountain side, which were full of younger growths, as if the rich soil and pine-seeds had been swept there by the storms and then taken root.

"I tell you what it is, Master Bart," said Jose, suddenly coming to a halt to roll up and light his *cigarito*, a practice he never gave up, "it strikes me that we've nearly got to the end of it."

"End of what?" asked Bart.

"This clump of hills. You see if when we get to the top here, it don't all go down full swoop like a house wall."

"What, like the place where the mountain sheep went down?"

"That's it, my lad; only without any go-up on the other side. It strikes me that we shall find it all plain on this side, and that if we can't find a break in the wall with a regular gulch, we shall have to go back with our horses and waggon and try some other way."

"Well, come along and let's see," said



Bart; and once more they climbed on for quite half an hour, when they emerged from the trees on to a rugged piece of open rocky plain, with scattered pines gnarled and twisted and swept bare by the mighty winds, and as far as eye could reach nothing but one vast, well-watered plain.

"Told you so!" said Joses. "Now we shall either have to keep up here in the

ing plain, Bart could not help noticing the remains of a grand old pine that had once grown right at the edge of the stupendous precipice, but had gradually been storm-beaten and split in its old age till the trunk and a few jagged branches only remained.

One of these projected from its stunted trunk close down by the roots, and seemed



"The two monsters fell headlong."

mountain or go down among the Injuns again, just as the master likes."

"Let's come and sit down near the edge here and rest," said Bart, who was fascinated by the beauty of the scene, and, going right out upon a jutting promontory of stone, they could look to right and left at the great wall of rock that spread as far as they could see. In places it seemed to go sheer down to the plain, in others it was broken into ledges by slips and falls of rock; but everywhere it seemed to shut the great plain in from the west, and Bart fully realised that they would have to find some great rift or gulch by which to descend, if their journey was to be continued in this direction.

"How far is it down to the plain?" said Bart, after he had been feasting his eyes for some time.

"Four to five thousand feet," said Joses. "Can't tell for certain. Chap would fall a long way before he found bottom, and then he'd bounce off, and go on again and again. I don't think the mountain sheep would jump here."

As they sat resting and inhaling the fresh breeze that blew over the widespread-

thrust out at right angles over the precipice in a way that somehow seemed to tempt Bart.

He turned his eyes from it again and again, but that branch fascinated him, and he found himself considering how dangerous it would be, and yet how delightful, to climb right out on that branch till it bent and bent, and would bear him no further, and then sitting astride, dance up and down in mid air, right over the awful depths below.

So strange was the attraction that Bart found his hands wet with perspiration, and a peculiar feeling of horror attacked him; but what was more strange, the desire to risk his life kept growing upon him, and as he afterwards told himself, he would no doubt have made the mad venture if something had not happened to take his attention.

Joses was leaning back with half-closed eyes, enjoying his *cigárito*, and Bart was half rising to his knees to go back and round to where the branch projected, just to try it, he told himself, when they heard a shout away to the left, and that shout acted like magic upon Bart.

"Why, that's Sam," he said, drawing a breath full of relief, just as if he had awakened from some terrible nightmare.

"I'd 'bout forgotten him," said Joses, lazily. "Ahoy! Oho!—eh!" he shouted back. Then there was another shout and a rustling of bushes, a grunting noise, and Bart seized his rifle.

"He has found game," he said.

Then he nearly let fall his piece, and knelt there as if turned to stone, for, to his horror, he suddenly saw Sam down upon his hands and knees crawling straight out on the great gnarled branch that overhung the precipice, keeping to this mode of progression for a time, and then letting his legs go down one on each side of the branch, and hitching himself along, yelling lustily the while for help.

"He has gone mad," cried Bart, and as he spoke he thought of his own sensations a few minutes before, and how he had felt tempted to do this very thing.

"No, he arn't," said Joses, throwing the remains of his *cigárito* over the precipice, and lifting his rifle; "he's got bears after him."

Almost as he spoke the great rough furry body of an enormous black bear came into sight, and without a moment's hesitation walked right out along the branch after the man.

"There's another," cried Bart, "shoot, Joses, shoot. I dare not."

It seemed that Joses dare not either, or else the excitement paralysed him, for he only remained like Bart, staring stupidly at the unwonted scene before them as a second bear followed the first, which, in spite of Sam's efforts to get into safety, had overtaken him, crept right upon him, and throwing its forepaws round him and the branches as well, hugged him fast, while the second came close up and stood there growling and grunting and patting at its companion, who, fortunately for Sam, was driving the claws at the ends of its paws deeply into the gnarled branch.

"If I don't fire they'll kill him," muttered Joses, as the huge branch visibly bent with the weight of the three bodies now upon it. "If I kill him instead it would be a mercy, so here goes."

He raised his rifle, took careful aim, and was about to draw the trigger, but forbore, as just then the report of Bart's piece rang out, and the second bear raised itself up on its hind legs, while the foremost backed a couple of feet, and stood growling savagely with its head turned towards where it could see the smoke.

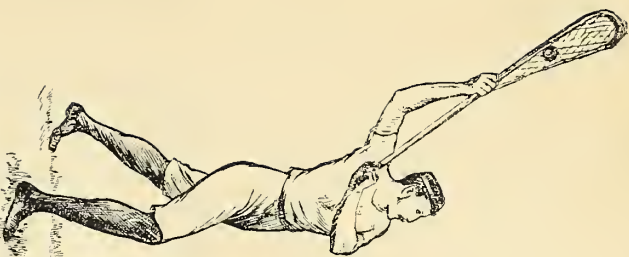
That was Bart's opportunity, and throwing himself upon his breast, and steadying his rifle upon a piece of rock, he fired again, making the foremost bear utter a savage growl and begin tearing furiously at its flank.

Then Joses's rifle spoke, and the first bear reared up and fell over backwards, a second shot striking the hindmost full in the head, and one after the other the two monsters fell headlong, the first seeming to dive down, making a swimming motion with its massive paws, the second turning over back downwards.

They both struck the rock about fifty feet below the branch, and this seemed to make them glance off and fly through the air at a fearful rate, spinning over and over till they struck again at an enormous distance below, and then plunged out of sight, leaving Bart sick with horror to gaze upon the unfortunate Sam.

(To be continued.)





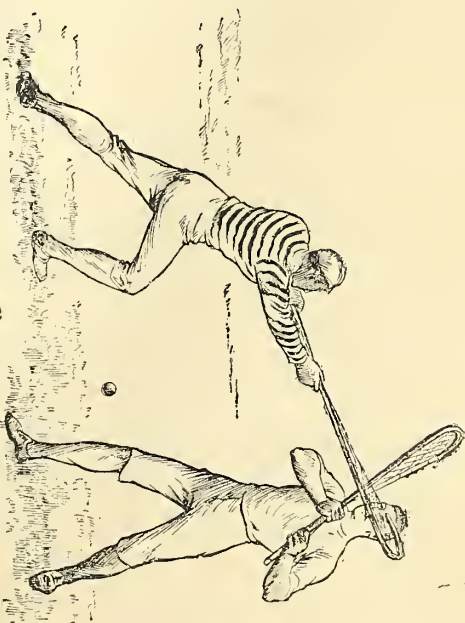
ONE HUNDRED SHOT



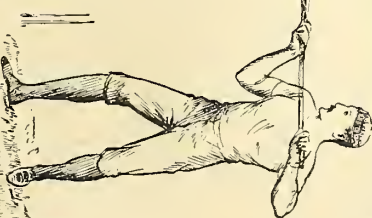
A SPILL



"BIG JOHN"  
Giant Inquis Team



CHECK



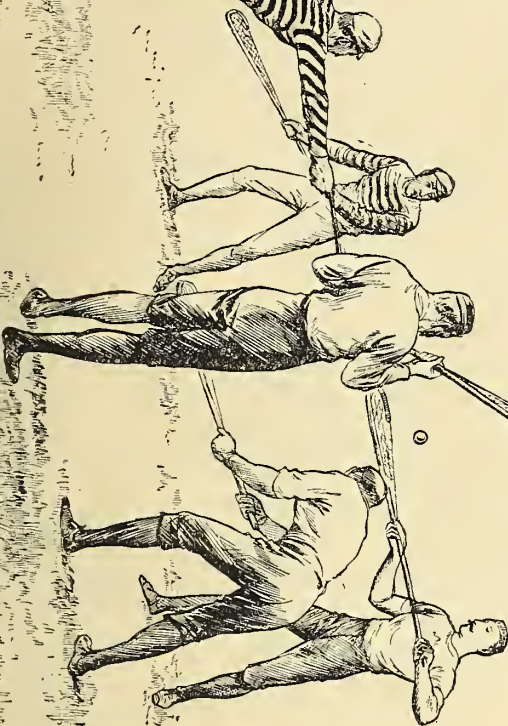
ALONG IN FRONT  
OF GOAL



A FLY CATCH



BODY CHECK



TOE KICK



TOE KICK



## THE CANADIAN LACROSSERS.\*

THE visit of the Canadian Lacrossers was by no means the least important of the athletic events of the past year. From the beginning of May, when they arrived in the Sarnia, to the end of July, when they finished their programme in Ireland, their doings were chronicled with much detail, and evoked considerable interest. Britons are proverbially conservative in their pastimes, and it is not an easy thing in this country to attract paying patronage to what is to most people a new and strange game. This is, however, what the Canadians and their Red-skin auxiliaries succeeded in doing; and their reception at Inverness, Manchester, Stamford Bridge, Canterbury, Catford Bridge, and Cambridge, and notably at Lord's, must have been very gratifying to them.

At Lord's the Londoners had for the first time an opportunity of seeing what a thoroughly lively game at Lacrosse was like; and the running of Aird and Bonnell, the passing of Fraser and Dominique, the goal-keeping of Cleghorn and White Eagle, and the terrific throwing of the stalwart Mackenzie, proved quite an awakening to those amongst them whose knowledge of the crosse had been gained from books and shop-windows.

The team are said to have been as good as could be got together, and their play was certainly first-class. The visit of 1876, unsuccessful though it was from a financial point of view, may be said to have started the game in the old country; that of 1883 has given it its "second wind." The existing clubs have received great

accessions of members; five counties—Cambridgeshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, Middlesex, and Yorkshire—have representative teams; new clubs have been launched, bringing the number up to sixty or more, and the fixture list has reached quite a healthy length.

As in 1876, the visitors were captained by Dr. W. G. Beers, of Montreal, the honorary president of the National Lacrosse Association of Canada. With him came Mr. W. K. Naught, of Toronto, the author of "Lacrosse, and how to play it;" Mr. D. E. Bowie, of Montreal, one of the first team, and a well-known Canadian athlete; Mr. S. Struthers, of Toronto, also over here in 1876; Mr. Ross Mackenzie, the vice-president of the National Lacrosse Association, whose 422ft. throw of the lacrosse ball is still unbeaten; Mr. W. C. Bonnell, of Toronto, another thrower, long, strong, and true; Mr. W. O. Griffin, of Montreal, a fine defence player; Mr. L. Dwight, of Toronto, great at cheeking; Mr. J. R. Craven, of Montreal, another active defender; Mr. E. Smith, from distant Winnipeg, one of the most brilliant of artful dodgers; Mr. D. Nicholson, of Montreal, a well-known crosse marksman; Mr. F. W. Garvin, of Toronto, swift and certain; Mr. W. D. Aird, of Montreal, another powerful and accurate thrower; Mr. J. Fraser, of Montreal, whose passing was as excellent as passing could be; and last, though not least, Mr. J. Cleghorn, of Montreal, the finest goal-keeper in the Dominion.

The Iroquois team of professional players engaged and brought out by the Canadians contained some of the most noted of the aboriginal players, and though they were inferior to the gentlemen, proved very worthy antagonists. Playing the game thoroughly and enthusiastically, their efforts were always appreciated. The thirteen consisted of Sawatis Aientonnoi

(Hole in the Sky), "Big John" (captain), Sawatis Kakaeni ("White Eagle"), Dominique Monique, Caen Aientonnoi, Wishe Lefebvre, "Strong Arm," Pierre Dicke, Anyus Beauvais, Sose Nartonie, Wishe Maurice, Sose Hamrocks, David Maten, and Sose Laclair.

The tour extended over twelve weeks. Scotland was taken first, the rival teams beginning business at Dumfries on May 16. Then by way of Glasgow and Aberdeen they journeyed to Inverness, where they were very warmly welcomed. Thence, with a day at Dundee, they came down to Edinburgh. At Hurlingham, on May 26, they made their first bow to the Londoners, but the weather was unfavourable to anything like form. A round of visits to Reading, Cheltenham, Clifton, and Pontypool brought them back to the metropolis, and at the Lord's match already alluded to, the Kanucks scored their first unequivocal success south of the Tweed.

The engagements in the London district followed, the series being broken by runs to Cambridge, Oxford, and Portsmouth, and finishing up with the second Hurlingham match on June 16. The Leicester, Nottingham, Birmingham, Coventry, Walsall, Sheffield, Harrogate, Leeds, Dewsbury, Bradford, Wakefield, and the two Liverpool fixtures, with the Chester one between them, followed in due order, and then the lacrossers displayed their skill at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Middlesbrough-on-Tees, Sunderland, Darlington, and York, and spending July 19 at Manchester, and July 20 at Rochdale, in exhibition games, returned to Longsight to meet South Manchester on the 21st and Lancashire County on the 23rd. The Scarborough festival followed, and then with the short Irish round the tour terminated, and with the good wishes of us all the popular colonials left for home.

\* For a fully illustrated description of "Lacrosse, and how to play it," with the rules of the game, and hints on placing the field, see the May numbers of the Boy's Own Paper for 1881.

## THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE:

## WHAT IT IS, AND HOW TO ENTER IT.

By AVIET AGABEG, LL.B.

(Continued from page 127.)

NEXT, how to prepare for this examination. This head may be divided into three parts—viz., (a) what subjects to choose; (b) what works to study; (c) how to study such subjects and works. We will take these divisions in their order.

The subjects to be selected must depend a good deal on the tastes, gifts, and capabilities of a person. Considering the large number of marks given for classics and mathematics, and that they are the most important elements in the education of every English boy, one or more of these subjects should be taken up by one whose proclivities or education or both incline to him. And if his early training should have made him proficient in one or both of the dead languages or in some or all of the mathematical subjects, he should persevere with them and continue his studies with the addition of one or two of the other subjects. A youth of such capabilities and education cannot do better than select such subjects as English composition, history, and literature, one modern and one Oriental language. The reasons for this suggestion are these. However great a youth's proficiency in classics and mathematics may be, he can scarcely hope to succeed at such an examination with those subjects alone, although we believe one or two have done so. But they are an exception, and every one cannot expect to be equally fortunate. Such being the case, what is more natural or desirable than a knowledge—and it must be a fair if not perfect knowledge—

of one's own language and of the literature and history of one's own country? Of the other two subjects recommended to a youth of such parts, preference should be given to an Oriental rather than to a modern language, and for this reason. Although many English boys are taught in their schools one of the modern languages (generally speaking French, and in some but rare cases Italian also), and thus have the foundation laid on which to improve and prepare themselves for the Indian Civil Service examination, French or Italian will be of little or no use to the young *civilian* in the East, and still less German. And although such an intending competitor may find it easier to brush up for this examination the language or languages he has learnt at school than to acquire a sufficient knowledge of a tongue so foreign, new, and strange to him as Arabic or Sanskrit, yet we venture to think that if he will make up his mind to devote himself in earnest to the study of one of these languages he will not only find the task easier than he at first imagined, but that his labours will be well repaid in the long run. Sanskrit is the mother tongue to Bengalee, Hindi, and Marathi. The Sanskrit characters are practically the same as the characters of these other languages, especially Bengalee. A fair knowledge of Sanskrit becomes at once the foundation for the study of the above-mentioned languages. In like manner a knowledge of Arabic, which is the mother tongue to Persian, Hindustani, and Urdu, and, we believe, also to Gujaratee, is the foundation

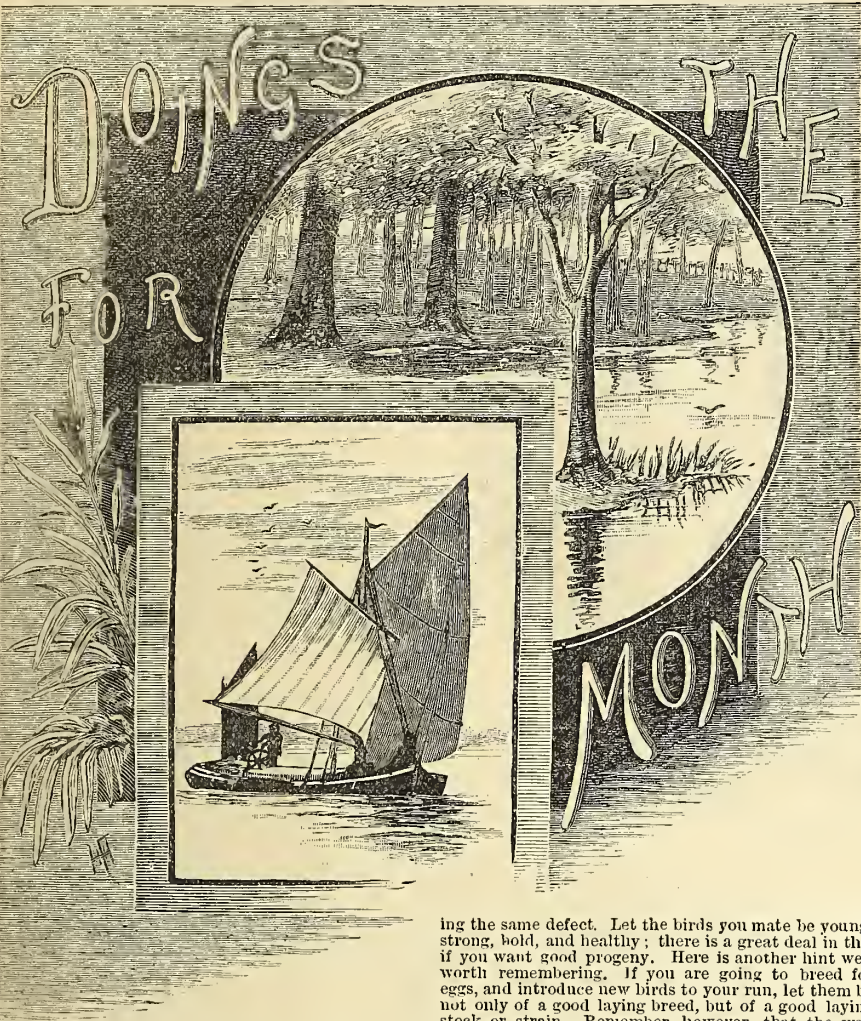
for the study of these languages. Sanskrit and Arabic are subjects for the final examinations as well as for the first. Moreover, every *civilian* must for his final examinations learn and master one or more of the languages of the Presidency to which he may be assigned, and such language or languages is or are sure to be one or more of the languages we have named above. So that a candidate, by proficiency in Sanskrit or Arabic, acquires something which is useful to him in his first examination, and also in his other examinations, and in addition to that a foundation for learning something which is a *sine quâ non* to every *civilian* in India—viz., one of the languages spoken in that empire.

On the other hand, if the education and training of a youth have been such as not to have made him very proficient in mathematics and classics, we venture to think that he would do well to abandon the latter and pay attention, in addition to mathematics, to logic and political economy as well as to one of the Oriental and one or more of the modern languages. We venture to think also that if his knowledge of classics is evenly balanced with his knowledge of mathematics, he should give the preference to the latter, as they will be of the greatest possible use to him, not only in his first examination, but also in after life. Unless, therefore, an intending competitor has no aptitude whatever for mathematics, he should on no account whatever abandon them.

Next we will explain what works to study.

(To be continued.)





**THE POULTRY RUN.**—It should be remembered by our young fanciers that December is usually a very dark and gloomy month. Forewarned ought to be forearmed. Take time by the forelock, and be prepared for winter. There is a singular pleasure in being so. To know that your fowl-run is impervious to wet, that it is well ventilated, but that at the same time rain cannot get through the ventilator, nor snow sift in through it, nor in under the door, that you have food and grains of all kinds at home, and therefore have not to go abroad yourself on stormy days to make purchases, the fowls meanwhile waiting hungrily indoors, that your grains, etc., are well secured in bins against the attacks of rats or mice, and that, if you live in a country place, and your fowl-run is some distance down the garden or paddock, you possess that most useful companion for a winter night—a lantern. Have you a bin for your grains? If not, make one from a suitable box, procurable at either a grocer's or draper's. It needs to be strong, and should be divided into compartments for the different kinds of grain. This is easily done by a lad of any ingenuity, especially if he possesses a tool-chest, and keeps his tools therein when not required always bright and clean. We have found blue ointment the best thing to slightly smear the clear steel portion of tools with, but simple lard will do. It is to be hoped that up to this date you have kept your fowls quite healthy, and in good condition; that you have fed your laying pullets well. The number of eggs you get from them will be proof for or against your method of feeding. A somewhat more stimulating diet will be required in cold weather, and, indeed, all through this month and the next, not only for laying fowls, but for the cocks you are keeping for breeding purposes. In fine weather let the birds have all the running about you can afford them, but see that your shelter-shed is in good preservation. There is no more depressing sight to a real lover of fowls than that of a batch of them, all huddled, cold and wet in a corner, on a stormy day. If they are so treated hens go off laying, and cocks grow peevish and thin, and even a few days of this will tell materially upon their future health. Give warm soft food on cold days, and we do not object to a little cayenne being mixed with it, but see that the cocks have a good share. Indeed, we should say you ought to feed them separate even after mating for some time at least. Now in this very month it is high time to consider all your plans and arrangements for next season. Perhaps you want new blood? Be careful in the selection of it; and, mind, if you have a pullet with some little show-fault, you must not make her to a cock possess-

ing the same defect. Let the birds you mate be young, strong, bold, and healthy; there is a great deal in this if you want good progeny. Here is another hint well worth remembering. If you are going to breed for eggs, and introduce new birds to your run, let them be not only of a good laying breed, but of a good laying stock or strain. Remember, however, that the way you feed a laying pullet has a deal to do with the number of eggs she will produce. Perhaps you want to go in for crosses? Be careful there again. Take advice. Do not yourself attempt to manufacture a new cross; be content with proved ones. Perhaps you want to go in for laying breeds entirely? Well, you must get those that suit your soil, and run, and accommodation best. Or for flesh-producing birds? Or for bantams? Whatever you think you would like to do, take advice before you commit yourself. But there is one thing you can do without taking advice from anybody. You can sell off your surplus or useless stock. Again we say, beware of overcrowding. If you have a portable run in a paddock, happy are you, because your spring stock will go down on fresh ground.

**THE PIGEON LOFT.**—Still continue to feed well and liberally; keep the birds from dangerous draughts, and above all keep the loft clean and sweet. Sanitax powder may be sprinkled in corners with great advantage, for disease is just as likely to break out in December as in July, and we do not know of any more unsatisfactory class of patient than pigeons make. There are still plenty of shows held in various parts of the country. We earnestly advise you to get a day's holiday and visit one. But you might do this and still come back not a whit the wiser, simply with your finger in your mouth. You ought to visit a show to learn. Well, a week or two beforehand read up the points and properties of the pigeons that are your own particular fancy. Have these on your finger ends. Then, when you go to the show, let your first visit be to the pens of your pets. Study these well to begin with, then after that you can enjoy yourself among the rest. Pay particular attention to those birds that have secured honours from the judge, and listen to the remarks of pigeon-men who have older heads than you. But do not believe without thinking and weighing what is said. This is how we ourselves picked up nearly all the knowledge we have. Books are all very well in their way, but books are merely meant to teach rudiments; experience, and that alone, makes perfect. Well, the mating season is still a long way ahead, but it is well to be thinking over it; you may want to make new purchases. Put your odd pence and sixpenny pieces in your money-box, then; thereby you will be quite prepared.

**THE AVIARY.**—Canaries.—Although the main work of the month consists in seeing that the birds are well taken care of—that they never want for plenty of wholesome canary and rape, that they have a supply of clean

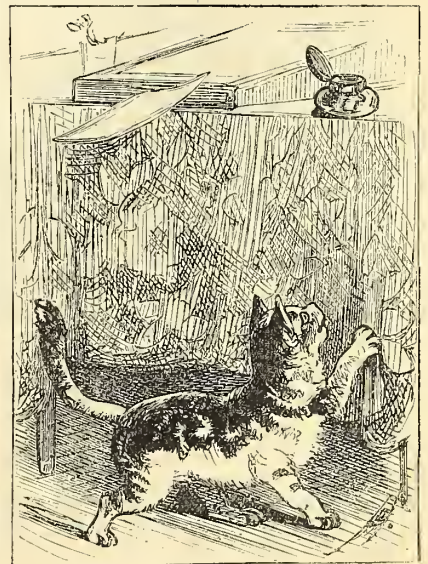
water in well-rinsed fountains every morning, that their cages are kept dry and sweet, and that they are kept in as equable a temperature as possible—still the canary fancier need not be idle altogether. Let him, therefore, turn his attention to cage-making. If he has an idea of breeding birds for show, let him make some show-cages. We gave complete directions on this subject in some articles written by Dr. Gordon Stables. The back numbers can be had, and employment thus secured for the long evenings in winter. Still let your birds have a little green food, but see that it is not frosted or spoiled in any way. A portion of egg food may be given every day in cold weather. It is made by simply pounding three milk biscuits to powder, and intimately mixing them with a hard-boiled egg. In cold weather it will keep for a week; you may or may not put a dust of cayenne with it. *Foreign Birds.*—Keep them comfortable, and regularly fed and watered, but do not coddle them; indeed, a large number of our foreign birds get acclimatised in this country, and come to stand the cold very well.

**THE RABBITRY.**—Keep your bunnies warm and comfortable, but see that there is free ventilation and dry beds. If you took our advice given a month or two ago and laid in a good stock of dry forage, you will now reap the advantage of it. While the ventilation should be free, exposure to cold should be guarded against. The rabbit is naturally a warm-skinned animal, as testified by its coat; it needs to be kept so. Perhaps one of the most troublesome diseases engendered by cold and damp and filth is a kind of severe cold or influenza, which goes by the name of "snuffles." It is generally ushered in by sneezing, the olfactory membranes being first attacked, but if neglected it goes on to the lungs, producing bronchitis and congestion, ending often in death. You must remove the animal to a hospital hutch, well ventilated but warm. Place the hutch in an outhouse. Feed on a mash of potatoes and oatmeal, putting in each mash about five drops of paregoric and a pinch of sulphur. Do this every day, and keep extra dry and comfortable. Now is a good time for making extra hutches. Get wood, then, and your tool-box, and go to your carpenter's table and work. You can hardly be better employed in your leisure hours.

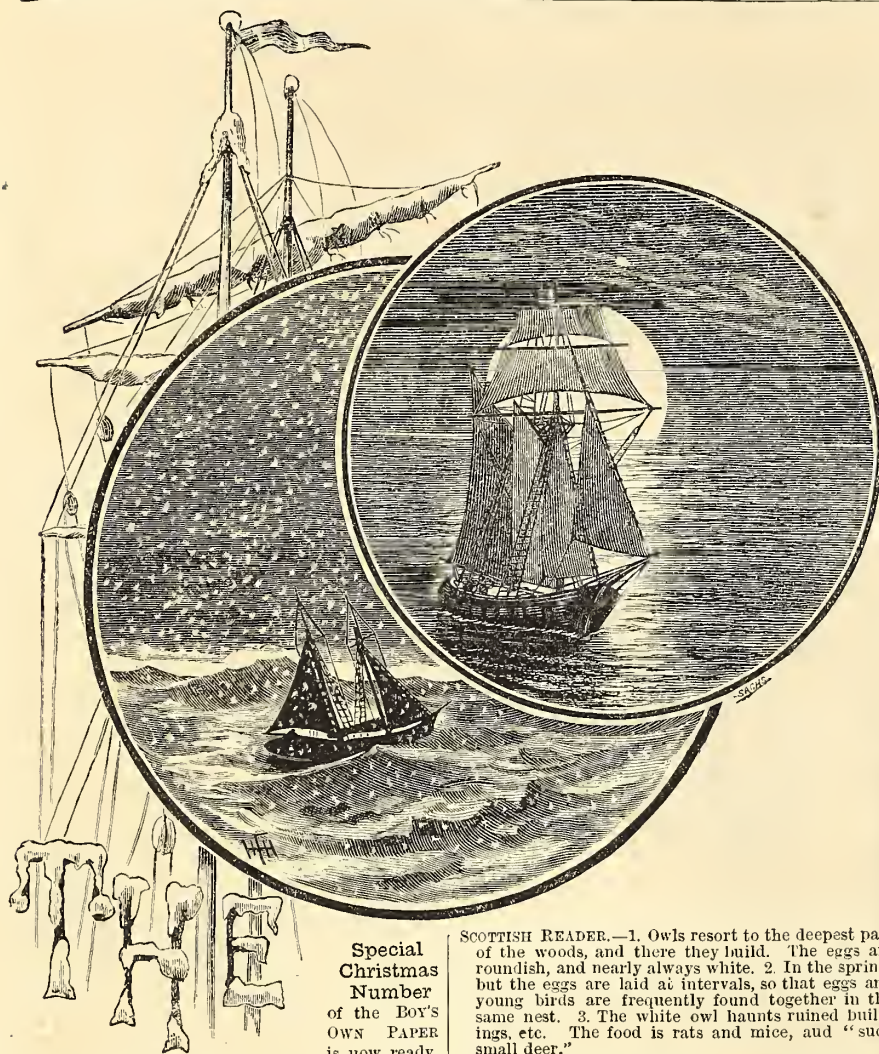
**THE KENNEL.**—The great Palace show comes on next month. If you have a dog worth sending, the best way to get him into condition—though he must not be too fat—is to give him three diets a day: biscuit, bread, and broth. No one diet must be large. He must also have a great deal of exercise, and a little cod-liver oil twice a day. Moreover, he must be washed once a week. Well, whether your dog be worth showing or not, if he be out of sorts and bad in the skin, this treatment will be sure to restore him, only you must not overfeed. Milk is an excellent thing for dogs at this season. Do not let your dog go into the water often now; if he does, carefully rub him down before he goes to his pallet of straw.

**THE KITCHEN GARDEN.**—We presume that by this time your garden is only waiting for the spring, and that the ground has been roughly turned over to expose weeds to the frost. Well, there is little else to be done. Take care of tender green crops, however, such as endive or celery. Get rid of all leaves and rubbish, and tidy trees and hedges, and generally make plans for the coming season. Put out manure in hard frosts.

**THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS.**—Read last month's DOINGS. You may, in open weather, plant spring flowers, and even bulbs still, and you need not be idle even if a little snow be on the ground. You may employ yourself profitably making trellis-work, building arches—the more rustic-looking the better—for creepers to grow over, and making flower-boxes, etc. An old cask sawn in two and covered with tree-bark makes a pretty flower-pot. Look at other people's gardens and imitate.







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## Correspondence.

O. A. H.—You must pass before you are thirteen, and enter as a naval cadet. See back numbers.

W. NORRIS.—1. "My Courier Pigeons, and How I Trained Them," was in the first volume. There were seven articles. The numbers containing them were—2, 5, 6, 8, 10, 13, and 15. 2. Only in the Pigeon books. There is no special treatise on Autwerps.

E. A.—1. Move out the spray shade, the sliding-cap at the object-glass end. 2. Mahogany-built models are very expensive, if bought in the shops. A two-foot boat will cost £3 10s.

W. SMART and ROWLOCK.—The distance from Oxford to Hampton Court is 86 miles 5½ furlongs. There are thirty-two locks—Illey, Sandford, Abingdon, Culham, Clifton, Day's, Benson, Wallingford, Cleeve, Goring, Whitechurch, Mappedurham, Caversham, Sonning, Shipplake, Marsh, Hambledon, Henley, Temple, Marlow, Cookham, Boulter's, Bray, Bovey, Windsor, Old Windsor, Bell Weir, Penton Hook, Chertsey, Shepperton, Sunbury, Moulsey.

A. H. E.—You can, it is said, make artificial sea-water for aquariums with Tidman's sea salt. We have not tried this; but fully explained the scientific method some time ago.

H. M. GINLEY.—Stain it with a little burnt sienna, but better leave it alone. If you decide on an oil varnish for the violin use Artist's Virgin Copal. If you intend to make it yourself see our articles.

CURIOSITY.—The looking into vacancy when a boy is thinking of a date, etc., is simply the result of the effort of his mind to free itself from all objects that might distract its attention.

FOCUS.—1. Draw your diagrams for lantern slides on ground glass, and fasten a piece of clear glass down on it with Canada balsam. 2. Moistened with glycerine it will be more transparent.

SCOTTISH READER.—1. Owls resort to the deepest part of the woods, and there they build. The eggs are roundish, and nearly always white. 2. In the spring, but the eggs are laid at intervals, so that eggs and young birds are frequently found together in the same nest. 3. The white owl haunts ruined buildings, etc. The food is rats and mice, and "such small deer."

VAPX-HALL.—The tide serves at Chelsea thirty-five minutes after it does at London Bridge; at Putney fifty minutes; at Hammersmith one hour; at Barnes ten minutes later than that; at Kew an hour and a half after London Bridge time; at Richmond an hour and fifty minutes after it; at Teddington—well, say, two hours to the lock gates. The other side of the lock there is, of course, no tide. How could there be?

JACK.—1. Why should not your donkey roll? He should be the best judge as to what is necessary. 2. Rub your skates over with vaseline, it will keep them from rust better than oil. Camphorated lard will also serve the purpose. Dissolve an ounce of campher in a couple of pounds of hog's lard, take off the scum, and mix as much blacklead with it as will make it a deep lead-colour. Leave it on for twenty-four hours, and then rub lightly off with a linen rag. It will do no harm if left on thick. 3. The large figures on the barometer scale represent the inches, the inches are divided into tenths, and the tenths are subdivided by means of the vernier. The height of the mercury at any particular hour compared with that at any other hour will give you the rise or fall during the interval. There is no other way. 4. Consult a lawyer. Never seek to copy patented goods for sale. Your proceedings may not be illegal, but they are sure to be unjust.

C. G. ROOM.—You could get printed labels from Cooke, of Museum Street, or Gardner, of High Holborn and Oxford Street. A very good plan is to procure a couple of sale catalogues from Stevens, of King Street, Covent Garden, or some other natural history auctioneer, and cut them up.

DON STOKER.—You are in search of a very warm occupation. Apply at Pembroke Dock personally or by letter to the chief of the engineering department.

J. PAGANEL.—1. Call your father, Father; and leave such terms as Governor, Boss, Old'un, etc., etc., to the fast young man whose intellect you would despise and whose acquaintance you would shun. 2. M. Jules Verne was born in 1828.

VACOTIN FOX.—Because the books are not all published in that form by the same publishers. A publisher's list gives the books he sells, not all those the author writes. Some of the early ones have not yet appeared in English.

A SMITHONIAN.—The binding complete by any book-binder costs about three shillings.

BOB and BILL.—Your best plan would be to apply to Messrs. G. Neighbour and Sons, of High Holborn, or some other firm dealing in hives and bees.

S. STEVENS.—The first cricket team that went to Australia was H. H. Stephenson's in 1861-2. The second was George Parr's in 1863-4, and to the guarantee fund for the expenses of this second expedition Messrs. Spiers and Pond subscribed largely. In fact, when it was doubtful in Melbourne whether the invitation should be sent to England, Mr. Pond gave the deciding vote. It is thus not true that cricket was "introduced into Australia by Messrs. Spiers and Pond," but indirectly, in the manner indicated, they had a good deal to do with its rapid development. George Parr's was "the unbeaten team."

M. E. GRANT.—The Melbourne Black Thursday was on February 6, 1851. On that day the thermometer stood at 112° in the shade, and the country was literally burnt up. Such heat is of course quite exceptional.

C. YORK.—The Mermiad was wrecked in October, 1829, in Torres Straits. The crew were picked up off a rock by the Swiftsure. Three days afterwards the Swiftsure was wrecked. The two crews were saved by the Governor Ready. The Governor Ready was wrecked on May 18th, 1830, and the three crews eventually saved by the Comet. A few days afterwards the Comet was wrecked, and the four crews were saved by the Jupiter. Even this did not complete the chain of disaster, for at the entrance to Port Raffles harbour the Jupiter came to grief, and the five crews had to leave her in her boats. The crew of the Mermiad were thus wrecked five times in one voyage, the crew of the Swiftsure four times, the crew of the Governor Ready three times, and the crew of the Comet twice. None of the ships belonged to the same owners, nor were they sailing to the same port. The rescues in each case were accidental, and we hope the sailors thought, providential. The weather was tempestuous, and the hardships and dangers great, but no hands were lost. The instance is, we believe, unique.

E. A. MARSH.—We are unaware of exceptions being made. You must be a seaman first, and a gunner afterwards. An application to headquarters would settle the doubt.

TWO BROTHERS.—The stamps on the slips paid to the savings bank are cancelled—as are those in the telegraph department—and the amount they represent is credited to your account. Stamps are not money, they are simply vouchers that you have paid money. Their value is but trifling, but the amount saved by their use is considerable, owing to the simplification of the clerical work and the consequent reduction in salaries.

ON THORNS.—Our candid opinion is that a near-sighted total-abstaining exciseman would not achieve any remarkable measure of success, and that he had far better turn his attention to something else.

B. R. V. C.—You can get any military books from Messrs. Clowes and Sons, or Mitchell, of Charing Cross.

PUER QUERENS.—We know of no graphs except those we have frequently given in these pages—some of them since the receipt of your letter, and now in type. The ink is ordinary aniline colour, which you get in its cheapest form in Judson's dyes. You cannot make the ink yourself without elaborate apparatus.

J. G.—What interest is it to our readers that Johnnie G., aged nine, thinks the BOY'S OWN PAPER the best paper going, and much superior to the weekly "Dusting Brush"? There is nothing so surprising in that that we should put his opinion into type; nearly every letter we receive says the same thing. Were we to make a practice of inserting such notices in our columns we should have room for nothing else. So with regard to our circulation, we are much obliged to him for getting his friends to become subscribers, and naturally hope that his example may be followed, but a mere list of such efforts would be endless. We simply cannot answer all our correspondents, the paper is not large enough to admit of it. "Other papers" are not in the same position as we are; they can "answer all letters," because their letters are few, and the answers can all be got into a single column; our letters reach us in heaps. Half the lads in the empire seem to think it their duty to write to the BOY'S OWN PAPER. We read all letters, we answer what we think of most general interest, and what we have space for.

TURA.—For information as to the uniform in present use, you could apply to the Army Clothing Department, Grosvenor Road, S.W. For the costume of our troops during the Egyptian campaign you could consult "Our Soldiers and Sailors in Egypt," and the "War in Egypt," both published by Messrs. Routledge and Sons, the former at a shilling, the latter at three shillings and sixpence. The illustrations are most of them coloured or tinted.

YANKEE DOODLE.—The "New York Herald" has a London office, but you can get all the American newspapers through any of the advertising agents, such as Street, Deacon, etc.

J. F. SEVIER.—All such raffles are illegal; have nothing to do with them. The only result of your public advertisement would be to bring down the police.

E. PALMER.—We have published articles on polishing horn and bone. If any preservative is needed, the common arscical paste will do well enough.



# THE BOYS' OWN PAPER

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## THE WILLOUGHBY CAPTAINS.

CHAPTER X.—WYNDHAM JUNIOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

WYNDHAM, the old captain, just before leaving Willoughby, had done his best to interest Riddell in the welfare of his young brother, a Limpet in the Fourth.

"I wish you'd look after him now and then, Riddell," he said; "he's not a bad

fellow, I fancy, but he's not got quite enough ballast on board, and unless there's some one to look after him he's very likely to get into bad hands."

Riddell promised he would do his best, and the elder brother was most grateful.

"I know I've been a fool."



"I shall be ever so much easier now," he said, "and it's awfully good of you, Riddell. I wouldn't care for the young un to go wrong, you know. Thanks very much, old man."

And so it came to pass that among the legacies which the old captain left behind him at Willoughby, the one which fell to Riddell was a young brother, slightly rickety in character and short of ballast.

A parting request like Wyndham's would have been very hard for any friend to refuse; but to Riddell the promise "to look after young Wyndham" meant a great deal more than it would have done to many other fellows. It was not enough for him to make occasional inquiries as to his young *protégé*, or even to try to shield him when he fell into scrapes. Riddell's idea of looking after a rickety youngster included a good deal more than this, and from the moment the old captain had left, amid all his own tribulations and adversities, the thought of young Wyndham had saddled itself on his successor's conscience with an uncomfortable weight.

This was the reason why he made the boy free of his study, and gave up a good deal of his own time in helping him with his work. And it was the same reason which prompted him on the afternoon spoken of in the last chapter, much against his inclination, to accost the three truants in Shellport, and request Wyndham to come to his study.

"You're in for a nice sermon, my boy," said Gilks, as the three walked home.

"I wish he hadn't seen us," said Wyndham, feeling uncomfortable.

"Why, you don't suppose he'll lick you?" said Silk, laughing.

"No, but he'll be awfully vexed."

"Vexed!" cried Gilks. "Poor fellow! How I'd like to comfort him! Take my advice and forget all about going to his study. He'll not be sorry, I can tell you."

"Oh, I must go," said Wyndham. "I don't want to offend him."

"Kind of you," said Silk, laughing. "Funny thing how considerate a fellow can be to another fellow who does his lessons for him."

Wyndham blushed, but said nothing. He knew these two companions were not the sort of boys his brother would have cared to have him associate with, nor did he particularly like them himself. But when two senior boys take the trouble to patronise a junior and make fun of his "peculiarities," as they called his scruples, it is hardly surprising that the average youngster comes out a good way to meet his patrons.

Wyndham, by the way, was rather more than a youngster. He was a Limpet, and looked back on the days of fagging as a long-closed chapter of his history. Had he been a junior like Telson or Pilbury, it would have been less likely either that Game and Silk would take such trouble to cultivate his acquaintance, or that he would submit himself so easily to their patronage. As it was, he was his own master. Nobody had a right to demand his services, neither had he yet attained to the responsibilities of a monitor. He could please himself, and therefore yielded himself unquestioningly to the somewhat flattering attentions of the two seniors.

No, not quite unquestioningly. Short as was the time since his brother had left, it had been long enough for Riddell to let the boy see that he wished to be his friend. He had never told him so in words, but Wyndham could guess what all the kind

interest which the new captain evinced in him meant. And it was the thought of this that kept alive the one or two scruples he still retained in joining himself to the society of Gilks and Silk.

And so he declined the invitation of these two friends to defy the captain's summons.

"Well," said Gilks, "if you must put your head into the lion's mouth, you must; mustn't he, Silk? But I say, as you *are* to get pulled up, I don't see why you shouldn't have all the fun you can for your money. What do you say to a game of skittles at Beamish's?"

"What a nice boy you are!" said Silk, laughing; "the young un doesn't know Beamish's."

"Not know Beamish's!—at the Aquarium!" said Gilks.

"No. What is he?" inquired Wyndham.

"He's the Aquarium!" said Gilks, laughing.

"And do they play skittles in the Aquarium?" asked the boy.

"Rather!" said Silk; "it amuses the fishes, you know."

Beamish's was, as Gilks had said, another name for the Shellport Aquarium—a disreputable place of resort, whose only title to the name of Aquarium was that it had in it, in an obscure corner which nobody ever explored, a small tank, which might have contained fishes if there had been any put into it. As it was, the last thing any one went to Beamish's for was to study fishes, the other attractions of the place—the skittles, bowls, and refreshment bars—being far more popular. These things in themselves, perhaps, were not enough to make Beamish's a bad place. That character was supplied by the company that were mostly in the habit of frequenting it, of which it is enough to say it was the very reverse of select.

At this time of day, however, the place was almost empty, and when, after a good deal of chaff and persuasion, Wyndham was induced to take a little turn round the place, he was surprised to find it so quiet and unobjectionable. The boys had a short game at skittles and a short game at bowls, and bought a few buns and an ice at the refreshment stall, and then departed schoolwards.

They reached Willoughby in good time for call-over, no one except Riddell being aware of their little expedition. Still Wyndham, when it was all over, did not feel altogether comfortable. Not that he thought what he had done was very bad, or that he had sinned in deceiving the masters and breaking the rules of the school. What troubled him was that he knew Riddell would be vexed.

He repaired to the captain's study with his books as usual after evening chapel and found him busy over his work.

But as soon as the boy entered, Riddell pushed the papers away rather nervously. "Well, Wyndham," said he, "I'm glad you've come."

Wyndham deposited his books and looked rather uncomfortable.

Riddell had rather hoped the boy would refer to the subject first, but he did not. Riddell therefore said, "I was sorry to see you down in Shellport this afternoon, Wyndham. You hadn't a permit, had you?"

"No," said Wyndham.

"It's hardly the thing, is it?" said the captain, quietly, after a pause.

His voice, devoid of all anger or self-

importance, made Wyndham still more uncomfortable.

"I'm awfully sorry," said he. "I suppose I oughtn't to have gone. I beg your pardon, Riddell."

"Oh!" said Riddell, "don't do that, please."

"You know," said Wyndham, "as those two took me, it didn't seem to be much harm. We only went to see the steamer come in."

"The thing is," said Riddell, "it was against the rules."

"But Gilks and Silk are both monitors, aren't they?"

"They are," said the captain, with a touch of bitterness in his tone.

There was another pause, this time a long one. Neither boy seemed inclined to return to the subject. Wyndham opened his books and made a pretence of beginning his work, and Riddell fidgeted with the papers before him. In the mind of the latter a hurried debate was going on.

"What had I better do? I might send him up to the Doctor and perhaps get him expelled. It might be the best thing for him too, for if those two have got hold of him he's sure to go wrong. I can't do anything to keep him from them. And yet I promised old Wynd—I must try; I might help to keep him straight. God help me!"

Is the reader astonished that the captain of a great public school should so far forget himself as to utter a secret prayer in his own study about such a matter as the correction of a young scapegrace? It was an unusual thing to do, certainly; and probably if Wyndham had known what was passing in the captain's mind he would have thought more poorly of his brother's friend than he did. But I am not quite sure, reader, whether Riddell was committing such an absurdity as some persons might think, or whether you or I, or any other fellow in a similar position, would be any the worse for forgetting ourselves in the same way. What do you say? It is worth thinking over when you have time or can make it.

"God help me," said Riddell to himself, and he felt his mind wonderfully cleared already as he said it.

Clearer, that is, as to what he ought to do, but still rather embarrassed as to how to do it. But he meant to try.

"I say, Wyndham," he said, in his quiet way. "I want to ask your advice?"

"What about?" asked Wyndham, looking up in surprise. "About those fellows?"

"Not exactly. It's more about myself," said the captain.

"What about you?" asked Wyndham.

"Why, there's a fellow in the school I'm awfully anxious to do some good to," began Riddell.

"Rather a common failing of yours," responded Wyndham.

"Wanting to do it is more common than doing it," said Riddell; "but I don't know how to tackle this fellow, Wyndham."

"Who is he? Do I know him?" asked the boy.

"I'm not sure that you know him particularly well," said the captain. "He's not a bad fellow; in fact he has a lot of good in him—"

"Is he a Limpet?" asked Wyndham.

"But," continued Riddell; not noticing the question, "he's got a horrid fault. He won't stand up for himself, Wyndham!"



"Oh," observed Wyndham, "there's a lot of them like that—regular cowards."

"Exactly, this fellow's one of them. He's always funkng it."

Wyndham laughed.

"I know who you mean—Tedbury, isn't it?"

"No, that's not his name," said Riddell.

"He's a nicer sort of fellow than Tedbury.

There are one or two fellows that are always down on him, too. They see he's no pluck, and so they think they can do what they like with him."

"Meekins gets a good deal mauled about by some of the others," said Wyndham.

"This fellow gets a good deal more

damaged than Meekins," said the captain.

"In fact he gets so mauled his friends will soon hardly be able to recognise him."

Wyndham looked sharply at the speaker. Riddell was quite grave and serious, and proceeded quietly.

"The worst of it is, this fellow's quite well able to stick up for himself if he likes, and could easily hold his own. Only he's lazy, or else he likes getting damaged."

"Are you making all this up?" demanded Wyndham, colouring.

Riddell took no notice of the inquiry, but continued rather more earnestly.

"Now I'd like your advice, Wyndham, old fellow. I want to do this fellow a good turn. Which do you suppose would be the best turn to do him; to pitch into the fellows that are always doing him harm, or to try to persuade him to stick up for himself and not let them do just what they like with him, eh?"

Wyndham had seen it all before the question was ended, and hung down his head in silence.

Riddell did not disturb him, but waited quietly, and, if truth be told, anxiously, till he should reply.

Presently the boy looked up with a troubled face, and said,

"I know I'm an awful fool, Riddell."

"But you're not obliged to be," said the captain, cheerily.

"I'll try not to be, I really will," said Wyndham. "Only—"

"Only what?" asked Riddell, after a pause.

"Only somehow I never think of it at the time."

"I know," said Riddell, kindly.

"Why only this afternoon," said Wyndham, drawn out by the sympathy of his companion, "I tried to object to going down to the town, and they made up some excuse, so that I would have seemed like a regular prig to hold out, and so I went. I'm awfully sorry now. I know I'm a coward, Riddell; I ought to have stuck out."

"I think you ought," said Riddell; "they would probably have laughed at you, and possibly tried to bully you a bit. But you can take care of yourself, I fancy, when it comes to that, eh?"

"I can about the bullying," said Wyndham.

"And so," said Riddell, "you really advise me to say to this fellow I was telling you about to stand up for himself and not let himself be led about by any one."

"Except you, Riddell," said the boy.

"No," said Riddell, "not even me. I can't profess to tell you all you ought to do."

"I should like to know who can, if you can't," said Wyndham.

"I think we both know," said Riddell, gravely.

The conversation ended here. For an

hour and a half after that each boy was busy over his work, and neither spoke a word. Their thoughts may not all have been in the books before them; in fact it may safely be said they were not. But they were thoughts that did not require words. Only when Wyndham rose to go, and wished his friend good-night, Riddell indirectly referred to the subject of their talk.

"By the way, Wyndham, Isaacs has given up the school librarianship; I suppose you know. How would you like to take it?"

"What has a fellow got to do?" asked Wyndham.

"You have to issue the new books every Monday and collect the old ones every Saturday. There are about one hundred boys subscribe, and they order the new book when they give up the old, so it's simple enough."

"Takes a lot of time, doesn't it?" said Wyndham.

"No, not very much, I believe. Isaacs shirked it a good deal, and you'd have to keep the lists rather better than he did. But I fancy you'd enjoy it rather; and," he added, "it will be an excuse for seeing less of some not very nice friends."

Wyndham said he would take the post, and went off happier in his own mind than he had been for a long time, and leaving Riddell happier too, despite all his failures and vexations elsewhere, than he had been since he became captain of Willoughby.

But, though happy, he could hardly be elated. His effort that evening had certainly been a success, but how long would its effects last?

Riddell was not fool enough to imagine that his promise to old Wyndham was now discharged by that one evening's talk. He knew the boy well enough to be sure that the task was only just begun. And his thankfulness at having made a beginning was tempered with many anxieties for the future.

And he might well be anxious!

For a day or two Wyndham was an altered boy. He surprised his masters by his attention in class, and his schoolfellows—all except Riddell—by the steadiness of his behaviour. He avoided his former companions, and devoted himself with enthusiasm to his new duties as librarian, to which the Doctor, at Riddell's suggestion, had appointed him.

This alteration, approved of as it was in many quarters, was by no means appreciated by two boys at Willoughby. It was not that they cared twopence about the society of their young Limpet, or that they had any moral objection to good behaviour and steady work. What irritated Gilks and Silk over the business was that they saw in it the hand of an enemy, and felt that the present change in their *protégé* was due to Riddell's influence in opposition to their own.

The two monitors felt hurt at this; it was like a direct snub aimed at them, and, considering the quarter from which it came, they did not like it at all.

"This sort of thing won't do," said Gilks to his friend one day, shortly after Riddell's talk with Wyndham. "The young un's cut our acquaintance."

"Hope we shall recover in time," said Silk, sneering. "Yes; he's gone decidedly 'pi.' the last week."

"It's all that reverend prig's doing!" growled Gilks. "I mean to spoil his little game for him, though," added he.

"How'll you do it?" asked Silk.

"That's just it! I wish I knew," said Gilks.

"Oh! leave it to me, I'll get at him somehow. I don't suppose he's too far gone yet."

Accordingly Silk took an early opportunity of meeting his young friend.

"Ah! Wyndham," said he, casually; "don't see much of you now."

"No," said Wyndham, shortly; "I'm busy with the library."

"Oh! I'm afraid, though, you're rather glad of an excuse to cut Gilks and me after the row we got you into last week."

"You didn't get me into any row," said Wyndham.

"What! didn't he lick you for it? Ah! I see how it is. He's afraid you'd let out on him for being down town too. Rather a good dodge too. Gilks and I half thought of reporting him, but we didn't."

"He had a permit, hadn't he?"

"Oh, yes—rather! I don't doubt that. Just like Brown's, the town boy's excuses. Writes them himself."

"I'm certain Riddell wouldn't do such a thing," said Wyndham, warming.

"I never said he would," replied Silk, seeing he was going a little too far. "You see, captains don't want permits. There's no one to pull them up. But I say, I'm awfully sorry about last week."

"Oh! it doesn't matter," said Wyndham, who could not help being rather gratified to hear a monitor making apologies to him; "only I don't mean to go down again."

"No, of course not; and if Gilks suggests it I'll back you up. By the way," he added, in tones of feigned alarm, "I suppose you didn't tell him about going to Beamish's, did you?"

"No," said Wyndham, whose conscience had already reproached him several times for not having confessed the fact.

"I'm awfully glad of that," said Silk, apparently much relieved. "Whatever you do, keep that quiet."

"Why?" said Wyndham, rather concerned.

"My dear fellow, if that got out—well, I don't know what would happen."

"Why, is it a bad place, then?"

"Oh, no, not at all," laughed Silk, with a mysterious wink. "All serene for fellows like Gilks; but if it was known we'd taken you there we'd be done for."

Wyndham began to feel he had had a narrow escape of "doing" for his two patrons without knowing it.

"Promise you won't tell anybody," said Silk.

"Of course I won't," said Wyndham, rather scornful at the idea of telling tales of a schoolfellow.

"Thanks; and I'll take care and say nothing about you, and Gilks won't either, I know. So it'll be all right. I don't know what possessed the fellow to suggest going in there."

All this was somewhat perplexing to Wyndham. He had never imagined Beamish's was such a terrible place, or that the penalty of being found there was so severe. He felt that he had had a fortunate escape, and was glad Silk had put him up to it before he had let it out.

He became more friendly with his ally after this. There is always a bond of attraction where a common danger threatens, and Wyndham felt that, however determined he was not to be led away any more by these friends of his, it was just as well to be civil to them.

So he even accepted an invitation to







bottom of the window frame, and the sash is brought down on the upper board. The air passes in and out between it and the sounding-box, and the strings being set in vibration give off that soft, melodious murmur which, in a more subdued tone, is heard near telegraph posts when the wires are shaken by the wind.

This is the ordinary Æolian harp, but in this country and on the Continent there are many more complicated forms of the instrument in existence. The Æolians of the four Strasburg Cathedral towers, for instance, are well known to tourists. At the castle of Baden Baden also the harps are a great attraction, and we here give a sketch of one of the loudest of these celebrated instruments.

It is set well back in the gallery, and the window opening is gradually contracted by the

curious shed, of which one side is removed to show the construction, the air passing out through the grating, which is only slightly wider than the harp. Of the harp itself we give the plan and section, and to avoid fractions we retain its original measurement in metres and centimètres—sixty-one centimètres being as nearly as possible two feet, and a metre being a hundred centimètres, or thirty-nine inches and three-eighths.

It will be noticed that this pattern of the instrument has strings on both sides, and that the inner edge of the box is fitted with narrow sound-holes. The front of the box is of thin wood steamed into shape, and fitted round the curved ends as carefully as the sides are built into the back and belly of a violin.

In Kircher's harp, the older form, the screen

fits into a window, the instrument is hung on an iron rod, and has a great many strings stretched over broad sound-holes. The case is freely perforated, and is hung so as to half overlap the aperture which gives admittance to the air.

Kircher for a long time had the credit of being the inventor of the Æolian harp, but it is of much earlier date. It is, in truth, a very obvious contrivance, easily made, and not susceptible of much improvement. In our last figure we give its latest form, which differs from the others only in the arrangement of the screens. These are devised to throw a strong draught on to the strings, without having to be fitted into a window frame; but in this, as in all the other forms of the wind harp, it requires a pretty strong breeze to bring out its full tone.

## THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE:

WHAT IT IS, AND HOW TO ENTER IT.

By AVIET AGAEEG, LL.B.

(Continued from page 142.)



o prepare and perfect himself in English composition, an intending competitor must study all, or at any rate most, of the standard prose writers past and present, such as Addison, Swift, Defoe, Gibbon, Hume, Fielding, Goldsmith, Alison, Robertson, Hallam, Macaulay, Bentham, Buckle, Prescott, Paley, Whately, Scott, Bulwer-Lytton, Dickens, the two Disraelis,

improve oneself in English composition, we cannot refrain from showing also how to study them. Mere cursory reading of these works is not sufficient, but it must be the closest attention to every sentence, every word, and every syllable. He must, as he reads the work, find out what is the meaning and application of every sentence, simile, or idea—what is the signification and origin of every word. He must study the style, language, and even the punctuation (for without this no English composition is perfect), and endeavour to cull and if possible to imitate the good points of each. A careful study of some of the dramas and poems of our principal dramatists and poets will be found invaluable in English composition, as it develops poetical and other thoughts and ideas, and furnishes a vast fund to draw upon for illustrations, scenes, similes, and even quotations.

As we have already pointed out, English composition includes dictation, and practice three or four times a week in writing from dictation from some of the works of the above-mentioned writers in prose and verse, will be of material assistance to one in the examination.

Closely allied to English composition is the study of English literature. For the purpose

of laying the foundation in this subject, one can study Mr. Spalding's elementary work or the Handbook of Dr. Angus. After that one should turn to Dean Trench's "Study of Words," "English Past and Present," and "Glossary." After mastering these books, one should carefully study those comprehensive and valuable works on English literature by Chambers. He should also, as he studies these works, read the lives and works of the various writers who have flourished at different periods. By studying these works we mean he must thoroughly digest them, and with regard to the specific works he might select for the examination he ought to be so perfect in them as to know them almost by heart.

In the selection of these specific subjects he must exercise some discretion and judgment. For instance, a person whose mind is absolutely destitute of poetry would hardly be wise in selecting Byron's "Childe Harold" or Milton's "Paradise Lost." Nor again would one who cannot appreciate satire show much judgment in choosing Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," or his "Hind and Panther," or Swift's "Tale of a Tub," or even Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

(To be continued.)

## FOR JAMES OR GEORGE? A SCHOOLBOY'S TALE OF 1745.

By THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

Author of "Tales of Charlton School," "Schoolboy Honour," etc.

### CHAPTER X.

"You fellows must be right," said Mostyn, as they began their walk across the moor. "Dick Farrell does keep up some sort of intercourse with Jack Warton. I wasn't sure of it when you spoke, but I am now."

"What has happened to make you say that?" asked Maynard.

"It's quite plain that he knew Mr. Warton to be the owner of the Abbey," answered Mostyn. "I couldn't make out why he spoke in that way—about it's being better for us not to go there to-day. But it's plain enough now."

"I have no doubt of it either," returned De Clifford; "but, as I said before, we can't prove the point, and if we could, I don't think it would be a sufficient ground for our speaking about it to Lord Rydesdale. We can't be rid of him. All we can do is to be careful not to say anything for him to overhear that we don't want mentioned."

"Very well, we'll agree to do that," said Maynard. "Perhaps he may take up with Jack Warton altogether when he sees we do not care for his company."

"It would be a good thing if he did,"

said De Clifford, "but I don't much expect that he will."

They walked on in silence for half an hour or so, when the ruins at Wyndford Pits were reached.

"Here we are," said Mostyn, as they entered the enclosure of the overseer's house. "There doesn't seem to have been any one here since our visit. Look at that long stick with which we were poking the straw. I left it standing in the doorway, I remember. See, it hasn't been moved."

"No," said Maynard, "no one has been here since we left; there are no marks to



be seen, either of men's or horses' feet. Well, that's all the better. We shall have the place to ourselves if ever we want to use it."

They soon found their way into the bed-chamber, as they had named it; and there the first object they beheld was the body of the bustard stretched upon the floor, a gruesome spectacle to contemplate. Hugh took it up on the end of the long stick and pushed it out through the open dormer above.

"The poor creature has evidently died of hunger," he said. "It is nothing but bones and feathers. It is plain there can be no escape from the room except by the door. I wish I had known that. I would have left it open."

"But the bird had got out of the room somehow or other," urged Mostyn. "I remember we hunted every corner, except where the straw was; and we were just going to turn that over when you reminded us of the time. The bustard might have hidden itself under the straw, but I hardly think it; let us turn it over and see."

They tossed the straw aside, and presently found in the corner another opening about the same size as the one they had before discovered. Stooping down, Hugh could see that it ran some way into the wall; but light was not to be seen at the farther end of it, as had been the case in the former instance. The boys' interest in the search was now greatly increased. Supporting himself on his hands and knees, Hugh crept for some little distance through the opening, which he presently found to be closed at the farther end by some solid obstacle—a stone wall apparently, or brick plastered over. But the passage was pitch dark, and he had nothing but his sense of touch to guide him.

"I suppose we couldn't manage to strike a light, could we?" he asked, when he had got back to the bedchamber. "I have my knife here, and this light dry straw would soon catch fire; if we could hit upon a flint we might contrive it."

"I saw some flints outside in the enclosure," said Maynard. "I'll go out and look for them."

He presently returned with a large piece of flint and some dry fir sticks, which would serve for torches. A light was presently struck, and a fir stick set on fire. By the help of this Hugh could see that the passage was close by a solid block of stone.

"This is where that unlucky bustard ran in, then, when we hunted it; and it came out again as soon as we were gone," suggested Mostyn.

"No doubt," assented Hugh. "But it is plain there must be some means of moving the stone, if we could find it out. This opening is plainly a passage from one room to another. No one would take the trouble to make a hollow in the wall like this, unless as a means of communication."

"Light another of the pine sticks," suggested Maynard, "and examine the stone closely. I have heard of such things. There's a spring somewhere in the wall, which must be pressed, and then the block gives way."

"Very well," said De Clifford, "I'll try it."

He lighted another stick, and again worked himself into the passage. Presently they heard his voice calling them to follow him.

"I've found the spring," he said; "the stone moves round easily enough—on a pivot, I think. Anyhow, the passage is open."

They followed accordingly, and presently found themselves in another room, rather smaller than the first, but which gave even clearer indications of having been used at no distant time as a human habitation. There were not only tables, and chairs, and a kind of bureau against the wall, but there were some plates, a brown pitcher, two mugs, and one or two articles of clothing. A pair of heavy riding-boots with spurs attached and a large woollen handkerchief littered the floor. On a peg behind the door hung a horseman's coat and a three-cornered hat, the last-named article ornamented with tarnished gold lace. Above the fireplace, in which, as in the former instance, there was a heap of white ashes, hung a carbine and a pair of pistols. The powder-flask and a bag of bullets were standing on the mantelpiece below.

"I say," exclaimed Maynard, as his eye rested on these articles, "you must be right about Silver Jack, Charlie. This must have been his hiding-place, and those were his pistols and boots. He left them here one fine day, three years or so ago, when he went out to rob folk on the Peneshurst road, and was shot by the fat drover. That's it, depend on it."

"It looks like it," said Hugh. "But if that is the case we may be sure there is some way out of this room besides the one by which we got in. You see, Jack would enter by what we call the cellar, and there I judge he kept his horse. There is a rack and manger in one corner of it. I saw it to-day as we came in. Well, then he'd go through the passage, the one half covered by the ivy, you know, into the bed-chamber, and there I expect he slept. If any one came upon him from the cellar side he would retreat into this room, and shut to the stone in the wall. But then there must be some escape from this room, or whoever drove him in here would have him in a trap."

"Well argued," said Mostyn. "Let us see if we can't find this same way out."

The boys went to work with a will. They first sounded the walls, which, however, seemed everywhere solid, and which they could see were nearly three feet thick, rudely but very strongly built. They then examined the floor and ceiling, trying to discover traces of trapdoors. But the floor was paved throughout with large slabs of stone, in which there was no ring or indication of a hollow beneath; and the ceiling, which had been the floor of the room above, was a mass of solid oak beams and rafters, with boards almost as solid nailed over them, except only where they had been cut away to admit light from the dormer above. Hugh fancied at first that an exit from the room might have been obtained through this opening, but a short examination satisfied him that this was impossible, the whole window-front being crossed by massive iron bars screwed into the wall, and set so close to one another that a cat could not have forced its way through. The boys desisted from the quest, fairly baffled.

"There must be some way out, I am still persuaded," said Hugh, "but I am afraid it is beyond us to find it out. I think we had better sit down and rest a bit, and then go home."

"Stop a bit," said Mostyn. "We haven't examined the bureau yet. It is

locked and the key has been taken away, but I suppose we needn't stand upon ceremony about breaking it open."

He took the lower joint of his rod, and, forcing the spike at the end between the doors, wrenched them open. The moment this was done the whole mystery was revealed. What had appeared to be a bureau was in reality a hollow cupboard running completely through the wall, and the back of it—a solid frame of oak—was the door by which the room was entered. It was both bolted and locked, but the key was in the lock, and the bolts having been drawn and the key turned, the door moved heavily outwards. The boys now went out and carefully examined the premises on the outside. They found that the entire wall on that side was covered with tiles, and those fastened on the oak frame used as a door had been so skilfully put on that not the slightest trace of an opening presented itself. There was no handle to be seen, and none was needed, because the door, when shut to, was secured by a spring lock. The room in fact could only be entered by the passage from the bedchamber, unless with the assistance of some person inside. Returning into the room, they further discovered two iron gratings fixed in the door, by which a view up and down the road might be obtained.

"It is all plain enough now," remarked De Clifford. "This has been Silver Jack's lair. Here he hid himself and watched the road through these gratings. When he saw any one coming who was worth robbing he would slip out, not by this door, for then his secret would have been soon discovered, but through the cellar. There he'd mount his horse, ride after the travellers, catch them at some distance from the cottage, and bring back the plunder to stow it away here. Well, it is cleverly contrived, and must have taken some time to make. I judge there was more than one person concerned in it."

"Most probably his chums, the Miller of Hangerton and Parson George, helped to make it," observed Mostyn. "They were caught and hanged a good twelve-month before Jack was shot. Well, we've found out everything now. I suppose we'd better go home."

"Let's go inside Jack's lair," suggested Maynard. "I think that will be a very good name to give it. 'Jack's lair,' 'Jack's bedroom,' and 'Jack's cellar,' those names will do very well for the three rooms. Let us go inside the lair now and rest a bit; we have plenty of time, two full hours, good, before we need go home."

The others agreed, and the boys, re-entering, seated themselves on Jack's chairs. They had scarcely done so when they heard the sound of horses' feet in the road. Stepping up to the grating, they saw Mr. Warton, accompanied by Mr. Vallance, the recently-elected mayor of Peneshurst, riding by. Mr. Warton wore the uniform of colonel of his volunteer regiment, and he was attended by Bates and two privates in Hussar dress.

"There they go—to Breed's Farm, I'll be bound!" said Mostyn. "Old Warton goes there pretty often, but I suppose he'll give that up now that the Abbey belongs to him. And look at old Vallance! He's in full dress—all but his mayor's gown, which one of those fellows, I expect, is carrying on his saddle. What can he be dressed up in that way for? And why is Warton in uniform? and who are those Hussars with him?"

"Warton has called out his volunteer



regiment," said Maynard; "I heard my father saying so yesterday. He always calls it out a couple of days or so after harvest. But this year he has had the men out before the crops are quite in, and he means to keep them out for some time—no one knows how long. That fellow to the right is the same we saw at the Abbey a couple of hours ago. He is a sergeant or a corporal in his regiment, I suppose."

"He thinks Prince Charles and his Highlanders are coming down here," observed Hugh, "and then he'll be ready to fight them. Two can play at that game, as he will probably find. Well, I suppose, Maynard, you're rested now, are you not? and we had better take ourselves off."

The boys rose to go.

"Are we to leave the fishing-rods and baskets here, Hugh," asked Mostyn, "or take them back into Peneshurst? As we shall not, of course, ever fish in Wyndford Water again, I don't see what will be the good of keeping them here."

"We shan't enter Wyndford Abbey again, of course," assented De Clifford, "but I have remembered there is another good fishing-place, not more than half a mile from here, on the river, you know. That is almost as near as Wyndford Water to this place. Leave them here for the present, at all events."

They put the baskets and rods away accordingly, and were just on the point of making their exit through the passage, when Hugh stopped them. "If I am not mistaken," he said, "I can hear the sound of horses' feet again, though at some distance. Very likely Mr. Warton and the others are coming back; and if so, I shouldn't like them to see us hanging about here."

"Of course not," said Maynard. "They might find out all about 'the lair.' We can wait till they have gone by."

The three boys stepped up to the gratings, watching with some curiosity the approach of the horsemen, who were now near at hand. They were coming in the opposite direction to that from which Mr. Warton had appeared, and were not visible until within two hundred yards or so of the cottage. Then they came in sight—six or seven stout, strong fellows, all of them well mounted and fully armed—every man carrying his sword and a brace of pistols at his girdle, as well as another brace at his holster.

"Who in the world can these fellows be?" asked Mostyn, in a whisper. "I never saw tougher customers. What can they be after?"

"Carrying some valuable property up to London, probably," answered De Clifford, in the same cautious tone. "I dare say they will put up at the White Hart to-night, unless they push on fourteen miles more to Helmsstone."

"They don't seem to be in any hurry to get on," observed Mostyn. "On the contrary, I think they must be up to some mischief here. Just look at them."

While they were speaking the whole company drew rein, and, dismounting, gave their horses to two of their number, who led them through the gate of the enclosure by which they themselves had entered, and one of them presently returned.

"They have put up the horses," said Hugh—"put them up, I suppose, in some part of the ruins they know of. It's plain that they are after no good. Look there—they are hiding themselves on both sides of the road. They are going to rob or attack some one, I suspect."

The boys watched their manœuvres with breathless anxiety. They were evidently under the command of a strongly-built man of forty, well but plainly dressed. He stationed one fellow behind the bole of a large elm, about twenty yards down the left side of the road, in the direction of Peneshurst, and another in a gap of the hedge almost immediately opposite the cottage. A third was directed to creep into a hole of the bank, a little distance down the road towards Breed's Farm. The boys could not see the places where the others were planted, the hedge hiding them from view. But there could be no doubt that they had been similarly posted to command the opposite side of the highway.

"I say, this is a serious matter," whispered Maynard. "These fellows are certainly going to rob, if they are not going to murder, some one—some one, most likely, whom they are on the look-out for. We oughtn't to stand by and see it done, to be sure. Can't we do anything to prevent it?"

"I've been thinking it over," replied De Clifford, "but I don't know what to say. One of us might get out by 'the cellar,' and run for help. But there is no house nearer than Breed's Farm. This cottage is a good quarter of a mile from that, and one would have to go a long way round to avoid these fellows."

"Yes," said Mostyn; "and what is more, if we were to get out, we must pass through the enclosure, and I am pretty sure one of the men has been left there in charge of the horses, and we couldn't escape his notice. We might run for it, to be sure, but he would mount and ride after us."

"Yes," added Maynard, "and these men are pretty sure to be dead shots, and would bring any one down with a bullet in no time if they couldn't overtake him. We should be throwing away our lives for nothing."

"I'm of that opinion too," said De Clifford. "Still I agree with Edgar that we can't stand by and see robbery and murder done, if it is in our power to prevent it. Look here, couldn't we load this carbine—there's powder and bullet, you see, and I've no doubt the bullets fit the barrel—couldn't we load it and let fly? The barrel looks rather rusty, but the look seems to be all right. Most likely it will go off. Anyway, we might try."

"Those fellows are a long way off," observed Maynard. "There's only one of them in sight, in fact, and he is half hidden by the bole of the tree. One couldn't get a fair aim even at him, and if we could, I doubt whether the carbine would carry true at that distance."

"And if we did hit him," added Mostyn, "there are six others, and we should of course have them all upon us at once."

"They couldn't get in here," observed Maynard. "Even if they knew the contrivance of this door, they couldn't beat it in without sledge-hammers."

"Ah, but you forget," said Mostyn, "that these fellows may possibly be some of Silver Jack's old companions, and though they haven't seen fit to make any use of the cottage so far, they may mean to do so when they have secured their plunder. I don't much like the look of things, I must say. So far as we know, they couldn't break in here. If there's nothing behind—no other mode of entering the cottage besides the one we have discovered—we might defend the room for

a week, with our swords only, let alone the firearms. But if there is any way of entering, known to them, but not to us, we should be in a bad way."

"You are right, Charlie," said Maynard. "I don't feel at all sure that we know all the secrets of the cottage. And just look here. Suppose one of them got up into that window there and fired through it, there are only the two corners of the room on that side where he couldn't hit us. It would be the same with the bedroom, which is lighted in just the same way. And remember they might take their time about it. We couldn't get help from anywhere, except from some person who might chance to be passing up or down the road; even then I doubt whether we could make them hear."

"You don't understand me," said De Clifford, interposing a word at last. "I didn't propose to shoot any of these highwaymen, if highwaymen they are. What I meant was that we should wait until somebody came in sight, and then fire off the carbine to warn him; it would put him on his guard, at all events, and probably frighten the footpads into mounting and riding off."

"Isn't it more likely that the fellow you warned would ride off," suggested Mostyn, "and leave the footpads to deal with us?"

"I hardly think so," said Hugh. "The persons we warned might ride off, but they would be sure to report what they had seen, and the highwaymen would know that, and wouldn't venture to stay here. Anyhow, some risk must be run if we are to do anything to prevent the robbery and murder which seem to be intended."

"All right, Hugh," said Mostyn; "I'm not going to turn craven. Let us see what the carbine is like."

He took it down as he spoke, and picking up a large stick, rolled his handkerchief round it and thrust it down the muzzle. It came out unsoiled.

"Well, the piece is not foul," he said, "and the powder seems dry. Let us load it."

He put in the powder and the wadding, and was about to add some slugs, when De Clifford stopped him. "Don't put them in," he said. "We only want to fire the gun as a signal, and without the lead there is much less chance of its bursting. All we have to do is to stand here in this doorway and wait till we see some one coming, and then let fly. See, here is a hole in the grating large enough to admit the muzzle."

"All right, Hugh," said Maynard. "You take the carbine, and we'll all keep a look-out. If we do have to give help to any one it must be with our swords. The pistols are of no use, the slugs are too large for them."

Hugh took up his station, and ten minutes passed without a word being spoken. Then he suddenly exclaimed, "There is some one coming! I can't see or hear any one, but those fellows do. Look at the big fellow with the cocked hat; he is signalling to the others."

"I can see them," said Charlie, presently. "There are two men riding from Peneshurst. They are a long way off, but I can see the sun flashing on their sword-hilts. How near shall you let them come, Hugh?"

"I shan't fire till they're within twenty yards of the fellow hidden behind the elm there," was the answer—"not for ten minutes yet, at the least."

(To be continued.)

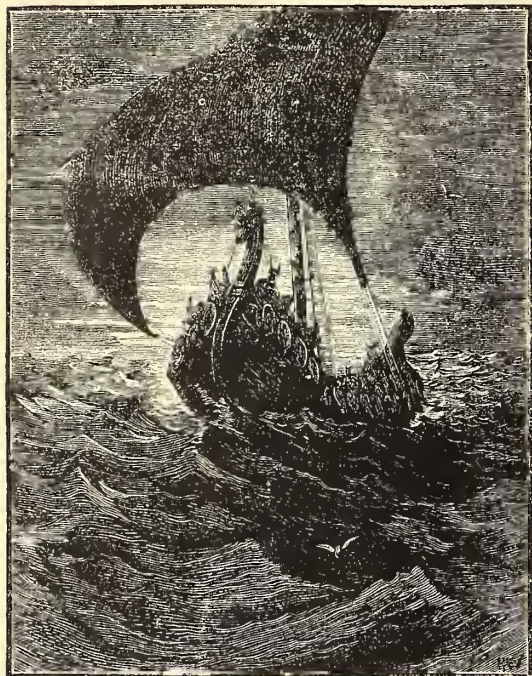


## SIGVALD THE VIKING: THE STORY OF A HERO.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

*Author of "The Two Chums," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER III.



Gangler had used his time well. He had taken note as far as possible of the force at Sigvald's command and of the approaches to the castle. It was his object to make as thorough a survey as possible and then signal to his friends to advance, leaving a gate open, but as his flight was discovered so early his plans were only partly carried out.

A night assault was now out of the question; it might have answered had a surprise been possible, but now that the inhabitants of the castle were on their guard it would be unwise to attempt an attack across comparatively unknown waters; so Kormak, following Gangler's advice, determined to wait for the light before advancing.

The spy found the fleet hidden a little way up the fiord, within half a mile of the Swan's Nest. Kormak was, as reported, on his way to the west to escape Harald's vengeance. He took with him all his possessions, as well as the wives and children of himself and his followers. To move to a new home was not a formidable undertaking to the vikings, who spent about half their time away from it. But they meant to take some spoil from Harfeld on their way.

With early morn the castle was fully prepared for attack. The anxiety became feverish.

"Shall we win, think you?" asked Har of Sigvald.

"It will not matter to me," was the reply. "I shall not live to know it if I am defeated."

"We shall keep them out of the castle easily enough," said Vali; "but can we fight them on the water?"

"Yes," said Sigvald, "we can at least fight them. Are you not ashamed to speak thus when even old Bui has donned his armour?"

It was true enough; the old man, who could scarcely walk without aid now, tottered into the hall with a casque on his head.

"Remember all," said Sigvald to his followers, "spare the women and children. A viking should only fight against men."

This was an unusual sentiment, as in the murderous forays of these pirates every one without distinction was often put to the sword. But Sigvald, in spite of his training, had chivalrous instincts; the influence of Gudruna had helped to render him a good specimen of a viking, brave, generous, careless of wounds or death, but not one whose sole aim was to send as many souls as possible to Valhalla and follow himself when Fate willed.

There were not many instructions to be given, every one knew his duty. With the earliest gleam of dawn he was called upon to do it.

Sailing up the fiord with no attempt at concealment

came Kormak's fleet of twenty ships, some manned by thirty rowers. The vessels containing the women and children, with the miscellaneous possessions of the band, were left in the little bay in which the fleet had lain during the night.

Evidently the enemy's tactics were to assault the castle and not to attack the fleet, which lay at anchor in a harbour on the land side of Harfeld. Sigvald had ordered the landing-stage for boats to be abandoned, reserving all his force for the defence of the castle itself.

To the ordinary eye Harfeld seemed impregnable, but to a viking no enterprise was too dangerous to be attempted. Guided by Gangler, a body of men rushed up the steps to the main entrance, and forming a protection for themselves by holding their shields over their heads, they attacked the door with battle-axes and hatchets, hoping by main force to effect an entrance. But the besieged were not idle: darts, arrows, and stones rained on them, till not a few were sent rolling down the steps; boiling pitch and resin were poured on them from the parapet, but still they fought on. Meanwhile Kormak himself, with a large body, had effected a landing parallel with the Swan's Nest, and clambering up the cliff dashed at the castle on its least protected side, that towards the land.

Sigvald did wonders on that day. He fought for his life, it is true, but he had a stronger motive—the knowledge that Gudruna and Osvif would perish were the enemy to gain an entrance nerved his arm, and he fought with the energy of Thor.

"The day will be ours," said old Bui, confidently, as a desperate attack was successfully repulsed. "Sigvald is a great captain, but I would that he fought with his head as well as with his hands."

"What do you mean?" asked Har, who, with a few others, was in the

great hall, waiting further orders from Sigvald.

"Come hither," said Bui. He whispered a few words to him. Har took a dozen men and secretly left the castle, letting themselves down by a rope from a hidden corner of the parapet. They struck inland without being observed, and making a short détour arrived at that portion of the cliff overlooking the little bay in which the part of Kormak's fleet with the women and booty on board lay almost unprotected.

Creeping down the face of the rock like goats, they were on board the vessels almost before they were perceived. The few men who were left in charge were overpowered, the women and children driven shrieking on to one ship, which was pushed out into the fiord, leaving a mass of booty in the hands of Har and his companions.

"Now," said Har, "if Kormak is driven from Harfeld he will find he has less baggage to hamper him, thanks to Bui's counsel. Haul up the ships and stave holes in them, that they may not be able to take them with them again."

His orders were obeyed, and nine vessels were soon dragged into shallow water and scuttled. Then Har led the way back to the castle.

The struggle during the absence of Har and his companions had been increasingly in favour of the besieged. Sigvald proved himself a good leader; he had, too, the additional strength which comes from a consciousness that he had the right on his side. Before midday Kormak saw that it was impossible for him to force an entrance into Harfeld; in spite of Gangler's treachery the walls and doors were kept intact, and as it appeared useless to continue the struggle he determined to retire. Not that he had given up all hope of victory, but that he meant to try a new plan.

He knew that his fleet was stronger than Sigvald's. If only he could tempt Sigvald to battle on the wide waters of the fiord he would find it no difficult matter to defeat him, and afterwards entrance to Harfeld ought to be comparatively easy.

With this view he gave the signal for retreat.

"I will pull back to the other ships," said Gangler, "and tell them to prepare for departure. We will fly till we reach the mouth of the fiord; in this narrow part our numbers will give us no advantage."

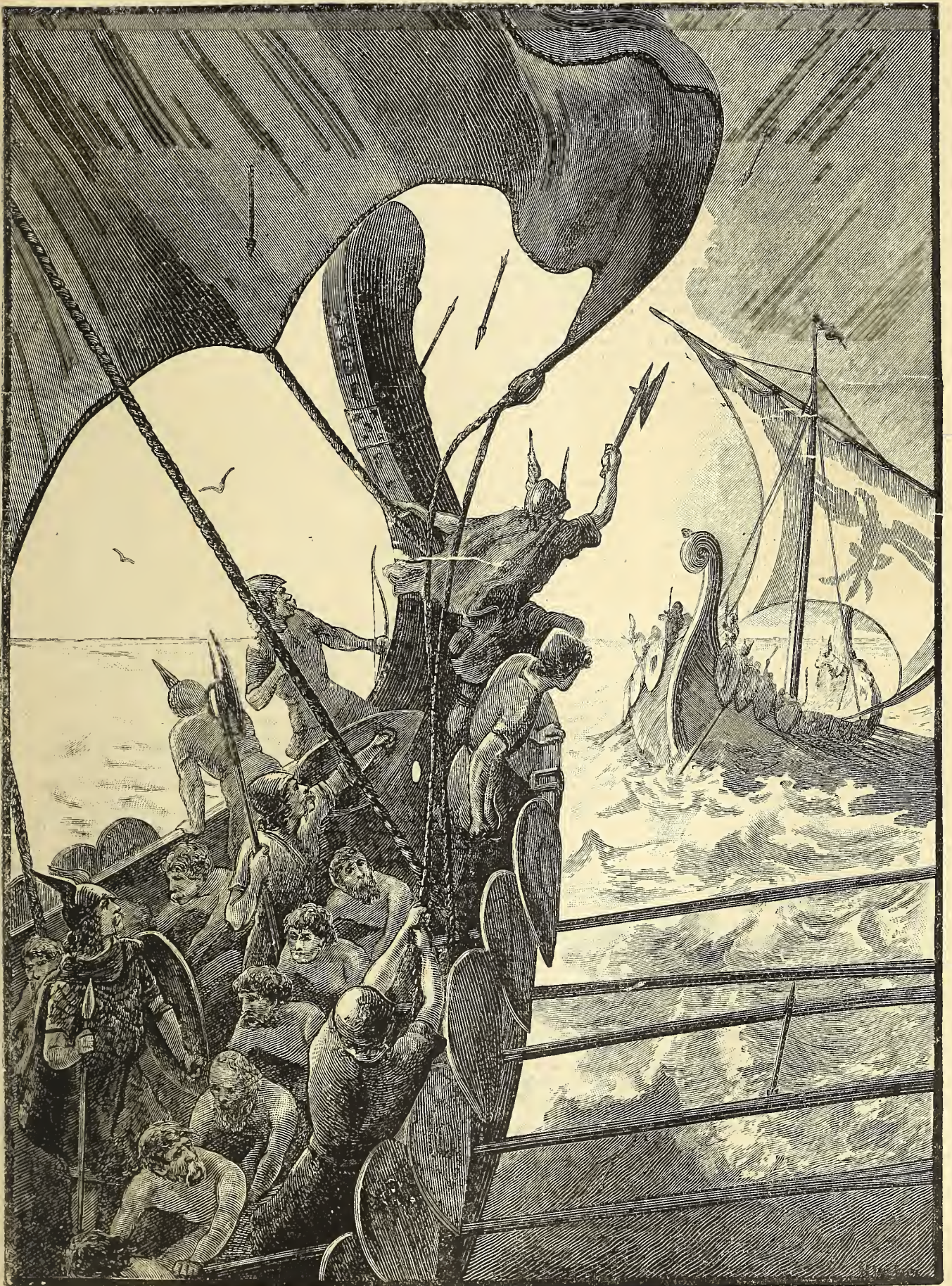
"We will yet sup in Harfeld," cried Kormak. "My Dragon has never yet lowered her crest before a hostile ship."

The men came unwillingly down in answer to his orders; they crowded the vessels which were drawn up by the landing-place and began to pull towards the sea. Some of the ships carried the crews of the vessels which lay concealed in addition to their own complement: these pulled nearer land than the others. Bui and Har watched their course with immense amusement.

"Look at them!" cried Har. "They will run that ship down in a moment."

The vessel he referred to was the one on





"We will fly till we reach the mouth of the fiord."



board of which the women and children had been driven. With no rowers and no one to manage the sails she was driven hither and thither by the waves, and was now lying full in the course of Kormak's Dragon.

Loud and deep was his rage when the truth was discovered. With nearly half his ships useless, and many of the remainder overcrowded, a victory on sea seemed even harder than that on land.

"An excellent counsellor you have proved yourself," cried Kormak, angrily, to Gangler. "Is there no other misfortune in store for us?"

"Yes," retorted the spy; "unless you are wiser now than when you let a band of men escape from Harfeld unperceived. Sigvald knows our weakness; we had better fly and give up all thought of Harfeld."

Kormak laughed scornfully: he was a true viking, and loved nothing more than the excitement of a fight.

Gangler spoke truly. Sigvald had been informed of the success of Har's stratagem and lost no time in endeavouring to turn Kormak's defeat into a rout.

"Quick," he shouted to Vali; "haste to the ships, bring out every man on the place, leave Harfeld to take care of itself. Kormak shall not a second time boast that he has enriched himself with spoils from Harfeld."

The crews leapt to their places, the long oars were thrust through the slits, Sigvald himself taking command of the Bear in place of his favourite Swan, which had been scuttled by Kormak in passing. The enemy had had a good start, and were making the best of it; they had no lack of men, and as speed in the fiord depended on oars, it seemed as if they would escape.

"Pull, my men!" shouted Sigvald, standing on the prow of the Bear with his hand grasping a paw of the great wooden beast; "once on the sea and we shall have the wind with us."

"We may yet invite Gangler to sup another night with us," laughed Har, as he passed the little bay in which lay the valuable booty of Kormak.

Sigvald cast an approving eye on the spoil. "We must examine what there is to-night," he said. "But first we must prove whether we are strong enough to keep it."

The Bear passed the bend, Sigvald waving his hand to Gudruna as he disappeared from sight. She stood on the ramparts to catch a last glimpse of her husband. Osulf held her by the hand, he had been weeping bitterly because he was not allowed to accompany his father.

It would shock a modern mother to comfort her child as did Gudruna. She told him he would soon be grown up and have a ship of his own, and sail away to fight and conquer. But at present he must stay at home and learn to shoot his arrow and wield his sword. The truth is that a viking's virtues were almost summed up in the word "courage;" it was inculcated by precept and example till a boy believed that everything was forgiven to him who was brave.

Mingled with this was fortunately another virtue—that of sacrifice. It was no unknown thing for a viking to give his life to save that of a comrade. Many of them were generous, wise, and noble, but scarcely one was not murderous and ferocious. Still, their good qualities formed an excellent foundation for building up the higher virtues, and when Christianity

became the religion of the country some of the old sea-rovers became models of what men should be—brave, yet gentle, with their courage manifested in endurance instead of outrage.

But we are leaving Sigvald, who is watching with anxious eye the flight of Kormak. Flight it is now, without any doubt, Kormak would be only too glad to find himself a hundred miles from Harfeld. He wished he had never stirred up that nest of wasps.

"Up with the sail!" shouted Sigvald, as a favourable breeze swept down from the high cliffs and blew towards the sea.

In a few minutes his fleet had all sail set—which only meant one as a rule—and were bearing down rapidly on the enemy.

Kormak saw that further flight would only postpone the inevitable contest. He gave orders to draw towards land to deprive Sigvald of the wind as much as possible, and then prepare for action.

He had no reason to utterly despair. If his ships were now less numerous, they were better manned, and in a fight it was perhaps an advantage not to have half his vessels burdened with plunder. At all events he meant to make a fight of it—all the more so because he knew well enough the fate awaiting him if defeated. The customs of war were barbarous in those days.

Sigvald ordered his fleet to form in the shape of a wedge, the Bear being the point of it. In this order they moved on towards the line of the enemy, Sigvald bearing down on the Dragon, on board of which were Kormak and Gangler.

Gangler did not wait for the shock, but standing on the bow discharged a dangerous arrow at Sigvald. It was skilfully caught. Sigvald made no attempt to return it; he saved himself for closer quarters.

The two vessels met with a crash. The older sailors knew what to do at the crisis, and held on with a firm grip for a moment, but the fierceness of the shock made more than one of the younger men lose their footing and plunge forward into the sea. The prow of the Dragon cut into the Bear's side and became fixed there. Had the prow not been so high above water Sigvald's ship must have sunk. As it was, the Bear was still seaworthy, and (what was even of more moment to Sigvald) the Dragon could not get free again.

With a wild shout he leaped from his own ship into the Dragon, laying about him with such vigour that the enemy, scarcely recovered from the crash, could not oppose him. Har manfully seconded him, knowing full well that it was the safest thing to do. But before they reached the waist of the vessel the enemy had rallied; half of them guarded the prow, which was the only spot where boarding was possible, whilst the rest moved steadily forward along the platform which ran around the gunwale, bent on catching Sigvald and his few companions in a trap.

Sigvald saw his error. Instead of waiting till the ships were alongside and grappled before he boarded, he had foolishly forsaken the Bear too soon, the point at which the vessels touched being so narrow that it could be easily defended. A heavy stone came crashing on to his shoulder, narrowly escaping his head. Looking up, he saw it was sent by Gangler, who had climbed the mast and could bend his bow against him at his leisure. And now close at hand came the gigantic Kormak, his beard floating behind him and his battle-axe uplifted.

This was too much for Har. He remembered the advice of old Bui about fighting with his head as well as his hands. He leapt boldly into the waist of the ship, an act which looked like sheer madness. But it was not. With a desperate blow of his heavy axe he made the mast almost totter. Sigvald saw his plan and leaped to second him. The weight of the heavy sail aided their efforts, and before they could be prevented the mast was cut half through. With a fearful crash it gave way, bringing down with it the big sail and all the rigging, killing several men, and disabling others, and burying half the crew in the folds of the thick sail. Sigvald and Har escaped the catastrophe, which afforded their followers a chance of joining them. Before the enemy could recover they were set on and mastered, Kormak escaping almost alone by leaping overboard and swimming to the nearest ship. Gangler was killed as he fell to the deck.

Meanwhile the battle had been raging more equally along the line, but the capture of their leader's ship spread dismay amongst his followers. Before an hour had passed the fight was nearly over. Some ships on both sides had sunk with most of their crews; some of the enemy were captured by Sigvald's men. In spite of his rage, Kormak saw that he was defeated, and gave the signal for retreat. This was scarcely necessary, for during the battle a storm had rapidly arisen, which soon grew so furious that to continue the fight was impossible. It needed all the steerers' skill to keep the vessels from running into each other and foundering. Sigvald ordered the pursuit to be abandoned; the men lay to their oars, and the hostile fleets were soon far asunder.

As Sigvald slowly mounted the steps of Harfeld, glad in heart but tired in body, he was met by Gudruna, who gave him a hero's welcome.

"I have something to show you," she whispered to her husband as she handed him a horn of mead.

Sigvald drank a huge draught and asked what it was.

"Whilst you were away the captured vessels were examined," she replied. "See what was found in one of them."

She lifted a cloak, and there lay a little baby girl dressed in rich clothing.

Sigvald did not look very pleased.

"You must not be angry," pleaded Gudruna; "this is all I ask for my share of the spoil."

"Keep it if you will," he replied; "though I had sworn that none of that band should ever enter Harfeld alive."

"You will not regret it," said Gudruna. "See how she is smiling at you."

Sigvald bent down to the baby and put his great hand on its little head. "'Tis a fair child," he said, kindly. "What is that around its neck?"

Gudruna took off a curious necklet and showed him.

"That is of Arabic make," he said, looking closely at it. "Some viking who has been in the south has brought that from Constantinople. It is a curious piece of workmanship."

Little Osulf here ran into the room to welcome his father.

"Look, Osulf," said Gudruna, "here is a little sister for you."

Osulf bent over the baby wonderingly and kissed her. Sigvald smiled. Thus it was that little Thordisa became an inmate of Harfeld.

(To be continued.)



## THE SILVER CAÑON: A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

By G. MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "In the King's Name," "Nat the Naturalist," etc.

## CHAPTER XII.—SAM GETS A FRIGHT.

BART was brought to his senses by Joses, who exclaimed, sharply, "Load, my lad, load! you never know when you may want your piece."

Bart obeyed mechanically as Joses shouted, "Now then, how long are you going to sit there?"

Sam, who was seated astride the gnarled old limb, holding on tightly with both hands, turned his head slightly, and then turned it back, staring straight down into the awful depths, as if fascinated by the scene below.

"Here! Hi! Don't sit staring there!" cried Joses. "Get back, man!"

Sam shook his head and seemed to cling the more tightly.

"Are you hurt, Sam?" cried Bart.

Sam shook his head.

"Why don't you speak?" roared Joses, angrily. "Did the beasts claw you?"

Sam shook his head, but otherwise he remained motionless, and Bart and Joses went round to where the tree clung to the rocky soil, and stood gazing out at their companion and within some fifteen feet of where he clung.

"What's the matter, Sam? Why don't you come back?" asked Bart.

The man responded with a low groan.

"He must be badly hurt, Joses!" exclaimed Bart. "What are we to do?"

"Wait a moment till I think," said Joses. "He's hurt in his head, that's what's the matter with him."

"By the bears' claws?"

"No, my lad; they didn't hurt him. He's frit."

"Frightened?" said Bart.

"Yes. He's lost his nerve, and daren't move."

"Let's say a few encouraging words to him."

"You may say thousands, and they won't do no good," said Joses. "He's got the fright, and badly, too."

"But the bears are gone!"

"Ay, that they are, my lad; but the fall's there, and that's what he's afraid of. I've seen men look like that before now when climbing up mountains."

"But it would be so easy to get back, Joses. I could do it directly."

"So could he if he hadn't lost his nerve. Now what's to be done?"

"Shall I creep out to him?" said Bart, eagerly.

"What! you? What good would it do? You don't think you could carry him back like a baby?"

"No," said Bart; "but I might help him."

"You couldn't help him a bit," growled Joses—"no more could I. All the good you could do would be to make him clutch you, and then down both would go at once, and what's the use of that?"

"If we had brought a lasso with us?"

"Well, if we had," said Joses, "and could fasten it round him, I don't believe we could haul him off, for he'd only cling all the tighter, and perhaps drag us over the side."

"What is to be done, then?" said Bart.

"Here, Sam, make an effort, my lad! Creep back; it's as easy as can be. Don't be afraid. Here, I will come to you."

He threw down his gun, and before Joses could stop him he climbed out to the projecting limb, and, letting his legs go down on either side, worked himself along till he was close behind Sam, whom he slapped on the back.

"There!" cried Bart. "It's easy enough. Don't think of how deep down it is. Now I'm going back; you do the same. Come along."

As he spoke and said encouraging things to Sam, Bart felt himself impelled to gaze down into the depths beneath him, and as he did so, the dashing bravery that had impelled him to risk his life that he might encourage his follower to creep back, all seemed to forsake him, a cold perspiration broke out on face and limbs, accompanied by a horrible paralysing sense of fear, and in an instant he was suffering from the same loss of nerve as the man whom he wished to help.

Bart's hands clutched at the rough branch, and he strove to drive his fingernails into the bark in a spasmodic effort to save himself from death. He was going to fall! He knew that he was! Nothing could save him—nothing! and in imagination he saw himself lose his hold of the branch, slip sidewise, and go down headlong as the bears had fallen, to strike against the rocks, glance off, and then plunge down, down, swifter and swifter into space.

The sensation was fearful, and for the time being he could make no effort to master it. One overwhelming sense of terror had seized upon him, and this regularly froze all action, till he now crouched as helpless and unnerved as the poor fellow before him, who never even turned his head, but clung to the branch as if insensible to everything but the horrors of his position.

Joses shouted to him, and said something again and again, but Bart only heard an indistinct murmur as he stared straight down at the tops of the pines and other trees half a mile below him; and then came a dreamy, wondering feeling, as to how much pain he should feel when he fell; how long he would be going down all that distance; whether he should have to fall on the tops of the pine-trees, or amongst the rough ravines of rock.

And so on, thought after thought of this kind, till all at once, as if out of a dream, a voice seemed to say to him,

"Well, I shouldn't have thought Master Bart, as I'd taught all these years, was such a coward!"

The words stung him, and seemed to bring him back to himself.

Coward! what would Maude think of him for being such a coward? Not that it would much matter if he fell down there and were smashed to death. What would the doctor, who had given him so many lessons on presence of mind, coolness in danger, and the like? And here was he completely given up to the horror of his position, making no effort when it was perhaps no harder to get back than it had been to get forward.

"I won't think of the depth," said Bart, setting his teeth, and, raising himself upright, he hitched himself a few inches back.

Then the feeling of danger came upon him once more, and was mastering him again rapidly, when the great rough voice of old Joses rang out loudly, in a half-mocking, half-angry tone,

"And I thought him such a brave un too."

"And so I will be," muttered Bart, as he made a fresh effort to recover from his feeling of panic; and as he did so, he hitched himself along the branch towards the main trunk with his back half turned, threw one leg over, so that he was in a sitting position, and the next minute he was standing beside Joses, with his heart beating furiously, and a feeling of wonderment coming over him as to why it was that he had been so frightened over such a trifling matter.

"That's better, my lad," said Joses, quietly; and as Bart gazed on the rough fellow's face, expecting revilings and reproaches at his cowardice, he saw that the man's bronzed and swarthy features looked dirty and mottled, his eyes staring, and that he was dripping with perspiration.

Just then Joses gripped him by the shoulder in a way that would have made him wince, only he did not want to show the white feather again, and he stood firm as his companion said,

"Tain't no use to talk like that to him. It won't touch him, Master Bart. It's very horrid when that lays hold of you, and you can't help it."

"No," said Bart, feeling relieved, "I could not help it."

"Course you couldn't, my lad. But now we must get old Sam back, or he'll hang there till he faints, and then drop."

"Oh, Joses!" cried Bart.

"I only wish we could get a bear on the bough beyond him there. That would make him scuffle back."

"Frighten him back?" said Bart.

"Yes; one fright would be bigger than the other, and make him come," said Joses.

"Do you think that if we frightened him he would try to get back then?" whispered Bart.

"I'm sure of it," said Joses.

"Do as I do then," said Bart, as he picked up his rifle. Then speaking loudly he exclaimed,

"Joses; we must not leave the poor fellow there to die of hunger. He can't get back, so let's put him out of his misery at once. Where shall I aim at? His heart?"

"No, no, Master Bart; his head. Send a bullet right through his skull, and it'll be all over at once. You fire first."

Without a moment's hesitation Bart rested the barrel of his rifle against the trunk, took careful aim, and fired so that the bullet whistled pretty closely by Sam's ear.

The man started and shuddered, seeming as if he were going to sit up, but he relapsed into the former position.

"I think I can do it, Master Bart, this time," said Joses; and laying his piece in a notch formed by the bark, he took careful aim, and fired, his bullet going through Sam's hat, and carrying it off to go fluttering down into the abyss.



This time Sam did not move, and Bart gazed at Joses in despair.

"He's too artful, Master Bart," whispered the latter; "he knows we are only doing it to frighten him. I don't know how to appeal to his feelings, unless I was to say, 'Here's your old wife a-coming, Sam,' for he run away from her ten years ago. But it wouldn't be no good. He wouldn't believe it."

Bart hesitated for a few moments as he reloaded his rifle, and then he shouted to Sam,

"Now, no nonsense, Sam. You must get back."

The man paid no heed to him, and Bart turned to Joses to say loudly,

"We can't leave him here like this. He must climb back or fall; so if he won't climb back the sooner he is out of his misery the better."

"That's a true word," said Joses.

"Give me your axe, then," said Bart, and Joses drew it from his belt, when Bart took it, and after moistening his hands, drove it into the branch just where it touched the tree, making a deep incision, and then drove it in again, when a white, wedge-shaped chip flew out, for the boy had been early in life taught the use of the axe.

Then, cutting rapidly and well, he sent the chips flying, while every stroke sent a quiver along the great branch.

Still Sam clung to the spot where he had been from the first, and made no effort to move. And at last, when he was half way through the branch, Bart stopped short in despair, for the pretence of cutting it off had not the slightest effect upon Sam.

"Tired, Master Bart?" cried Joses just then; and, snatching away the axe, he began to apply it with tremendous effect, the chips flying over the precipice, and a great yawning opening appearing in the upper part of the branch.

"Don't cut any farther, Joses," whispered Bart, "it will give way!"

"I shall cut till it begins to, Master Bart," replied the man; and as he spoke he went on making the chips fly, but still without effect, for Sam did not move.

"I shall have to give up directly, my lad," whispered Joses, with a peculiar look; "but I'll have one more chop."

He raised the axe and delivered another sharp blow, when there was a loud crack as if half a dozen rifles had gone off at once, and almost before the fact could be realised the branch went down, to remain hanging only by a few tough portions of its under part.

Bart and Joses looked over the precipice aghast at what they had done, and gazed down at Sam's wild face, as, with his legs dislodged from their position, he seemed to have been turned right over, and to be clinging solely in a death grip with his arms.

Then, with cat-like alacrity, he seemed to wrench himself round, holding on to the lower part of the bough with his legs; and the next moment he was climbing steadily up, with the bough swinging to and fro beneath his weight.

It was a question now of the toughness of the fibres by which the bough hung; and the stress upon the minds of the watchers was terrible as they crouched there gazing over the edge of the awful precipice, momentarily expecting to see branch and man go headlong down as the bears had fallen before them.

But Sam climbed steadily up during what seemed to be a long time, but which

was only a few moments, reaching at last the jagged points where the branch was broken, when there came an ominous crack, and Sam paused, as if irresolute.

"Keep it up," panted Bart, and his words seemed to electrify the man, who made one or two more clutches at the branch, and then he was in safety beside his companions, staring stupidly from one to the other.

"I didn't think I was going to get back," he said at last. "It was you cutting the branch did it; I shouldn't have moved else."

There was no show of resentment—no annoyance at having been treated in this terrible manner. Sam only seemed very thankful for his escape, and, trotting off to where he had dropped his rifle when pursued by the bears, he rejoined his companions and proceeded with them back

towards the camp, for they had not the least idea where to find a way down into the plain, even if they had entertained any desire to try and get the skins and some steaks off the bears.

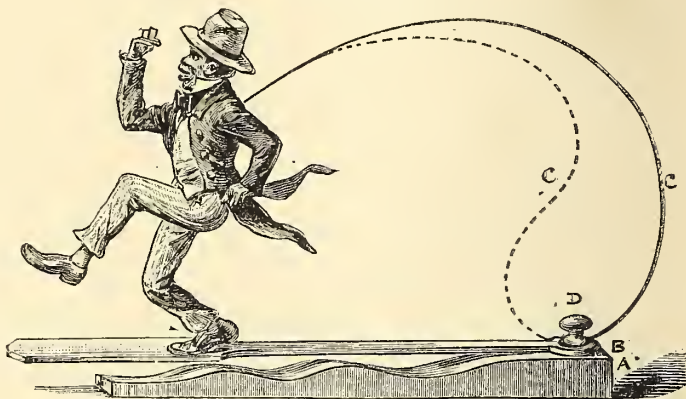
As they journeyed on Sam related how he had suddenly come upon one of the bears feeding upon the fruit of a clump of bushes, and as the animal seemed tame, and little disposed to fly from him, he had refrained from firing, but had picked up a lump of rock and thrown it at the bear.

The stone hit its mark, and, uttering a loud grunting yell, the bear charged its assailant, Sam, to his horror, finding that the cry had brought a second enemy into the field, when he dropped his rifle, fled for his life, and took refuge from the following danger in the way and with the result that we have seen.

(To be continued.)

## THE AMERICAN DANCING NIGGER.

By C. STANSFELD-HICKS.



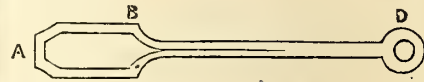
It is now some years since one evening at Christmas time I made one of a large family party assembled at the house of a relation. The evening had passed very pleasantly, and we were chatting together, and watching an arrangement which was being made in a recess behind a pair of curtains, before which was a small table. After some little time waiting in expectation, there suddenly appeared from between the curtains the agile gentleman who is portrayed at the head of this article. The operator, concealed (all but a portion of his arm) behind the curtains, placing the stand on the table, and cleverly manipulating the wire, caused the figure to dance in the most amusing and ridiculous manner, creating the greatest merriment. Afterwards, some lively jigs and reels being played on the piano, the figure footed it away, cleverly keeping time to the music.

Coming across the stand of the figure brought the memory of it to my mind, and I thought that making and working such a figure would be an amusing occupation for some of the readers of the *Boy's Own Paper* in the long winter evenings.

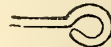
The nigger, when he first came out, was rather an expensive toy, and I have not latterly seen anything quite like it, but it is within the capabilities of any ingenious lad to make one for himself at a very small expense. The one I have described was about eight inches high, and had a proportionately sized stand; but of course it can be made of any size, though a smaller one would be quite as troublesome to make, and not so funny. We will take the figure as being about the height described.

The stand (A) is a piece of common deal about 13in. long (for the figure eight inches high; if the figure is made larger or smaller all details will of course also be proportionately more or

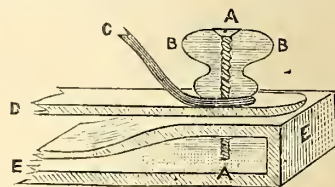
less). The width of the stand is 2½in., and it is shaped as in the sketch. On top of the stand is a spring-board; this board is shaped thus:—



rather less than ½in. thick. From A to the shoulder at B is 6in., and from B to the centre of the hole at D is 9in., the whole length being therefore 15in., and the spring-board in consequence projecting 4in. beyond the end of the stand. At D on the stand is a button screwed to the stand, the screw passing through the hole in the spring-board, and by tightening up the screw the spring-board can be made more or less rigid as required. The spring marked c c (which can be put in either way; the dotted line is perhaps the least effective way, as the greater the spring—within limits—the better) is made of steel or iron wire, one end being stuck into the back of the figure, and the other being bent thus—



and put under the button, the screw passing through all, thus—



A Screw. B B Button. C Wire Spring.  
D Spring-Board. E E Stand.



The next thing is the figure. The head you must shape as fancy dictates, and the result will be the criterion of your cleverness as a wood-carver. If you cannot manage to carve a head, you might buy one and stick it on, or make your figure out of a large Dutch doll. The head and body must be in one piece; the hat may be separate and glued on, or carved with the head, as you prefer. The trunk must terminate thus—



to allow the legs to fit in and swing easily. The legs must be made in two pieces, thus—



Fig. 2A.



Fig. 2B.

The upper part of the leg.

Fig. 2 can be made either way, as A or B; the flange A in Fig. 2 fits into the slot A in Fig. 1, and a pin is run through to keep the leg in its place, while it is fitted loosely so as to swing.



Fig. 3A.

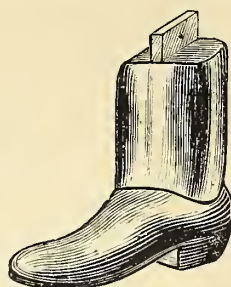


Fig. 3B.

This can be made in either way to fit the upper part in Fig. 2. Perhaps the second way is the better, but there is little difference, the first way being the neater. The lower part of the leg and boot should be made rather heavy, so as to come down with some force on the spring-board.

When you have made your figure you can dress him if you like, but the legs must be left free at the joints. Loose trousers of very light striped stuff can be fitted, but they must not come much below the knee. The figure will be painted a dark brown, the hat red or white, the boots of course black, and the stand green or blue picked out with black, but of course you must use your taste in these matters. When all is finished it is not difficult to make the gentleman dance; but still your spring-board must be tightened to the right pitch, and the spring wire bent so that the feet of the figure are just off the spring-board; then by slightly agitating the wire the nigger will commence to dance, and it will entirely depend on its owner's tuneful ear whether he dances in time to the music or not.

manured and turned over, and all nice and level, by the end of December or first week in January.

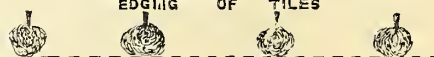
The possession of such a garden as I am now speaking about would be an impossibility with most city boys, so, for the nonce, I imagine myself writing for my country *clientele*, and those bappy, happy lads who are so situated that they can enjoy the delight of the *rus in urbe*.

In the centre of the north end of the garden (see plan given in last article) I have figured a seat. This should simply be a long rustic stool or dais without any covering. It makes a delightful place to sit and read in in the early spring months and in the autumn, when the sun is not too hot and it is not raining. In the farther corner of the garden is the summer-house proper. I shall allude to it again when I come to speak of trellis-work, arches, etc. But meanwhile you might start putting up both these seats. If you make them substantial, the more rustic-looking they are the better. The summer-house should be rain-proof at the top. Any kind of old wood will do to build it, or sticks with the bark off. If you possess lots of coin you could buy both sun-seat and arbour ready-made, but you will have far more pleasure in what you have done for yourself. Over the gateway also you had better erect a rustic archway. Both this and the summer-house you will be told further on how to cover with quickly-growing creepers.

#### EDGING OF TILES

#### THE PATH

#### EDGING OF TILES



#### VEGETABLE GROUND

#### THE FENCE

Now to continue our garden work. It is a kitchen garden I admit, probably a very simple little one at the best; nevertheless there is no reason on earth why it should not be very beautiful, and contain not only pretty flowers, but some of the more common fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, currants, and gooseberries.

It is high time these were all in the ground. The accompanying sketch is a little plan of walk and border. Between the dotted line and the edging of tiles you will observe there is a border, and that bushes are growing therein, and that between this dotted line and the fence is the vegetable ground.

Well, if you take my advice you will have this little border running on both sides of the walk right round all the garden.

This border must be kept sacred to the growth of flowers and fruit bushes. The dotted line is merely imaginary, or a simple mark made with the back of the garden rake, but it is none the less a boundary, over which no vegetable must show face.

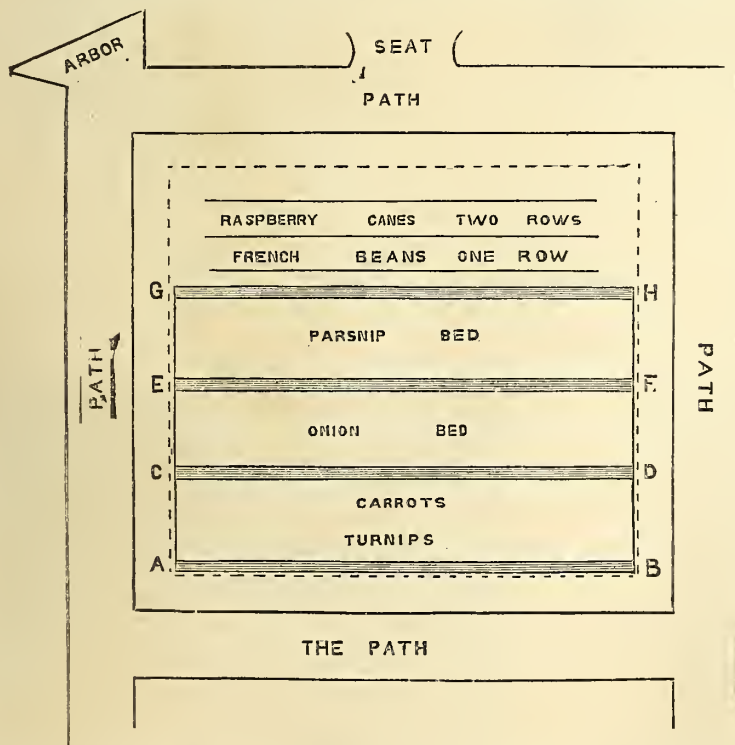
Now having marked out the exact line at the edge of the walks—where the tiles will be placed—with your garden-line and a two-feet measure, proceed at once to mark out your flower border. From the dotted line to the edging it should just be two feet broad. Make a mark all along the dotted line, an indentation with the back of the rake, so that there shall be no mistake. Put down little bits of stick if you like; anyhow, make sure.

Well, in this border plant gooseberry bushes—nice sturdy little ones—and trailing rose bushes, alternately. This will look so nice in June and July. Do not put the bushes too close. Let them be two yards and a half apart, or midway—*exactly*—between the dotted line and the edging. Dig all your holes about a foot deep before you go to the nursery for your bushes, and place a little short good manure at the bottom. By digging the holes first you see

## HOW TO LAY OUT A GARDEN.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N., C.B.

II.—THE KITCHEN GARDEN (*continued*)—THE FLOWER AND FRUIT BORDER—MAKING BEDS FOR VEGETABLE SEEDS—THE EDGING AND GRAVELLING OF WALKS.



To do all the work I described in last paper you must of course have fine weather—open weather at all events; and you will be

lucky if you be so far advanced as to have hedges or fences up, your walks laid out, and the foundations of them made, with the ground



that they are all regular and even, the same distance apart, and quite in a line.

When you get your bushes—they will cost about twopence or threepence each—put them in *at once*, spreading the roots well out, and putting the earth in gradually; put a soaking of water over this, then more dry earth well packed down. Stand up occasionally and have a look to see you are planting fair, and that the bushes are not inclining either one way or another. The roses had better be put well down, and it is safest to put some moss or any kind of soft litter round the foot of the stems in case of frost. Here and there you might put raspberry canes in the border, but I do not advise it. They grow so tall and straggling, and look like long lean giants in the centre of a company of volunteers, so be content with currants, black and white, roses, and gooseberry bushes. At the nursery select the best kinds of fruits; I am partial to the large red, the smooth green, to the prolific hairy yellow, and the big luscious greengage gooseberries. And the currants should be the largest kinds.

If you have not money enough to buy good roses, buy cuttings from gardeners' men.

And now, having planted our bushes, we have still lots of space to spare for spring flowers. Really your spring flowers should have been put in about October or November, but it is not too late yet even for bulbs. Bulbs are dear, though, and just for one year I should advise you to plant cheaper and humbler flowers, although nothing looks much better than a good show of snowdrops and crocuses, followed by hyacinths, anemones or wind-flowers, ranunculus, and tulips. But in gardening you must creep before you walk.

Polyanthuses and primroses may take ground in the same line as the fruit bushes. Wall-flowers a little farther back; and within a few inches of the edging you may have a row of myosotis, the deep blue of which makes a gorgeous show, more especially when mixed or backed up with silene compacta, a charming crimson bedding spring flower. Jonquils look well also, and wild hyacinths and lilies of all kinds. Go and visit the gardens of your neighbours, and beg roots, or borrow them, or buy them. I don't care what you put in your flower border, but I insist upon regularity, and I deprecate overcrowding. To make a show, however, the rows of colour, or patches of colour—no matter what the flowers are on which they depend—should be pretty close. I do believe that flowers of the same kind, planted too far apart, seem to pine for the companionship of their own species. At all events, I do not like to see a flower border in which the plants are like the raisins in sailor Jack's plum-pudding. "Matie," said Jack to his companion, as he eyed the "duff"—"matie, the cook's been at his little games again. I'll be skivered if them 'ere raisins are within hail of each other."

Strawberry plants should be put in rows two feet apart, one foot or more between each plant. The soil should be rich, and the ground well exposed to sunshine and air, else the fruit will be worthless or *nil*.

Space prevents me from going into the subject of the culture of vegetables. My object in these papers is merely to tell you how to plan out your garden. Then in the monthly "Doings" the writers will take care to keep you posted about planting and everything else needful for success.

You want to know now how to make beds for vegetables. I will try and tell you. Glance at sketch on p. 157. It is one of the centre patches of your garden. I have represented two rows of raspberry canes near the north border. Plant them at once. Get good kinds, and after they are in the ground cut them down to about three feet. Plant each bunch of canes—two or three—about two feet apart, and the rows must be three feet apart, because they must have sun and air. The reason why I have rows of French beans immediately south of these is because they are a late vegetable, and will not be up in time to overshadow the raspberries. For in a garden everything must be so positioned as to stand out of the light of its neighbours. The roots of vege-

tables *must* have manure, and the stems *must* have sun and air. Please do not forget that, and I may add both roots and stems must have water, and if they do not have it from heaven they must have it artificially.

The dotted lines in the figure mark the boundary of the fruit and flower border. Within them you make your beds.

My first caution to you is not to put a foot upon your ground after it is turned and raked except when it is necessary.

Mark out the beds as shown in the figure. They must be all one breadth, say about five feet; if broader, weeding would not be so easily done.

Commence by putting your garden-line from A to B. Then walk along close to the line with your feet close together, stamping as you go until you end at B, when you will find you have made a little narrow treaded path. The dark-shaded lines between each bed in the figure represent these little paths. They should not be more than about nine inches wide, or the breadth of a man's two feet. In making your beds you must tread in these and nowhere else. But the weight of your feet will not be sufficient to make these deep enough, so take your spade and take one breadth of it out all along, scattering the earth over the bed evenly. Then tread carefully again with closed feet, and the little path is finished. Now put your line down from C to D and go through precisely the same manoeuvres; then from E to F, and from G to H, and if you have carefully measured the breadth of the beds and made them all square and nice, you can proceed to rake the surface quite even.

And believe me, this raking process is not so easily done as you may imagine. Break every clod, pick up every stone, and do not be content until it is as flat and even as the surface of a dining-room table. I have seen fellows calling themselves gardeners who left their beds after raking as if the hens had been scraping them. Tidiness and regularity in kitchen gardening is everything; without this the garden is merely a laughing-stock.

Now as it is not time to sow the beds yet, simply leave them. I shall give you some very practical advice about sowing seeds farther on. Meanwhile, if the weather be fine, long before it is necessary to sow your seeds the beds will be partly green with weeds. Look upon this as a blessing, for you can pull them up; and there will be but few more to come to interfere with the culture of your vegetables.

Perhaps another portion of your ground will be for potatoes. They want no beds. Peas do for regularity's sake.

Cabbages and greens must be planted with great regularity, but require no bed-making. Of these more anon.

Having finished with your interior ground for a time, put down your edging of box or tiles. Have your garden-line once more in requisition here, and do not let one tile be the eighth of an inch out of order. Sink them pretty well down, leaving only two and a half inches up, and pack the earth firmly down about them.

Next comes the gravel-binding stuff if you can procure it, and it should be three inches deep. Put it down barrowload after barrowload, spreading as you go. Then rake it very neatly, leaving it rather higher in the centre. After raking, roll; and if it be not all nice and even, rake and roll again.

If now bushes and flowers are along all the borders, the borders themselves carefully raked and even, with not a clod or stone therein bigger than a walnut, your vegetable beds laid out, your sun-seat and arbour put up, etc., your garden will be quite well advanced, and look very promising indeed.

Next paper I will tell you how to make a hot-bed, which should be got down at once; then proceed to hints about the flower garden.

(To be continued.)

## THE PLACE OF THE TWO DEAD MEN.

### AN INDIAN ADVENTURE.\*

HAVING had a good hunting season, I resolved to go to the trading-house at Red River to purchase some necessary articles. I made a pack of beavers, having been very successful in trapping them, and started alone in a small buffalo-skin canoe, only large enough to carry me and my pack, and descended the Little Saskatchewan.

During this solitary journey a strange incident occurred. There is on the bank of that river a place which looks like one where the Indians would always choose to encamp at. In a bend of the river is a beautiful landing-place; behind it a little plain, a thick wood, and a small hill rising abruptly in the rear. But this tempting-looking site is utterly shunned by the Indians, and regarded with a superstitious terror. No Indian will land his canoe, much less encamp at "the place of the two dead men." The legend is, that many years ago, when there was an encampment here, a quarrel arose between two brothers, who had she-she-gwi, or rattle-snakes, for their marks or totems. One drew his knife and slew the other; but the bystanders instantly killed the murderer, for fratricide is deemed a crime as horrible as it is rare among them. The two brothers were buried in one grave.

I had heard the story of the two brothers, and as they bore the same totem as myself, it having been given to me by Manito-o-gheezik when I came with his family, I suppose they were probably related to us. I had heard it said that if any man camped near their graves, as some had done soon after they were buried, the dead men would be seen to come out of the ground, and either react the quarrel and the murder, or in some other way so annoy and disturb the visitors that they could not sleep. Yet the place when I saw it had a strange fascination for me. With a mixed feeling of curiosity and of bravery I pulled my little canoe to the shore. I thought to myself I should break the spell, and be able to tell the Indians that I not only stopped, but slept quietly, at a place which they shunned with weak and superstitious dread.

The sun was going down as I landed. Pulling up my canoe, I soon kindled a fire, and after eating my supper lay down to sleep. How long I lay I cannot tell, but I saw the two dead men come out of the ground and sit down at the fire opposite to me. Their eyes were fixed intently upon me; but they neither spoke, nor smiled, nor frowned, only gazing on me. I rose up from the ground where I lay, and was going to sit opposite to them by the fire, when I saw them not. The night was dark and gusty, but, while looking and listening, I saw nothing, and heard nothing except the wind in the trees. It is likely that I fell asleep again, for presently I saw the same two men standing below the bank of the river, their heads just rising to the level of the ground where I had made my fire. They were looking at me as before. While I was watching them they seemed to rise up, and came and sat opposite me again by the fire. This time they were laughing and speaking to one another, and they looked as if they were about to rush upon me. I tried to speak to them, but my voice failed me; I tried to rise and flee, but my limbs refused to move; at length one of them said, "Look over the top of the hill behind you." I turned and looked, and saw a horse fettered, and standing looking at me. "There," said the ghostly voice, "is a horse which I give you to ride on your journey to-morrow; and as you pass here on your return home, you can call and leave the horse, and spend another night with us." By this time I was wide awake, and no more I saw or heard anything save the still red embers of the fire and the moaning of the wind in the trees under the hill. I could not lie down to sleep

\* From "Grey Hawk: a Story of Life and Adventure among the Red Indians." By Dr. Macaulay, editor of the "Leisure Hour." Hodder and Stoughton.



again, but watched for the morning, and was pleased then to find that, with the darkness of the night, these terrifying visions vanished.

In the morning, instead of going down to the river I went towards the hill, when I observed tracks and other signs. Following a little distance I saw a horse tethered by its foot, and knew it as belonging to the trader I was going to see; I knew also that several miles might be saved by crossing from this point on the Little Saskatchewan to the Assiniboine, instead of following the bends of the river. So I left my

canoe, and having put my load on the horse, I led him towards the trading-house.

In reflecting calmly about this strange night adventure the explanation seems simple enough. My mind had been full of the story I had heard of the dead men and of their apparitions. It was natural enough that in my sleep I saw the ghosts, and in dreams we imagine that we hear as well as see what is unreal. There was neither sight nor sound after I was awake, and this twice over. The only thing that puzzles me is my having been told by one of the spirits about

the horse. I fancy now that in my relief next morning, after the horrible excitement of the night, the welcome meeting with the horse got confusedly mixed with the vivid remembrances of the dream. I said nothing at the trader's house, but on my return home, and afterwards, the account I gave of what I had seen and suffered that night was eagerly listened to, and confirmed the superstitious terrors of the Indians. I know that in all subsequent journeys through that country, I carefully shunned the "place of the two dead men."

## STARS OF THE MONTH.

V.

[During the month of December the planet Jupiter is in Cancer, Mars is in Leo, and Saturn in Taurus. At 9 p.m. on the 23rd the constellations on the meridian are the Herdsman, the Dragon, the Little Bear, Cassiopeia, Perseus, the Ram, and the River. The line passes through Nekkar in Bootes, Kocab and Polaris in the Little Bear, the W of Cassiopeia, Algol in Perseus, and Hamal in the Ram.]

From Gamma on the Great Bear's flank  
Let a long ray be cast,  
Conduct it under Merak's blaze  
To south-west regions vast.  
Across the Lynx to Gemini  
Your line will thus be led,  
And carried further on will touch  
Bright Betelgeuse the red.  
With glittering gems Orion's belt,  
His sword, his shoulders, blaze;  
While radiant Rigel on his foot  
Pours forth its silver rays.  
From Bellatrix pass on a line  
To Betelgeuse the red,  
And to the north, three little stars  
Will mark Orion's head.

And now we come to perhaps the best known of all the constellations, and of it and the surrounding territories we give a map. Betelgeuse is in the giant's right shoulder, Bellatrix in his left, the  $\pi$  stars mark the far edge of his shield—a lion's hide—the stars round  $\lambda$  are in his cheek,  $\mu$  is in his forearm,  $\nu$  in his club;  $\delta$ ,  $\epsilon$ , and  $\xi$  form his belt, his sword stretching from  $\xi$  to the nebula at  $\theta$ ; Rigel is in his left foot,  $\kappa$  at his right knee. Formerly he stood in a chariot, which is now cut off into Lepus with Arneb for its largest star.

Orion's image on the south  
Has four stars—small, but fair;  
Their figure quadrilateral  
Points out the timid Hare.

From Orion nearly all the other stars can be easily found. For instance:—

Where Rigel shows Orion's foot,  
North-westerly, not far,  
Against his leg in glory shines  
The River's second star.

And the River Eridanus flows away out of

sight below the horizon. The belt stars point to Taurus. Aldebaran ( $\alpha$  Tauri) is the bull's eye nearest Orion, the other eye is the star just

Orion's elub. The Pleiades and Castor and Pollux away above Betelgeuse are almost on the ecliptic. Aries begins with the four small stars

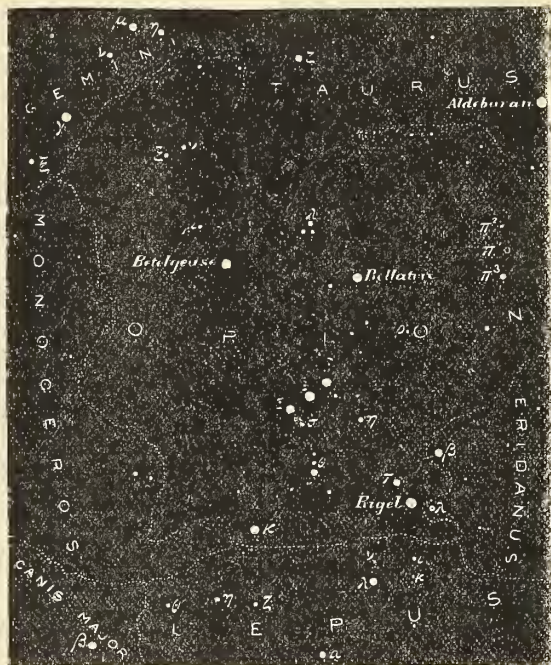


Fig. 1.—Orion and his Neighbours.

above it. It may help us a little to remember that the stars round the bull's eye are the Hyades. Forming a triangle with Aldebaran and Bellatrix is Nath or  $\beta$  Tauri, which is at the tip of the bull's north horn. Between Nath and Bellatrix comes the tip of the other horn. Alcyone ( $\eta$  Tauri) is the largest of the Pleiades, and is formed by producing a line drawn from Bellatrix to Aldebaran. Taurus extends from just a little beyond the Pleiades to close to

below the Pleiades; its two large stars, Hamal and Sheratan, are halfway between Alpherat and the Pleiades; a line from Orion's belt through Aries will just strike Andromeda's head, through Aldebaran it will strike Algol in Medusa's.

Belt of Hero, eye of Bull,  
Surely mark the place  
Where Algol shines o'er three faint stars  
In fell Medusa's face.



Fig. 2.—The Southern Sky in lat. 34° S., on December 15 at 10 p.m.



Fig. 3.—The Southern Sky at 10 p.m. on December 15.



Above Taurus and alongside Perseus and the Giraffe we get Auriga, or the Charioteer, with his goat and pair of kids—not white ones. In the goat's body is, of course, Capella, the Goat star, and the kids are the tiny stars below.

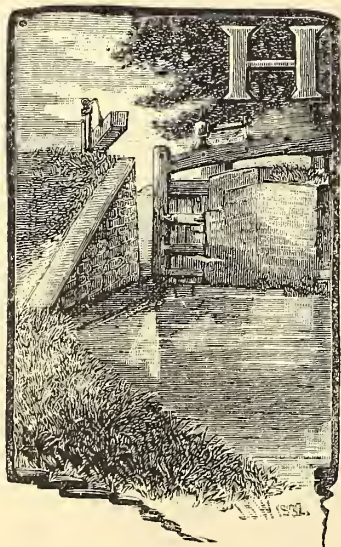
From Rigel rise and lead a line  
Through Bellatrix's light,  
Pass Nath upon the Bull's north horn,  
And gain Capella's height.  
Orion's belt from Taurus' eye  
Leads down to Sirius bright,  
His spreading shoulders guide you east  
Above Procyon's light.  
Procyon join with Betelgeuse,  
And pass a line afar,  
To reach the point where Sirius glows,  
That most conspicuous star.  
Where Sirius blazes in the south,  
And Argo leaves behind,  
Look west-south-west just four degrees,  
And Beta then you'll find.

Sirius, the brightest star in the sky, is in Canis Major, Orion's big dog; above it is Procyon in Canis Minor, Orion's little dog; Sirius, Betelgeuse, and Procyon form an equilateral triangle, one of whose sides is about equal to the distance from Procyon to Castor and Pollux away above it in the Twins.

Below Sirins we get Cepheus's old ship the Argo, and we may as well go below our horizon and see how the stars look, say, from about Buenos Ayres. Sirins in the big dog's nose is just overhead, and here are  $\gamma$  and  $\epsilon$ , the stars at each end of his tail. Close to it are the two stars in the body of the Dove, and below is the brilliant Canopus in the steering-paddle of the great ship which stretches away in a most unshipshape attitude down to the Southern Cross, a line through whose  $\alpha$  and  $\gamma$  leads us to the South Pole. Below the ship we get the Centaur, then the Australian triangle, with the Altar just peeping over the horizon.

Nearer the Pole we get the Toucan and the Crane, and between the Crane and the Ship we get Hydrus, with Achernar, the bright ending star of Eridanus. Close to it is the Australian Fish with Fomalhaut, and on the other side of it is the Phoenix, between which and Argo comes the Swordfish.

## Correspondence.



J.—There is no doubt but that the violin is the most difficult of all ordinary instruments to play properly. It is quite possible, however, that in some obscure island you might find a "national instrument" even more difficult to extract good music from—or you might invent one yourself.

J. M. P.—1. Field-Marshal Von Moltke. 2. Probably Webster. 3. Keep your hair cut short; the nearer it approaches to "the county crop" the healthier and more fashionable you will be.

MANIE.—The grammar of Wordsworth's blank verse is not always as clear as it might be, but it is invariably correct. The meaning of the line is that our reason tells us we may be certain that those "crushed by unrelenting toil" may confidently indulge in the same hopes for the future as men who are now more fortunate. Reason is the nominative; "insure" here means "make us sure of." "Whose birthright reason, therefore, may insure."

W. R. FOSTER.—Auguste Comte was born in 1795, and died in 1857. It would take a volume to answer your question.

H. M. M. H.—1. All the stamps are genuine. 2. All the Australians claimed to be gentlemen except Bananaman. 3. Do not know. Are you sure he was not a myth?

CALIFORNIAN MIDDY.—In many of the principal steamship lines stewardesses are carried; an inquiry on behalf of your sister to any of the head offices would receive attention.

J. H. P.—Give the paper a coat of size. You can get size from any oilshop. Use it as clean as you can, and you will find the paint will not run.

VETERINARY.—A thorough study of zoology and physiology would be of great use. Endeavour to obtain at least a working acquaintance with Latin, French, and German.

A READER OF THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER."—Like your friends in the country, we are unable to say how you make collars shinier than when they are new. When they come from the shop they are quite shiny enough for most people. Borax added to good starch is a common mixture.

J. TOMBLESON.—The marks are all right, and the maker is well known; but we never guarantee firearms, or encourage our readers to play with them. The marks look so mysterious because you have looked at them upside down.

H. JONES.—Apply at the Central Telegraph Offices, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and you will obtain the information immediately.

LITTLE JOIN.—A "sweet" of furniture, a suit of clothes. The furniture is of the same colour and pattern, it is *en suite*, hence the phrase. Call it a "set," and spell it so.

W. J. CASTLE.—Apply at the offices of the School Board for London, Victoria Embankment.

JULIUS J.—We have here no room to "explain the manners of the silkworms." Get No. 117, for April 9, 1881, and you will find an article on the subject.

THEROOLOP, ETC.—The address of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution is John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

BAHGAN.—"The Voyage of the Nautilus," the nineteen-foot dory-boat which crossed the Atlantic, was in our twenty-first number.

BILL.—Grain of any kind for white mice, canary seed, and bread steeped in milk. White mice can be bought, through the "Exchange and Mart," from threepence each.

JAMES COCKBURN.—Wash the dog with Sanitas soft-soap twice a week, then anoint with this liniment—olive oil, seven ounces; creosote, four drams; liquor potasse, one ounce. Mix. Give plenty of mashed greens, and an extra amount of clean, dry straw.

UN CAVALIER.—You would find Armatage's "Book of the Horse" as suitable as any. It is published by Messrs. Warne and Co.

G. S.—You will find your questions fully answered in our articles on the "Cricket Season of 1882" in the June Part.

SHELLBACK.—We should say "How do you do, sir?" and have no fear of the consequences. We should not address the official as "Mr. Consul" or Mister anything. The use of the word Mister in such phrases, or by itself, is an Americanism, and on this side of the Atlantic is a vulgarism, which you would do well to avoid.

CURVE.—1. You can trisect an angle if you use a ruler with two graduations. Euclid, however, does not use a graduated ruler, hence "you cannot trisect an angle by geometry." 2. It is true that you cannot draw a straight line without a straight-edge, and that Euclid does not give you one. But the edge of the straight-edge is a straight line! How do you draw that? The only way to draw a mathematically straight line, a line you can prove to be straight, is by a system of linkages, using what is known as Peaucellier, Hart, or simpler than either, Sylvester-Kempe cells. The drawing of a straight line, simple as it seems, is one of the most difficult of mathematical problems, and it is only during the last few years that the solution has been found. See "How to Draw a Straight Line," by A. B. Kempe, published by Macmillan.

PONGO.—1. You will find "The Nottingham Style of Float-fishing," by Martin, published by Sampson Low and Co. at two shillings, give you as much information as any. 2. We do not answer avowed examination questions.

T. A. C.—A bicyclist overtaking a waggou, cart, etc., or pedestrian on a road, should always sound his bell. When passing he should take the right-hand side of the road. When meeting a vehicle he should pass to the left. In fact, he should conform to the ordinary rule of the road—

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite.  
If you keep to the left you are sure to be right."

A LOVER OF THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER."—We regret that your feelings should have been hurt by the picture of the skinning of the chum. The phrase, however, is one far more terse and intelligible to the majority of our readers than anything you can suggest. Your remarks are evidently penned in ignorance of the fact that all things are progressive. In language the colloquial of one century is the classical of the next. Even your own letter opens with an expression that fifty years ago was slang of the vulgarst. If primitive man had never gone beyond the words he found in his dictionary, where in the name of wonder should we be?

J. E. H.—Go to a reading-room, and look out the papers for yourself. These are the "Carpenter and Builder," "English Mechanic," "Builder," "Amateur Work," "Amateur Mechanics," and many others in which you would find articles on such topics.

L. N. D.—Cannot say the largest amount actually collected at a charity dinner. The largest we have seen reported is £22,444, in June last, for the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys.

J. FEARNLEY.—The description of the trip from Oxford to Richmond, entitled, "A Week on the Thames," was in Nos. 130-140.

CLOCKFEL JE.—Roses are very gross feeders. Give them good soil, and plenty of manure and bone-dust. When they are in bud, water them with liquid manure.

ANTHONY.—The number of lengths a boat wins by in first-class matches is no test of the respective merits of the crews. Men row to win, not to make an exhibition of their opponents. It is for this reason that the number of lengths, as given in the reports, varies; judges are not particular to a length or so over half a dozen; indeed, how could they judge an interval with such exactness? For any distance under a single length the case, however, is different, it being then usual to assume that each crew did its very best right up to the winning-post.

AN OLD READER.—If you wish to join any particular regiment you had better enlist at the headquarters of that regiment. You must look forward; even bugling would grow flat after a year or two.

DRAUGHTUM.—Your opponent must take the man or be huffed. Should he be able to take two men at the same move he must take them, and so on; but if the two men be in different parts of the board, and he would have to move two of his men to take them, he can choose which he likes. There is no limit in the number of moves, and no draw unless a king on each side is left.

JEHU.—You must apply personally for a cabman's licence, and you only want a reference for respectability. You can get full particulars at Scotland Yard, S.W.

ZENDAVESTA.—1. Brass is a mixture of copper and zinc, with often a slight proportion of lead, tin, or bismuth. Bronze is a mixture of copper and tin, with often a slight proportion of lead. 2. We have already given full instructions as to making every sort of coloured fire. See back. 3. No. 1. If you want to learn shorthand, buy a book specially treating of the subject. It would be impossible to teach phonography in an article or two in a popular magazine.

RALPH RACKSTRAW.—The height of a yacht's masts depends on her length on the load water-line and her beam, neither of which you give. The bowsprit of a schooner should not be more than twice the beam. Step the mainmast almost in the centre of the length over all, and the foremast half-way between it and the bow, so that the foot of your gaff-foresail and the foot of your forestaysail are of the same length. Make your foremast as high from the deck as the distance from where it is stepped to the end of the bowsprit. The mainmast should be two inches higher. The mainboom should be double the length of the foresail foot. An English schooner has a running bowsprit and nearly upright masts; an American schooner has a standing bowsprit and raking masts; but in the more modern boats the bowsprit is fitted as a running one, and the masts have very little rake. The bigger your mainsail, and the narrower your gaff-foresail, the more weatherly will be your boat—in fact, as in all fore-and-aft rigs, the nearer you get to the cutter the better. See our articles on Sparring in the second volume. Biddle's "Model Yacht Building and Sailing" will answer you in full. We have given nothing as yet that will do so.

FRIAR TUCK.—The articles on Swimming were in our first volume, and ran from No. 4 to No. 27.

O. P. BLACKBURN.—"Tar stains on the human skin" are easily rubbed off with grease.

PIANO KEYS.—"I beg," says A READER and WELL-WISHER—whom we thank—"to offer the following simple and effective remedy for ink-stained piano-forte keys. Rub on them a few drops of a strong solution of citric acid with a cloth. The stain will be at once removed, and the ivory will be in no way damaged. I have made use of this method myself, and always with success."

ROVER.—We know of no firms in the merchant service who would give a trial voyage to apprentices, nor do we imagine that any established firm would offer gratuitously such a pleasant outing for growing lads. Any shipowner would, however, be open to treat with you in the event of your being able to pay specially for the voyage.

H. F. R., SCISSORS, T. O. M., and Others.—Please buy the index, and look it out for yourselves.



# THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

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## THE WILLOUGHBY CAPTAINS.

CHAPTER XI.—THE SCHOOL HOUSE BOAT AT WORK.

GILKS and his ally knew their business well enough to see that they must go to work "gingerly" to recover their lost Limpet. Consequently when Wyndham, according to promise, turned up to tea in Silk's study, nothing was said or done in any way likely to offend his lately-awakened scruples.

The tea was a good one, the volume of "Punch" was amusing, and the talk confined itself almost altogether to school affairs, and chiefly to the coming boat-race.



"You're going to turn me out of the boat?"



This last subject was one of intense interest to young Wyndham. As brother to the old captain, he was naturally eager to see his brother's boat retain its old position on the river; and as an ardent School House boy himself, he had a further reason for wishing the same result.

"You know," said he, "I think our fellows are looking up, don't you, Gilks?"

"So fellows say," replied Gilks; "of course, being in the boat myself, it's hard to tell."

"But doesn't the boat seem to be going better?" asked Wyndham. "It looks to be going a lot better from the bank."

"But you don't mean to say, young un," said Silk, "you ever expect the School House will beat Parrett's?"

"I'm afraid they are rather strong," replied Wyndham, regretfully.

"Strong!" said Silk; "they're the finest crew Willoughby's turned out for years. Better even than the one your brother stroked last races."

"And they mean winning, too," said Gilks, "from all I hear. They're specially set on it because they think they've been snubbed over the captaincy, and mean to show they are the cock house, though the Doctor won't own it."

"Well," said Silk, "as I've not much faith in the Welchers' boat—in fact, I'm not sure if they'll be able to get up a crew at all—I feel delightfully impartial."

"I hope you'll back us," said Wyndham.

"Of course, old Gilks is one of your crew," said Silk.

"You know," responded the boy, "I'd give anything for our boat to win. It would be such a score for us, after all that has been said, wouldn't it, Gilks?"

"Well, fellows haven't been very complimentary about the School House lately, certainly," said Gilks.

"No, they certainly haven't," replied Wyndham. "By the way, Gilks, what sort of cox. does Riddell make?"

"Rather an amusing one, from all I can hear," said Gilks. "He's not steered the four yet; but he's had some tub practice, and is beginning to find out that the natural place for a boat is between the banks instead of on them."

"Oh," said Wyndham, "I heard Fairbairn say he promised very well. He's a light-weight, you know, and as the juniors are all stopped river play, we shall have to get a cox. And if Riddell will do, it won't be a bad thing any way."

"I'm rather surprised they didn't try you for it," said Gilks. "You're well known, you know, and used to the river."

"Oh, I'd sooner Riddell did it if he can," said Wyndham. "I know he's awfully anxious to get it up."

The talk went on like this, and trenched on no uncomfortable topic. The only reference to anything of the sort was when Silk said, just as Wyndham was going,

"Oh, Wyndham, I've told Gilks here that you've promised not to let out about Beamish's—"

"Yes," said Gilks, "I wouldn't care for that to get about, young un."

"Oh, of course I won't say anything," said Wyndham.

"Thanks, no more will we; will we, Silk?" replied Gilks.

Silk assented, and their visitor departed.

"Young fool!" said Gilks, when he and his friend were left alone. "He's not worth bothering about."

"If it weren't for the other prig I'd agree with you," said Silk. "But don't

you think we can hit at his reverence occasionally through his disciple?"

"I dare say," said Gilks. "The young prig had an innocent enough time of it to-night to suit even him. How he does talk!"

"Yes, and isn't he hot about the race? I say, Gilks, I hope there'll be no mistake about Parrett's winning. I've a lot of money on them."

"Never fear," said Gilks. "It'll be rather a rum thing if I, rowing in the School House boat, can't put the drag on them somehow. I don't expect for a moment it will be wanted; but if it is, Gilks will be under the painful necessity of catching a crab!"

"I don't mind how you do it as long as there's no mistake about it," said Silk. With which ingenuous admission Gilks produced a couple of cigar ends from his pocket, and these two nice boys proceeded to spend a dissipated evening.

The reader will have guessed from what has already been said that the coming boatrace was every day becoming a more and more exciting topic in Willoughby. Under any circumstances the race was, along with the May sports and the cricket match against Rockshire, one of the events of the year. But this year, ever since it had come somehow to be mixed up with the squabble about the captaincy, and the jealousy between Parrett's and the School House, it had become more important than ever.

Old Wyndham had, of course, left the School House boat at the head of the river, but there was scarcely a boy (even in the School House itself) who seriously expected it would remain there over the coming regatta.

The Parrett's fellows were already crowing in anticipation, and the victory of Bloomfield's boat was only waited for as a final ground for resisting the authority of any captain but their own. Their boat was certainly one of the best which the school had turned out, and compared with their competitors' it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could prevent its triumph.

But the School House fellows, little as they expected to win, were meaning to make a hot fight of it. They were on their mettle quite as much as their rivals. Ever since Wyndham had left, the School House had been sneered at as having no pretensions left to any athletic distinction. They meant to put themselves right in this particular—if not in victory, at any rate in a gallant attempt.

And so the School House boat might be seen out early and late, doing honest hard work, and doing it well too. Strict training was the order of the day, and scarcely a day passed without some one of the crew adding to his usual labours a cross-country run, or a hard grind in the big tub, to better his form. These extraordinary exertions were a source of amusement to their opponents, who felt their own superiority all the more by witnessing the efforts put forth to cope with it; and even in the School House there were not a few who regarded all the work as labour thrown away, and as only adding in prospect to the glorification of the enemy.

However, Fairbairn was not the man to be moved by small considerations such as these. He did not care what fellows said, or how much they laughed, as long as Porter swung out well at the reach forward, and Coates straightened his back, and Gilks pulled his oar better through from beginning to end.

But the chief sensation with regard to the training of the School House boat was the sudden appearance of Riddell as its coxswain. As the reader has heard, the new captain had already been out once or twice "on the quiet" in the pair-oar, and during these expeditions he had learned all he knew of the art of navigation. The idea of his steering the School House boat had never occurred either to himself or Fairbairn when first he undertook these practices at the solicitation of his friend. But after a lesson or two he showed such promise that the idea did strike Fairbairn, who mentioned it to one or two of his set and asked their advice.

These judges were horrified naturally at the idea. Riddell was too heavy, too clumsy, too nervous. But Fairbairn was leth to give up his idea; so he went to Mr. Parrett, and asked him if he would mind running with the School House pair-oar during the next morning's spin, and watching the steering of the new captain. Mr. Parrett did so; and was not a little pleased with the performance, but advised Fairbairn to try him in the four-oar before deciding.

Fairbairn immediately broached the subject to his friend. Riddell was evidently astounded.

He cox the School House boat in the regatta!

"My dear fellow," said he to Fairbairn, "I'm not a very exalted personage in Willoughby as it is—but this would be the finishing stroke!"

"What do you mean—that it's *infra dig.* to cox the boat?"

"Oh no!" said Riddell, "anything but that. But it might be *infra dig.* for the boat to be steered into the bank in the middle of the race."

"Nonsense! if that's your only reason. Anyhow, old man, come down and try your hand in the four to-morrow."

Riddell protested that the idea was absurd, and that he wouldn't hear of it. But Fairbairn reasoned him down. He hadn't steered them into the bank since the second morning—he hadn't tried steering the four-oar, how did he know he couldn't do it? Mr. Parrett had advised the trial strongly, and so on.

"No," said he, "the only question is your weight. You'd have to run off a bit of that, you know."

"Oh," said Riddell, "as to that, you can take as many pounds off me as you like; but—"

"None of your 'buts,' old man," said Fairbairn. "I say, if we only were to win, with you as cox., what a score it would be!"

"None of your 'ifs,' old man," said Riddell, laughing. "But I'll come to-morrow, if you are determined to have your way."

"Of course I am," said Fairbairn.

This conversation took place the evening that young Wyndham was taking tea with Silk and Gilks in the study of the former.

The intelligence that the new captain was to be taken out to steer the School House boat mysteriously got wind before the evening was over, and spread over the school like wildfire. Consequently, when Riddell arrived at the boathouse in the morning, he was surprised and horrified to find that nearly all Willoughby was up and down at the river banks to see him.

It was embarrassing certainly, and when presently the crew got into their seats and a start was made, it became evident the



new coxswain was anything but at home in his new position. The boat was a long time getting clear of the landing-stage owing to his persistently mistaking in his flurry his right hand for his left; and then when it did get out into mid stream the same reason prevented him from discovering that the reason why the boat would turn round instead of going straight was because he had his right cord pulled hard the whole time.

This spectacle, as may be imagined, afforded intense gratification to the curious onlookers, and many and hilarious were the shouts which fell on the ears of the unlucky captain.

"Oh, well coxed there!" one cried.

"Well steered in a circle!" shouted another.

"Mind you don't knock the bank down!" yelled a third.

"Pull your right there!"

"Try him without the rudder. See if he don't steer better that way."

In the midst of these uncomplimentary shouts the boat slowly wended its erratic course up the river, amidst crowds of boys on either bank.

"Riddell, old man," said Fairbairn, leaning forward from his place at stroke, "what's the row?"

It only needed a friendly voice to recall the captain to himself. By an effort he forgot about the crowds and turned a deaf ear to the shouts, and straightening himself, and taking the lines steadily in his hands, looked up quietly at his friend. Richard was himself again.

"Now then!" cried Fairbairn to his men behind, "row all!" and he led off with a long steady stroke.

For a little distance the boat travelled well. Riddell kept a good course, and the whole crew worked steadily. The scoffers on the bank were perplexed, and their jeers died away feebly. This was not a crew of muffs, assuredly. Those first twenty or thirty yards were rowed in a style not very far short of the Parrett's standard, and Parson himself, the best cox. of Parrett's House, could hardly have taken the boat down that reach in a better course.

There was something ominous in this. But, to the great relief of the unfriendly critics, this showy lead was not maintained. Before a hundred yards were completed something seemed to go wrong in the boat. It rolled heavily and wavered in its course. What was wrong?

The fault was certainly not in Fairbairn, who kept doggedly to work in perfectly even style. Nor, to all appearance, was it in Riddell. He was evidently puzzled by the sudden unsteadiness of the boat, but no one could lay it to his charge.

"Who's that digging behind?" cried Fairbairn over his shoulder.

None of the other three owned the soft impeachment, and the boat seemed to right itself of its own accord.

Fairbairn, whose temper was never improved by perplexities, quickened his stroke, and gave his men a spell of hard work for a bit to punish them.

This seemed to have a good effect, and once again the onlookers were startled to see how steadily and fast the boat was travelling. But once again the mysterious disturbance interrupted their progress.

This time Fairbairn stopped short, and turning round demanded angrily who it was who was playing the fool, for an effect like this could only be put down to such a course. Porter, Coates, and Gilks all repudiated the suggestion, and once more,

amid the ironical cheers of the onlookers, Fairbairn resumed his work and lashed viciously out with his oar.

This last protest of his seemed to have had the desired effect, for during the rest of the journey up to the Willows the boat travelled fairly well, though it was evident plenty of work was needed before the crew could be considered in proper racing trim. But no sooner had they turned and started for the home journey than once again the rolling suddenly became manifest. Fairbairn rowed on a stroke or two without apparently noticing it, then turning sharply round in the middle of a stroke he discovered the reason.

The blade of Gilks's oar was about a foot under the surface, and he himself was lurching over on his seat, with the handle of the oar up to about his chin.

"What on earth do you mean by it?" demanded Fairbairn, angrily.

"Mean by what?" asked Gilks.

"By playing the fool like that; that's what I mean," retorted Fairbairn.

"Who was playing the fool?" snarled Gilks. "How can I help catching a crab when he's constantly turning the boat's head in the middle of a stroke?"

"All stuff!" said Fairbairn.

"All very well for you at stroke," said Gilks, viciously. "You come and row bow and see if you don't feel it. I'd like to know who could keep his oar straight with such steering."

"If you'd row half as well as he steers," said Fairbairn, "you'd row a precious sight better than you do! You'd better take care, Gilks."

"Take care of what, you fool?" demanded Gilks, whose temper was now fairly gone.

"Ready all, you fellows!" cried Fairbairn, stretching forward.

This brief conversation had been heard only by those in the boat, but its purport had been gathered by those on the bank who had watched the angry looks and heard the angry voices of the speakers.

"Bravo! fight it out!" cried some one, and the news that there was a quarrel in the School House boat added greatly to the zest of the critics' enjoyment.

Fairbairn's caution—whether purposely, or because he could not help it—was lost upon the offending bow oar. The boat had scarcely started again when Gilks caught another crab, which for the moment nearly upset the crew. Fairbairn rowed on, with thunder in his face, regardless of the incident, and Riddell kept as straight a course as he could, despite the unsteadiness. In due time the unsatisfactory practice came to an end, and the crew stood together again on the steps of the boathouse.

Gilks seemed to expect, and every one else expected, that Fairbairn would once more take the defaulter to task for his performance that morning, and Fairbairn did not disappoint, though he dealt with the matter in a rather unexpected manner.

"I shall want the tub-pair after third school," said he to the boatman. "Riddell, will you cox Crossfield and me?"

"Who—Crossfield?" asked Coates.

"Yes; I shall try him for bow."

"You mean to say," exclaimed Gilks, taking the matter in, "you're going to turn me out of the boat?"

"Certainly," said Fairbairn, coolly.

"What for?" demanded Gilks, threateningly.

"Because," replied Fairbairn, taking Riddell's arm and walking slowly off—"because we can do better without you."

Gilks stared at him a moment as though he meditated flying at him. If he did, he thought better of it, and turned away, muttering to himself that he would pay them all out, let them see if he did not.

Threats of this sort were not unheard-of things from Gilks, and no one was greatly disturbed by them. On the whole, Fairbairn's decision was approved of by most of the School House partisans, particularly those who had watched the proceedings of the morning. A few thought Gilks might have been accorded a second chance, but the majority argued that if a fellow caught crabs like that in a practice he would probably do it in the race, and they did not want the risk of that.

As to his excuse about the steering, every one who knew anything about that knew it meant nothing, and Gilks did not repeat it.

As he reached the school Silk met him with angry looks.

"Is it true what I hear," said he, "that you're out of the boat?"

"Yes, it is," growled Gilks.

"Why, you idiot! whatever have you done this for?"

"I did nothing. They wanted to get rid of me, and they did."

"Yes, because you hadn't the ordinary sense to keep up appearances till the race, and must begin to practise your tricks a month beforehand!" said Silk, greatly enraged for him.

"All very well," said Gilks, sullenly. "I should have liked to see you rowing your best with that puppy steering!"

"And just because you hadn't the patience to hold out a week or two you go and spoil everything! I didn't think you were such a fool, upon my word."

Gilks was cowed by the wrath of his friend.

"I couldn't help it," he said. "I'm awfully sorry."

"It's done us completely now," said Silk. "For all we know they may win. Who's to take your place?"

"Crossfield."

"Just the man I was afraid. He's the best man they could have picked out. I tell you what, Gilks, you'd better go and apologise and see if you can't get back into the boat. Who could have believed you'd be such a fool! Do go at once."

Gilks, who saw his own mistake fully as well as his friend, obeyed. He found Fairbairn in his study with Riddell. The former seemed not at all surprised to see him.

"Fairbairn," said Gilks, "I hope you'll let me stay in the boat. I'm sorry I played the fool this morning."

"Then you were playing the fool?" demanded Fairbairn, to whom Riddell had just been confiding that perhaps, after all, there had been some fault in the steering to account for it.

"Yes," said Gilks, sullenly.

"Then," said Fairbairn, hotly, "you may be a fool, but I won't be such a big one as to let you stay in the boat another day!"

Gilks glared a moment at the speaker. Evidently it would be no use to argue or plead further; and, smarting with rage and humiliation, none the less keen that Riddell had been present and heard all, he turned away.

"You'll be sorry for this, you two," he growled. "Humbugs!"

"Well rid of him," said Fairbairn, as soon as he had gone.

"Yes. I don't think much of him,"



said Riddell, thinking as much of young Wyndham and his temptations as of the School House boat.

"Well, old man," said Fairbairn, after a pause, "you steered awfully well when you once began. Whatever made you so shaky at first?"

"My usual complaint," said Riddell, smiling. "I was thinking what other people were thinking."

"Oh," said Fairbairn, "unless you can give that up you may as well shut up shop altogether."

"Well, if I must do one or the other, I think I'll keep the shop open," said Riddell, cheerily. "By the way," added he, looking at his watch and sighing, "I have to see some juniors in my study in two minutes. Good-bye."

"Be sure you're down for the tub practice this afternoon."

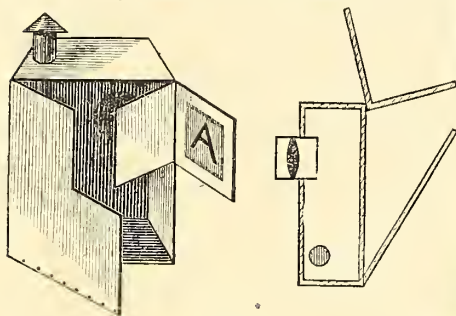
"I'll be there," said Riddell.

(To be continued.)

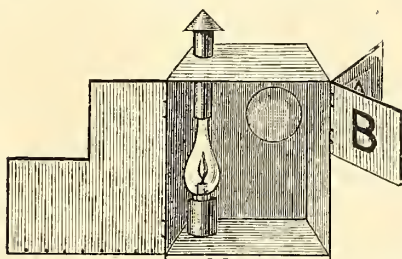
## A MAGIC-LANTERN FOR OPAQUE SLIDES.

By W. J. GORDON.

A LANTERN to exhibit opaque slides or ordinary pictures on paper or cardboard is, if anything, easier to make than one of the



usual type. It is nothing but a photographer's camera with the action reversed. In the camera the large well-lighted object is focussed down by the lens into the miniature copy in the darkened



box; in the lantern the miniature in the well-lighted box is focussed up into the enlarged copy in the darkened room.

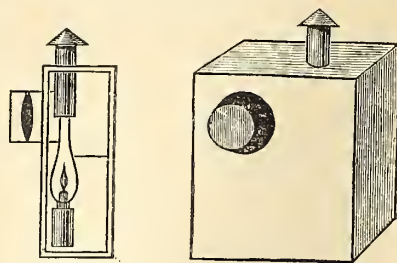
The essentials are, a good lens, a good light, and a well-focussed, well-illuminated picture. Any ordinary box will do. Its shape and size are of little moment, but the box must be blacked inside and have the top replaced by or covered with tin or sheet-iron. Let it be, as we have to make one, say eighteen inches long and two feet high. The depth of the lantern depends on the focal length of the lens you have chosen for it. This lens can be either a plain magnifying-glass, such as is used in cheap lanterns of the common build, or it may be compound, of the sort used in portrait cameras. The compound lens will give the best results. Suppose we are dealing with a three-inch lens having a focal length of ten inches, our box should then be ten inches deep. Very much smaller boxes with less powerful lenses can of course be made, and they will act just as satisfactorily.

The top, as we have said, should be covered with tin, to prevent its catching fire, and it

should be fitted with a chimney made by bending a sheet of tin and soldering its edges together. In order that a circle of light may not be thrown on to the ceiling, a cap must be fitted over the top so as to leave ample space for the passage of the heated air. In the front of the box a tube must be fitted, just large enough to hold another tube, in which the lens is held, and by this contrivance perfect adjustment of the focus is assured.

Arrange the interior as shown in the sketches, which are so numerous and self-explanatory that lengthened description is not required. The only peculiarity is in the back, which is so made to prevent a flood of light being thrown out behind each time a picture is changed. There are two doors to it, one being just a quarter the size of the other, and having a piece of wood of the same size fixed on at right angles to it, on the same principle as is seen in many mahogany birdcages where the inside flap of the seed or water-carrier just fills the hole made for the real door when the real door is open. The slide-carrier is marked A, and when the door is shut the marked side of the shade (B) fits close up against the side of the box. The lamp is placed as shown, and should be just far enough from the lens to thoroughly light up the picture without permitting itself to be seen. A paraffin lamp is the best, and it should if possible have a round argand wick; but a flat one will do fairly well. The round shape of the wick is suggested as giving in the majority of instances the most equable light. The bottom of the door should be cut away slightly or perforated as in the sketch, so as to allow air to enter freely, as no lamp will burn without a draught.

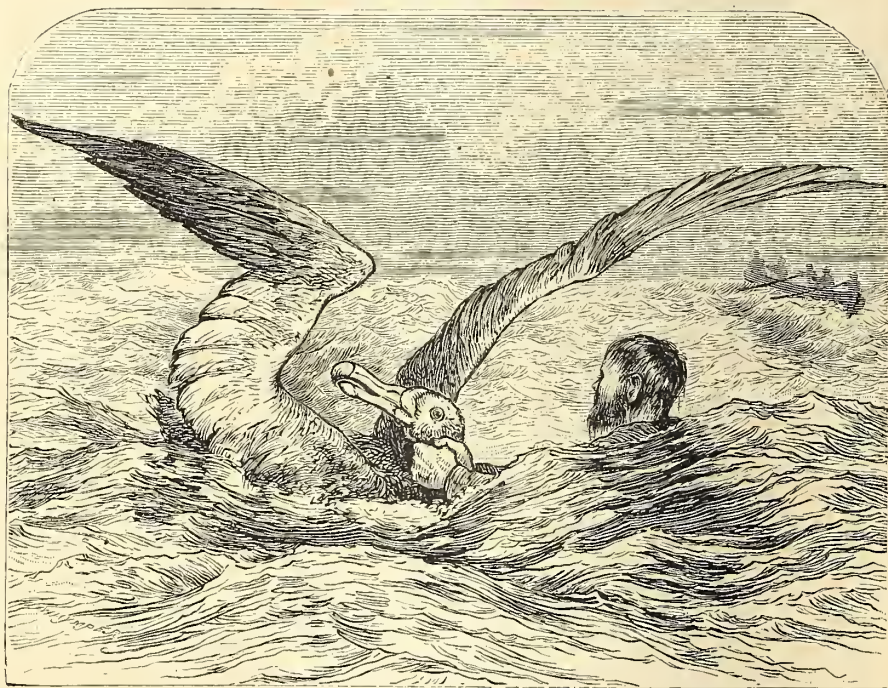
It is a good plan to try the chimney on the



top before the top is fixed on, and then if the top is left a little larger all round than will be required it can be shifted about until the proper position of the lamp with regard to the lens and slides can be found by experiment, and all risk of failure avoided. When the correct distance is found the top should be screwed down and trimmed to shape. Inside the box, below the chimney, a ring or stop should be screwed to prevent the lamp slipping about in the event of the lantern receiving a sudden knock.

In another form of this lantern the back is in one piece, and the slides are introduced through a slit at the side, a plan, however, having a few disadvantages. The principle of the opaque-slide lantern is apparent at a glance, and once that is understood no difficulty should arise in devising many patterns of the instrument and utilising old materials for the purpose. Any pictures can be shown, coloured or uncoloured; even our own designs for slides can be thrown on the screen without cutting the paper if the paper is folded to fit the holder.

## SAVED BY AN ALBATROSS.



THAT the albatross proves a fierce enemy to a man that has fallen overboard is a fact well known to seafaring men. Cases are on record of fatal injuries having been inflicted by the huge beaks of these powerful birds, and it is not long since one of the crew of an Australian liner had the flesh completely stripped off his arms, which he had raised as a shield to his head, before he was rescued.

The following item of news from New South Wales is, perhaps, the first instance of an albatross having been the medium for the saving of life.

The ship Gladstone, running down her easting across the Southern Ocean, on her voyage from London to Sydney, when in lat. 42 s., long.

90 E., lost a man overboard from the starboard gangway. An alarm was at once raised, the ship was brought to the wind, and the lifeboat, manned by the first officer and four hands, lowered smartly. After a long pull the boat reached the missing man, who was found clinging desperately to a large albatross, which he had succeeded in capturing on his coming to the surface, and had utilised as a living life-buoy.

The bird, writes Mr. Guillemard, had doubtless settled on the water with the object of attacking the unfortunate man, but Jack proved too much for him, and deprived him of the power of using his beak, probably by gripping his neck firmly with both hands.



## FOR JAMES OR GEORGE? A SCHOOLBOY'S TALE OF 1745.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

*Author of "Tales of Charlton School," "Schoolboy Honour," etc.*

## CHAPTER XI.

THE two horsemen whom Mostyn had described came along the road at a brisk trot, like men who had no time for loitering. They were both of them strong, well-built men, though of very different ages, one of them being far advanced in

be roused to angry, and even savage, violence. The deference showed him by the elder traveller, and an unconscious air of command, as though he expected to be obeyed as a matter of course, showed that, though he was younger

than his companion, his rank was higher. Neither spoke until they had arrived within two hundred yards of Wyndford Pits; then the younger rider slackened his speed to a walk, and addressed his companion.



life—probably past sixty—the other not more than five-and-twenty at the most. Their dress was very nearly the same—a riding-coat of dark-coloured cloth, with metal buttons and scarlet cuffs and collar, leather breeches, heavy riding-boots, and the usual three-cornered hat. Each carried a pair of pistols in his holsters, and wore his sword secured to his side by a leathern belt. The younger of the two had features which were tolerably regular, and indicated considerable ability; bluff and good-humoured, too, though not without indications that their owner might on occasion

"It would have fared ill with both the travellers now if unexpected help had not arrived."



"We must be somewhere near the entrance to Wyndford Abbey, as it is still to be called, I suppose," he said. "Do you know where the Lodge stands, Captain John?"

"Quite well," was the answer; "but we have passed it this ten minutes, colonel. It lies on the left side of the road. I marvel that your—that you did not see it."

"How? passed it," said the first speaker. "Why did you not tell me of it? We have lost valuable time. I must get on to Carlisle to-night, but I cannot go on till I have spoken to Mr.—or, as I suppose I ought to call him—Colonel Warton."

"You have forgotten the arrangement, colonel," said Captain John; "we were to stop at Wyndford Abbey only in case of our being able to reach it before two o'clock. If we were later than that, Colonel Warton and the Mayor of Peneshurst were to go on to Breed's Farm and meet us there. It was reckoned that would be a considerable saving of time."

"You are right," said the colonel. "I had forgotten. How much farther on is Breed's Farm?"

"About a quarter of a mile. It is comparatively a new building, but I have seen it as I rode by."

"What are these cottages that we are coming to?" said his questioner, as he again urged his horse to a trot. "Do not they belong to Breed's Farm?"

"No; they are the ruins, I believe, of the huts where some miners once lived. There is no one living in them now."

"Ha! what is that, then?" cried the first speaker, as he caught the sound of a gunshot, and a puff of white smoke was seen issuing from the wall of one of the shattered buildings.

"Stand on your guard, colonel!" suddenly shouted the other horseman. "Here are some fellows going to attack us!"

At the same moment half a dozen men came rushing out from both sides of the road, calling on both travellers to surrender. One of them seized the head of the colonel's horse, another attempted to master his sword, while a third, grasping him by the collar, tried to drag him from the saddle.

But the colonel was too quick for his assailants. With the pistol which he had grasped the moment he heard the shot he sent a bullet through the brain of the foremost, who fell headlong under his horse's feet. Then, finding himself unable to shake off the hold of the other two, who had grappled with him on either side, he slipped from his saddle, and, drawing his sword, stood on his guard. The men, who had dropped their pistols in the scuffle, did the same, and attacked him at the same moment. They were both tall men, as well as practised swordsmen, and the colonel's situation soon became one of great peril. Disregarding, however, the repeated challenges to him to throw down his weapon and yield himself prisoner, he retreated to the side of the road, and, putting his back against the bole of the elm, succeeded for the time in keeping off both his antagonists.

Meanwhile the other rider, whom the colonel had addressed as Captain John, was in a still worse predicament. He had taken the alarm as early as his companion, and had cut down the man who had attempted to clutch his horse's bridle before the other two came up. He might have ridden off, in fact, but that he would not desert his fellow-traveller. Drawing a pistol, he fired at the man nearest to

him, who dropped on the road with a broken leg. But almost at the same moment a shot discharged at himself struck his horse behind the ear, and brought him headlong to the ground. He still, however, retained his self-possession. Nimblely throwing his leg over the saddle as he felt the horse falling, he tried to disengage himself from it; but before he could do so he was seized by the two remaining men of the party, who were both of them stronger than himself. It would have fared ill with both the travellers now if unexpected help had not at this moment arrived.

De Clifford had waited, as he had determined, until the horsemen had come within a few yards of the spot where the furthestmost of the robbers was stationed. Then he fired, with the result which the reader has heard, but which he had not himself anticipated. He had expected that the travellers would either turn back or put spurs to their horses and gallop by. The struggle which ensued took him by surprise, and it passed so rapidly that he could scarcely follow it. But he rallied the next moment, threw open the door of the cottage, and drawing his sword, rushed out to the rescue. His two school-fellows followed, Mostyn, who was last, slamming to the door of the cottage behind him. Calling to his companions to help Captain John, he himself darted towards the spot where the other traveller was still gallantly defending himself against his two assailants, though evidently overpowered. Startled by the sound of footsteps behind him, one of the men glanced round, and seeing a new enemy advancing on him with a naked weapon, turned and crossed swords with him. The other man now attempted to make his escape, but his adversary, finding himself opposed to one enemy only, pressed hotly upon him, and a sharp encounter followed.

Meanwhile the two robbers who had seized and disarmed the elder traveller, were similarly scared by the appearance of two new combatants; who, although they were scarcely more than boys, were armed with rapiers, of which they evidently understood the use. At the same moment they perceived that a third adversary was in the field, engaged on the opposite side of the road with one of their comrades. The odds were now heavily against them. Three of their party had already been struck down, and their opponents now outnumbered them. There was nothing for it but to escape if they could. Dashing through the hedge, they rushed into the enclosure, where their horses had been secured, and in two minutes more were seen skurrying through the field at the utmost speed to which they could urge their cattle. Maynard and Mostyn, leaving Captain John, who had now freed himself from the stirrup, ran across the road to the help of their schoolfellow, who was gallantly defending himself against an antagonist in strength and skill far superior to himself. Just at the moment when they reached the spot he had succeeded in wrenching Hugh's sword from his grasp, and the lad would have been wholly at his adversary's mercy but for the opportune arrival of his two friends, who proceeded to interpose themselves between him and Hugh. But the man had no stomach for more fighting. Hurriedly thrusting his sword back into the sheath, he too made straight for the spot where his steed had been fastened, and

springing into the saddle, galloped off after his comrades. At the same moment the noise of horses' feet was heard from the direction of Breed's Farm, and looking back the boys saw Mr. Warton, followed by Captain Bates and two or three men in uniform, coming up at full speed.

"Hallo!" cried Hugh, "this won't do. Here's old Warton coming, and we shall have to give him a long explanation. I don't fancy being questioned by him. Besides, they'd find out all about the cottage."

"Doesn't this fellow want help?" suggested Mostyn, pointing to the colonel, who was still engaged with his opponent.

"Not he," answered Hugh. "It's the other fellow wants help, I fancy."

"Ha, I thought so," he added, a moment afterwards, as the colonel's sword passed right through the robber's chest. "I say, let's be off this moment, or we shall be caught."

He snatched up his sword, replaced it in its sheath, and plunged through the hedge into the adjoining field. The others followed, and ran for a good mile, first across the stubble, and then over the open common, until they reached the shelter of a friendly copse. Here they threw themselves on the soft turf under the shadow of the trees to take breath, and talk over the strange adventure which had befallen them.

"I wonder who those men were," said De Clifford. "They were stout fellows, that is certain, and knew how to handle their swords, too, as well as any one need do."

"Which do you mean?" asked Mostyn. "the men who were on horseback or the others?"

"I was thinking of the men on horseback," replied De Clifford. "The others, I suppose, were what are generally called knights of the road, and they were desperate fellows too. They would have finished off both the travellers, I judge, if we hadn't come up in the very nick of time. I wonder who they could have been. Officers in the army, I should guess, by the manner in which they handled their weapons."

"No doubt they were," returned Charlie. "The one you went to help, Hugh, was a colonel, and I think he must have been Colonel Williams."

"Colonel Williams," repeated Maynard. "what makes you fancy that?"

"I heard the other man address him as colonel," said Mostyn. "It was just the moment after Hugh fired. He shouted out, 'Stand on your guard, colonel.'"

"I heard that," said Maynard. "But I don't think he said Colonel Williams."

"He did not," said Charlie. "But I remember the man in uniform at the Abbey said that they were expecting Colonel William, or Williams, and I thought it very likely this gentleman might be the man."

"It is not unlikely," said Hugh. "Well, whether his name is William or Williams, or whether he is a colonel or anything else, he is a brave fellow, and knows how to handle a sword too. Those two highwaymen would have been enough for any two men that ever lived, I should have thought; anyway they would have been more than enough for him if I had come up two minutes later. The fellow that fenced with me had a wrist like iron. I shan't forget his face and that red stain on his cheek for many a day to come."



"Red stain, Hugh? I didn't notice that," said Maynard.

"I dare say not," rejoined De Clifford. "But if you'd had him opposite to you, not three feet off, as I had for that five minutes, you would have remembered it well enough."

"Not a doubt of it," said Mostyn. "Well, I wonder where this Colonel Williams came from, and where he was going to. And the other fellow—he called him John, or Captain John, didn't he?"

"Yes, he called him so more than once. He was a stout fellow, too. He finished off the man who attacked him first handsomely enough."

"Yes," said Hugh, "those fellows were in the wrong box altogether. Four of the seven are either killed or severely wounded, and if they recover of their wounds they will probably be hanged. Well, the officers may thank us for their escape, that is certain. If we hadn't given them warning they wouldn't have had time to draw sword or pistol. And if we hadn't come up to their rescue afterwards they would have been killed or made prisoners in a few minutes more."

"I wonder whether they guessed who or what we were?" said Maynard.

"I don't suppose they did," remarked Hugh. "They could hardly have caught sight of us when we rushed out of the cottage. Colonel Williams, if that was his name, had something else to do at that moment than looking about him; and Captain John was in the clutches of those rascals who had got him down and were trying to tie his hands. They must have been puzzled to know who helped them."

"They'll find out where the first shot came from, and they'll be sure to search the cottage. I must say I'm sorry the door was left open, but there was no time for shutting it."

"It wasn't left open," said Mostyn. "I was the last to come out, and I kicked it to after me. I don't think they'll find out anything about the cottage. It's unlikely they noticed where the shot came from; they were talking to one another at the moment. Most likely they thought the gun was fired by one of the robbers."

"We will hope that they thought so, at all events," said De Clifford. "I should like to keep the secret of that cottage to ourselves, especially after what has happened. Well, if we are rested we had better make the best of our way back into Peneshurst. If we were late the circumstance might be noticed, and we be questioned as to whether we knew anything of this business."

They got up accordingly, and were just moving off, when Mostyn suddenly exclaimed, "Hallo! Hugh, what's become of your sword-knot?"

"My sword-knot! haven't I got it?" answered De Clifford. "No, I declare I have not. It must have been torn off when that fellow wrenched the sword out of my hand. Well, that's a pity; I must get Aurelia Grantley to work me another. I'll ask her for one at the popinjay match on Friday."

"She'll want to know how you came to lose this," suggested Mostyn. "You must put her off somehow. I tell you what, Hugh, I'll ask her to work one for you as the winner of the bugle. That will do capitally."

"Yes," said Hugh, "if I do win it. But that remains to be seen."

Meanwhile Mr. Warton and the others had arrived at Wyndford Pits a good deal

alarmed at what they had seen and heard. They had been waiting for the travellers near the farm gate, and had been startled by the firing. They were too far off to see distinctly what was passing, but had ridden up at full speed, and were rejoiced to find that both the gentlemen had escaped with no worse injuries than a few bruises and scratches.

"They have come by the worst of this, John," said the colonel, contemplating with grim satisfaction the figures in the road. "Both my men are as dead as hammers, or I'm much mistaken. Yes," he added as the hussars turned over the body of the man who had attempted to seize his horse's head, "he is dead enough. The bullet took him right on the temple. And so is the other too; the sword went straight through him—through the heart probably. Serve the rascals right. How is it with your two, John?"

"The man I cut down," returned Captain John, "is as dead as either of yours can be; his neck is nearly cut through; but the other seems to be alive, though he is badly wounded. 'What is to be done with him, Mr. Warton?' he added, turning to that gentleman, who had just come up. 'I conclude you will see to this?'"

"Certainly I will," replied Mr. Warton. "There must be an inquest, I suppose, on the three bodies, but the verdict will, of course, be justifiable homicide."

"When the coroner's jury hear the evidence," added Captain Bates—"the evidence which these gentlemen will give—"

"We shall give no evidence at all," answered Colonel William. "It is impossible we could stay here for any such purpose. My time is much too valuable. And I don't see what more is wanted than a couple of men with a rope to hang this fellow from the elm yonder, and spades and shovels to bury the whole four afterwards. I have seen many better men than these disposed of after that fashion."

"Ay, in war-time, and in a foreign country," said Mr. Warton. "But in this neighbourhood we could not venture on any proceeding of the kind. We have neighbours who would be sure to take the matter up and make inquiries, which would cause more disturbance than a dozen coroner's inquests would occasion. But there will be no need for you—you gentlemen—to appear at it. I myself and Captain Bates saw enough of the encounter to be able to give all the evidence that the jury will require. It can be stated that you were engaged in the King's service, and could not remain."

"That will do, then," said the colonel; "and now, as it is necessary that I should have some conversation with you in private, Colonel Warton, we will go on without further debate to your house. I must be in Carlisle as early as possible. Bring my horse hither," he added, addressing one of the servants. "John, as they have shot yours for you, you must follow me on foot to Breed's Farm. I suppose Colonel Warton can give you a remount."

"I beg pardon," interposed Captain Bates, as the party were on the point of moving off, "but you have not yet determined what is to be done with the prisoner. He is severely wounded, but he may recover. What arrangement do you propose to make about him, Colonel Williams?"

"I can't tell!" exclaimed the colonel, with an angry exclamation. "Do what you will with the carrion hound. I can't be troubled about it."

He put spurs into his horse's side as he spoke, and rode off, followed by Mr. Warton.

"A rather hasty gentleman that, sir," remarked Bates, as he looked along the road after the colonel. "I should think the men in his regiment get pretty severely handled now and then, don't they?"

"I have known such a thing occur," returned the captain—"when his orders are not properly executed, that is to say. But we won't make that mistake, Mr. Bates. I suppose these fellows in uniform here—volunteers, are they not?"

"Volunteers in Colonel Warton's regiment," assented Bates.

"Just so. They are to be trusted to obey orders, are they not?"

"Orders? Certainly, if they are given by people who have a right to give them, that is."

"Such persons as yourself, for instance?" pursued the other.

"Of course, sir. Though I am an attorney in Peneshurst, I am an officer in their corps, and they would obey me."

"I thought so. Very well, then. Do you order two men whom you can trust to take this prisoner to Carlisle and hand him over to the governor of the castle. He can be carried in a cart, you know; and if his wound is tied up, and he is laid on a heap of straw, he won't hurt."

"Perhaps not," returned the captain, dubiously; "but shan't I get into trouble for taking him there instead of to Peneshurst Gaol?"

"No, you won't; I'll answer for that. And now I shall be glad if you will tell me who those lads were who rescued the colonel and myself from these scoundrels."

"Lads, captain?" repeated the other, staring at his questioner. "What lads?"

"That is what I want to know. Did you not see two or three lads—young gentlemen, I judge from their dress—taking part in the scuffle with these robbers, or did I dream it?"

"I think you must have dreamt it," said Bates. "I saw from a distance that there was a fight going on, and I fancied, while we were still some way off, that two or three persons ran away. No doubt they were the robbers who escaped. But young gentlemen! There are none about here—none nearer than Peneshurst, and that's miles off. What makes you fancy you saw any?"

"Well, it was only for a moment I caught sight of them," said the captain. "I had been seized and held down by two of the rascals, and was half stifled by their weight on my chest. All of a moment I felt them loose their hold and start up. I got on my feet as well as I could, and there I saw three young fellows well dressed and with their swords drawn. Two of them had apparently just rescued me, and the third was engaged in a single combat with one of the robbers. I noticed his sword-knot particularly, a blue rosette with a gold button in the centre. And there it is, I declare, lying in the middle of the road, just where the fight was going on. Be good enough to hand it to me."

"Certainly, captain," said Mr. Bates, picking it up, "but I still think you must be mistaken. Most likely this belonged to one of the robbers. Those fellows generally dress smartly enough—much more smartly, for the matter of that, than honest men can afford to do."

(To be continued.)

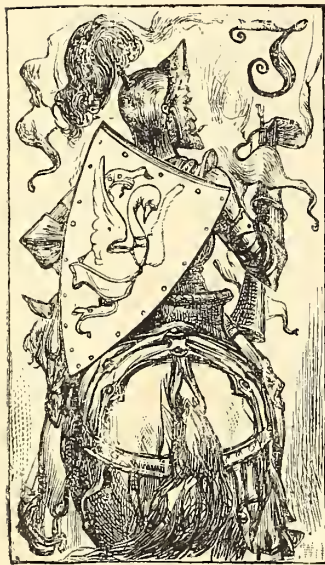


## SIGVALD THE VIKING: A STORY OF A HERO.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "The Two Chums," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER IV.



WELVE years have passed since Kormak sailed away to find a new home, leaving behind him most of his wealth and many of his followers. These years have brought mingled

good and evil to Sigvald, but of late the evil has seemed to predominate.

Little Thordisa is the life of the gloomy castle, beloved by every one, and the pet of the lord of Harfeld. She has been brought up as Sigvald's daughter, and she knows nothing of her history. Osvif is her playfellow, though by now he is a strong young man, who has known what it is to fight his first battle. Gudruna spoke truly when she told Sigvald he would not regret receiving the stranger babe into his household; he could scarcely imagine life without her childish prattle and winning ways.

He needed something pleasant when at home to take his mind away from troubles outside. What these were can be discovered from a conversation he had with Osvif one night as they sat in the hall after the others had gone.

"You have seen Sigurd, father?"

"Yes," replied Sigvald; "and he bears bad news. Harald is on his way here; before another moon has risen we must leave Harfeld or fight a hopeless battle against the king."

"What excuse can he have for molesting us?"

"An unjust one; but that he cares nothing about. When Vagn made a raid on us, and we repulsed him, it got to Harald's ears, and he accuses us of disobeying his proclamation against fighting with Norwegians. I sent him a too bold reply by his messenger, and this is the consequence."

"And we must leave Harfeld, father?"

"Yes, my boy; for a happier place, I hope."

"Where shall we go?"

"We will sail to France. I have heard strange things about that land. They have but little snow in winter, grapes grow in the fields, and plenty of corn. You remember Rollo?"

Osvif shook his head. "I have heard Har talk of him," he replied.

"Rollo was one of the bravest vikings of Norway; he would not brook Harald's

tyranny, and fled west, coming finally to France. He is a great king there now, and rules in justice, so they say."

"Har told me he had become a Christian," said Osvif.

"Yes; a strange thing for him to do, for Christians have to live without fighting, and that must be a new existence for Rollo. However, I don't know that I should object to living quietly for a time," he added, with a sigh.

Great was the consternation in the castle when Sigvald announced next morning that preparations must be made to evacuate Harfeld. It had been their home so long that they had become more attached to it than vikings generally were to the places forming their retreat in winter. Gudruna, above all, had learnt to love the lonely castle, with its rough walls and lofty beacon tower. Yet she, like a true wife, made no complaint, but prepared to follow her husband wherever he might lead her.

The preparations had to be hurried on, for tidings arrived of Harald's advance, and it would not do to be caught in the field. The most valuable of their possessions were carried to the ships, the rest were distributed among the herdsmen who inhabited the neighbouring district; and then, having carefully carried on board his own vessel the doorposts of the little temple in which they used to worship, Sigvald with his family and followers entered the ships, to seek a new home in a distant land.

Harald's fleet was successfully evaded, and after a week's sailing they found themselves in sight of what they believed to be the land of the Franks. Sigvald's knowledge of the country was limited to report, and he knew nothing of the extent of Rollo's dominion; he hoped he might light on a part of it; if not, he must trust, as he had often done before, to his own prowess for safety.

On nearing land, the sacred doorposts were plunged into the sea with all due ceremony. The sails were furled and the oars lay almost motionless on the water; all on board were watching with anxious eyes the direction taken by the posts. According to the custom of the Scandinavians, Sigvald was about to follow their course, landing at the spot where the posts drifted.

The current set towards shore, and it was not very long before the point where the landing would have to be made became evident. The shore was barren and rocky, as far as possible from being the land of plenty which they had hoped for. As far as they could see inland the soil was sandy, trees were rare. However, they determined to accept the omen of the posts, which they firmly believed were guided by the gods.

No living being could be seen as they neared the shore. Sigvald with a chosen band landed first. They made a short survey, finding nothing to raise their suspicions, and then, choosing a good landing-place, hailed the remaining vessels.

"What is the matter with Deesfoot?" asked Osvif, pointing to his dog, which was running about uneasily.

"He has struck on the trail of some

beast," replied Har. "See, he is off; let us follow him; we may get some fresh meat for supper."

Several of the crew joined in the pursuit, but before he had gone far, Deesfoot stopped, and lifting his head gave a low growl.

Har pressed forward to see what he had run to earth, but with a warning cry stopped suddenly. His quick eye had caught sight of the head of an axe protruding from behind a rock. The men in ambush, finding they were discovered, rushed out with fearful shouts; in a few moments the surprised crew were overpowered in spite of a vigorous resistance; more men appeared from various places of ambush, and several vessels turned the point and bore down on those of Sigvald, now rendered useless by the confusion of landing. The men were made prisoners and bound, the women and children were placed by themselves under the guard of a few men. The surprise was complete.

"Tell me," said Sigvald to his guard, "whose men are ye?"

"Kormak is our captain," was the terrible reply.

## CHAPTER V.

SIGVALD had small opportunity given him to meditate on the unfortunate chance which led him to the shore claimed by his old enemy. He wished he had been slain in the short but sharp contest preceding his capture; but often death will not come to those who wish for it, and Sigvald, in spite of his efforts, had been overpowered and bound, instead of falling bravely. No time was lost in driving the captives to the vessels, which were soon once more on the ocean, bound for Kormak's headquarters.

To his great joy, Sigvald was placed on board the same ship as his wife and little Thordisa. The brave little maiden ran up to her adopted father and tried hard with her little hands to untie the cords which bound him, the guards taking no notice of her, knowing that her efforts would be fruitless.

"Come here, Thordisa," said Sigvald, as the poor child was about to run back to Gudruna, crying at her ill success.

She turned back and threw her arms about his neck, as he sat on the stern bench.

"I may not live much longer," said Sigvald; "nor should I care to do so were it not for Gudruna and you. You must promise me to love your mother and always be kind to her."

Poor little Thordisa began to weep bitterly. The guard, hardened though he was, did not feel very comfortable, and sharply ordered the child to go back to her mother.

Shortly afterwards the keel of the ship grated on the sand, and the prisoners were arraigned before the dreaded Kormak, who had watched the approach of the vessels with stern interest. Sigvald's fleet had been sighted a few hours ago, and whilst he and his followers were watching the progress of the sacred posts, Kormak



had had time to take measures for their capture.

"What is your name?" demanded Kor-

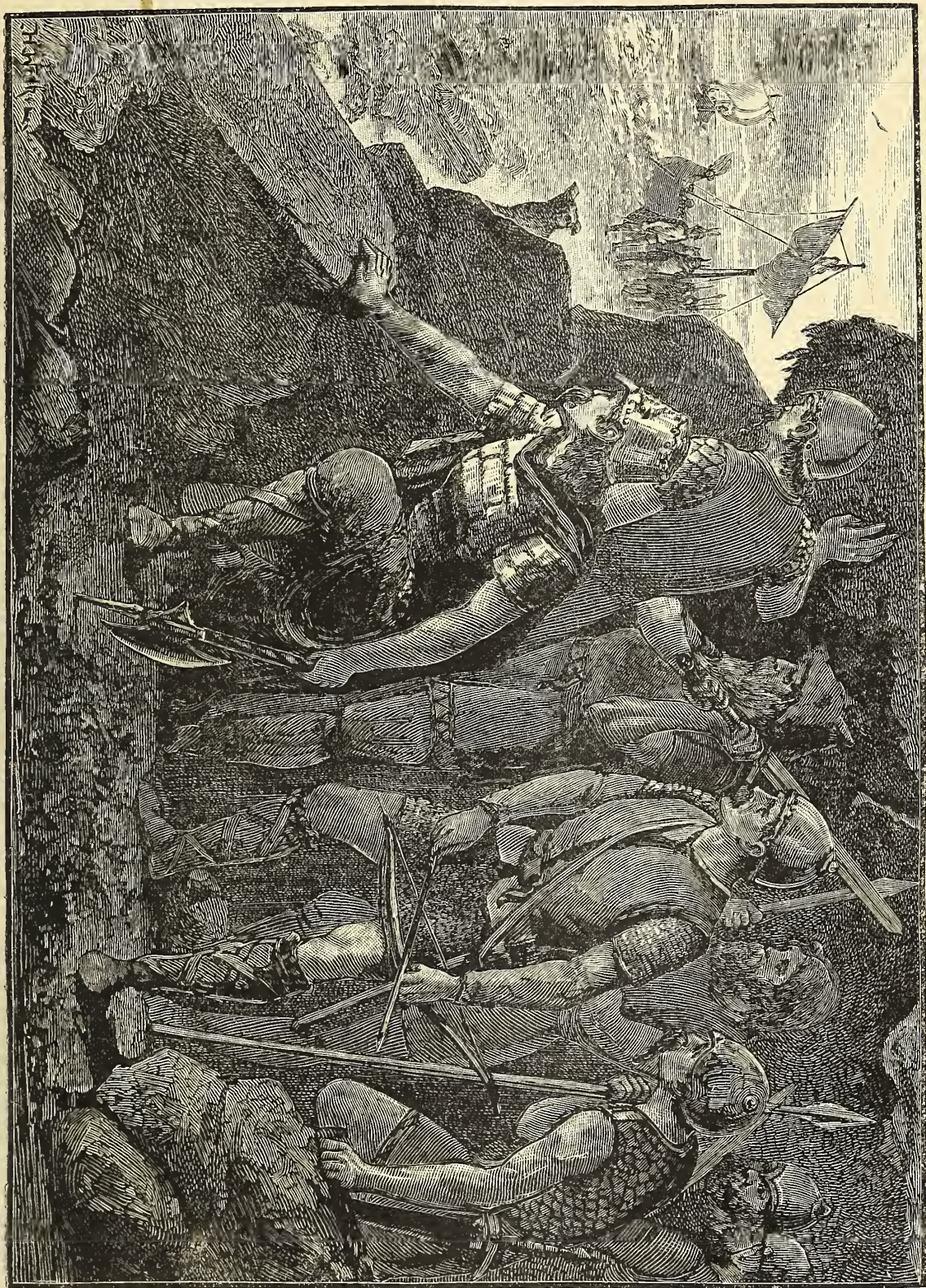
ranks. Was it possible that at last they had secured their old enemy?

"You are a bold man to avow your

Kormak made an angry gesture.

"It is my turn now," he exclaimed. "I am an old man, but not so old that no

"Lifting his head, he gave a low growl."



mak of Sigvald. "It seems to me that we have met before."

"We have," was the reply. "My name is Sigvald of Harfeld."

A thrill of excitement ran down Kormak's

name here," said Kormak; "it would have been wiser to conceal it."

"I have never yet played a coward's part," retorted Sigvald. "When I fight I fight openly, as a viking should."

power is left in my arm to punish the insolent. Now shall I have my revenge for the defeat of twelve years ago. I thank the gods, who have at last answered my prayer and put my enemy in my power."



"Do your worst," cried Sigvald, "but do not stand prating. I can face death; it would not be for the first time."

"It shall be for the last," shouted Kormak, angrily. He beckoned a file of men, who came forward and placed the prisoners in a line.

Sigvald, Har, Osvif, and the rest knew only too well what was coming. It was not considered a disgraceful thing in the ninth century to kill prisoners. After defeat, death was the only thing a true viking could expect.

Not a sign of fear did Sigvald give as a man advanced with a heavy axe. But that which the hero could contemplate without emotion was too much for those dear to him. Gudruna fell fainting into her maid's arms, whilst little Thordisa ran forward, and throwing herself on her knees before the bearded old viking, besought him to spare the life of her father.

Kormak gazed in surprise at the intrepid child. Instead of spurning her, however, he looked kindly at her.

"Thou hast a pleasant face, little maiden," he said; "it reminds me of one I used to love. But run away; this is no sight for girls so young as thou art."

But Thordisa would not obey. Running to Sigvald, she threw her little arms around him, and sobbing as if her heart would break, clung to his neck.

"Take her away," said Kormak to a woman of his company. She advanced to do so, but found some difficulty in loosening Thordisa's grasp. As she did so a necklet round the child's neck was broken. The woman picked it up and handed it to Kormak.

The old viking looked at it with a puzzled expression.

"Who art thou?" he demanded suddenly of Thordisa. "Where didst thou obtain this?"

"Let me answer," said Sigvald. "When twelve years ago you fled from Harfeld, amongst the spoil you left behind was an infant who wore that necklet. She has worn it ever since; this is the child, whom I have reared as my own."

"She is my grandchild," said Kormak, "the only child of my son Bjarni, killed in the fight with Harald. Come, my little one!"

He held out his arms to her, but she would not budge. She ran to Sigvald and once more threw her arms around him.

"No, I will not come to you!" she cried to Kormak; "this is my father that you are going to kill. You are wicked!"

Kormak hesitated, but his daughter-in-law, Gerda, the widow of his beloved son, heedless of his possible anger, advanced to Thordisa and clasped her child in her arms. Once more the little maiden knelt before the old viking, this time joined by her mother. Not in vain now did he listen to their prayer. In spite of some murmurs from a few of his followers, he gave command for Sigvald and his men to be unbound, telling them they might go where they liked.

The territory ceded to Rollo by the Franks was not far distant, and thither they proceeded. But life was not so pleasant for them without Thordisa, who had stayed with her mother. Not many years passed before Osvif persuaded her to come and be his wife, and as Kormak was now dead, and her mother willing to accompany her, she returned once more to Sigvald's home, to lighten it again with her laughter and charm it with her gentleness. Thus was the feud between the rival vikings closed for ever.

(THE END.)

## OUR OPEN COLUMN.

### CARDBOARD MODELLING.

A. E. L. writes from Manchester to say that, having read our articles on Cardboard Modelling, he has not only made locomotive engines, but been able to construct, from the knowledge acquired from the articles, many other things. Thus, he has manufactured a state carriage in the evenings, and thus describes it: "It took me a month, but it is well worth the trouble. The raised roof was the most difficult thing, and several 'props' in geometry came in useful. The wheels are three thicknesses of stiff cardboard. It is covered with gold paper, but the panels are blue, except the two door panels, which are crimson, with the royal arms on them. The inside is lined with satin, and has two little cushions in it and a rug on the floor; the roof and sides are covered with a pretty pattern of roses. The back and front are done in crimson and blue. The three footmen are immovable, so is the coachman. I bought four horses for it, and it looks jolly with them all in. The springs are threaded with thin wire to make them more durable; the doors open on thin wire hinges. My model was the carriage in a picture of the royal marriage in Berlin."

### SPEND AND SPARE.

The Rev. W. J. Hingeston Randolph writes from Ringmore Rectory, Kingsbridge, South Devon: "Your correspondent, 'Poetsman,' has misquoted the 'Spend and Spare' stanza which you have this week inserted for him. It was written by an ancestor of my own—namely, Thomas Randolph, poet, who died, in the height of his promise before he reached the age of thirty, in the early part of the seventeenth century. "Here is the quotation, copied from his works, 'Precept XIX,' page 35—

"Spare not, nor spend too much;  
Be this thy care—  
Spare but to spend, and only spend to spare.  
Who spends too much  
May want, and so complain;  
But he spends best  
Who spares, to spend again."

I have italicised the misquoted passages. Thomas Randolph was born in 1605, and died in 1634. 'Rare Ben Jonson' was so exceedingly fond of him that he adopted him as one of his sons.

### OUT-OF-THE-WAY PETS.

C. E. W. writes from Reichenbach Strasse, Parterre, Dresden, Altstadt, under date of November 9th: "In the article about Tree-frogs, by Dr. Scofield, in the July number of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, it is mentioned that flies are the only food of these beautiful reptiles. After several months' experience in keeping them in this country, we have found that, when they have their choice, they will eat grasshoppers even more ravenously than flies, and meal-worms when hard pressed. Indeed, in the markets, where they are exposed for sale, the vendors give them meal-worms as their common food. My brother and I keep various

frogs, toads, lizards, and salamanders. We have found that meal-worms are the best food for salamanders and lizards. The latter will eat flies freely, though they prefer meal-worms. They must have water, either in a small tin or otherwise, and they lap it like dogs. If they are kept in grass, it must be kept continually sprinkled with water, yet if their case is kept too damp they will get ill and most probably die."

### THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER" AT TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

A. T. Wilson writes from Burnley, Lancashire: "Having been a 'Constant Reader' of the BOY'S OWN PAPER from the commencement, I take the liberty of informing you that, although your paper is appreciated so greatly in England, it is certainly not without its many admirers in the most distant parts of the world, one of which I will name in particular. Upon that solitary and almost unknown island of Tristan d'Acunha, in the South Atlantic Ocean—or rather upon another small island near it—I had the misfortune to be cast away in the four-masted iron ship *Shakespeare*, owned in Liverpool, upon which I held the position of apprentice, while on a voyage from Cardiff to Calcutta.

"Upon reaching Tristan d'Acunha I was agreeably surprised to discover that they possessed one or two volumes of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, possibly picked up from some wrecked vessel, which were read and re-read with much pleasure and profit.

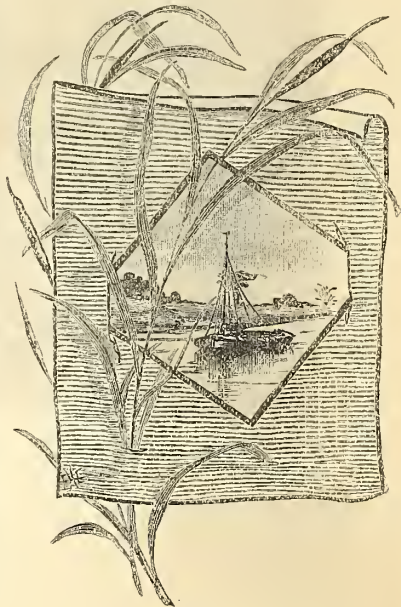
"Before I left home I was reading 'Some of Our Fellows,' but had not an opportunity to finish it before the ship sailed. However, it so happened that one of the volumes on the island contained it, so I completed it. I then commenced another story, which, however, I was doomed not to complete until I had sailed another fifteen hundred miles. That story I had the pleasure to read in another copy in the Sailors' Home in Cape Town. Whilst on Tristan d'Acunha I found that your valuable paper was a kind of standard work, and that it was perused with great satisfaction by the 'old man' of the island—a venerable grey-haired man of the name of Green, who assured me he reads the paper 'because,' as he said, 'it recalled happy memories of the old country.' He was born in England. He takes great pains to instil into the minds of the Tristan juveniles 'the true and manly English spirit which characterises this specimen of the abilities of his countrymen.'"

### CURIOUS CATS.

F. S. writes: "Allow me to add a few words to your interesting article on Cats. My constant companion is a small and rather handsome tabby. He is very fond of potato-peelings, and dry bread, and boot-laces. He is also partial to flowers, and seldom fails to pull them out of the glass if he is left alone with them. He has learned to unfasten the button of the meat-safe, and avails himself of this accomplishment rather too often. One day when he was yet a kitten he got playing with the cork from a bottle of curry-powder, and, I suppose, he got stung by some of the condiment. Ever since that day he gives me a wide berth imme-

diately the curry-bottle is produced. My cat sometimes disappears for a day or two, and comes back very stout and very sleepy, with rather suspicious traces of chicken feathers about his jaws and whiskers. On some occasions my pet has slyly followed me down to the station on the chance of a trip to Bristol, and I have to get some village boy to take him home. Sometimes I have to keep at my desk until two or three o'clock in the morning, and very lonely should I feel in my country lodgings were it not for my little cat. For hours will he sit quite close to my right hand, dozing and blinking, and watching my pen. In some way he found out long ago how very deaf I am, so when he wants to be let out he pats my pen, or pulls my sleeve, and gives an elaborate flourish with his tail. My life is a lonely and quiet one, but my little cat and I are very happy. I know he is, for when he is in my lap while I am reading I can feel his plump soft sides thrill with satisfaction, though I shall never hear the sound of his purring.

"Your Bristol readers may like to know that in the window of the shop belonging to Mr. Hopkins, bird-fancier, of Victoria Street, is frequently to be seen a small brown tabby calmly sleeping amidst quite a colony of valuable foreign birds."





## THE SILVER CAÑON: A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XIII.—BLACK BOY AMUSES HIMSELF.

UPON learning the fact that they had so nearly crossed the ridge of mountains, the doctor resolved next day to proceed as far as the point where the adventure with the bears had taken place, and there endeavour, by the aid of his glass, to determine which direction to take; whether to find a ravine by which they might descend into the plain, or whether it would be better to remain amongst these mountains, and here continue his search.

The place was reached in due time, and for the time being there seemed to be no chance of getting down into the plain, either to search for the bears or to pursue their course in that direction.

The doctor examined the slopes and ravines, plunged down into the most sheltered chasms, and chipped at the fragments of rock, but no sign of silver rewarded the search, and their journey would have been useless but for the fact that, as they were making a circuit, Josès suddenly arrested them, for he had caught a glimpse of a little flock of mountain sheep, and these he and Bart immediately set themselves to try and stalk.

It was no easy task, for the little group were upon a broad shelf high above them, and in a position that gave them an excellent opportunity for seeing approaching danger. But this time, after taking a long circuit, the hunters were rewarded by finding themselves well within shot, and only separated from the timid beasts by some rugged masses of rock.

These they cautiously approached, crawling upon hands and knees, when, after glancing from one to the other by way of signal, Bart and Josès fired exactly together, with the result that a splendid young ram made a bound into the air and rolled over the edge of the shelf, falling crashing down amongst the bushes and loose stones, to land at last but a very short distance from where the doctor was awaiting his companions' return.

The most remarkable part of the little hunt, though, was the action of the rest of the flock, which went off with headlong speed to the end of the shelf of the mountain, where they seemed to charge the perpendicular face of the rock and run up it like so many enlarged beetles, to disappear directly after over the edge of the cliff upon which they had climbed.

"At last!" panted Bart, eagerly. "We shall have something good in the larder to-day instead of running short."

"Just you wait till you've tasted it," said Josès, as he came up, drew his knife, and he and Sam rapidly dressed the sheep, getting rid of the useless parts, and dividing it so that each might have a share of the load back to camp, where Josès's words proved true, the various joints being declared to be more delicious than any meat the eaters had tasted yet.

In these thorough solitudes amongst the hills the practice of keeping watch had not been so strictly attended to as during the journeying in the plains, for the horse-Indians seldom visited these rugged places—in fact, none but the searchers after mineral treasures were likely to come into these toilsome regions. Hence it was then that the next night the party were so wanting in vigilance.

Harry had been appointed to the latter

half of the night, and after diligently keeping guard through the earlier hours, Josès awakened his successor, and fully trusting in his carrying out his duties, went and lay down in his blanket, and in a few seconds was fast asleep.

That morning at sunrise, after a delicious night's rest, Bart rose to have a look round before breakfast, when to his horror he saw that the camp was apparently in the hands of the Indians, who had been allowed by the negligent sentinel to approach while those who would have defended it slept.

Bart's first movement was to seize his gun, his next to arouse the doctor.

Then he stopped short, sorry for what he had done, for just then, free from all sling and stiffness in his wounded arm, their old friend the chief came striding across the open space before the waggon, and upon seeing Bart held out his hands in token of friendship.

Bart shook hands with him, and as he glanced round he could see that the faces of those around were all familiar except one, whom the chief had beckoned to approach, which the strange Indian did with a stately air, when a short conversation between them and the chief took place, after which the new comer turned to Bart, and said in very fair English,

"The great chief Beaver-with-the-Sharp-Teeth bids me tell you that he has been back to his people to fetch one of his warriors who can speak the tongue of the pale-faced people, and I am that warrior. The great chief Beaver-with-the-Sharp-Teeth says it is peace, and he comes to see his friends and the great medicine man, who brought him back to life when wounded by the poisonous arrows of the Indian dogs of the plains."

"We are very glad to see Beaver-with-the-Sharp-Teeth again," cried Bart, heartily, "and delighted to find he has brought a great warrior who can speak our language?"

"So that it flows soft and sweet," said a hoarse voice, and Josès stood up. "How are you, chief?"

The hearty, friendly look and extended hand needed no interpretation, and the greeting between them was warm enough to bring smiles into the faces of all the Indians, who had no scruple soon afterwards about finishing the mountain muton.

After the breakfast Bart and the doctor learned that the chief Beaver, as it was settled to call him, had been off really on purpose to get an interpreter, knowing that he could find the trail of his friends again, and this he had done, following them right into the mountains, and coming upon them as we have seen.

Conversation was easy now, and Bart learned that their friends had had a severe fight in the plains a short time before the first meeting, and that the Beaver had felt sure that he would die of his wound, and be left in the wilderness the same as they had left fifteen of their number, the odds against them having been terribly great.

Later on came questions, the Beaver being anxious to know why the doctor's party were there.

"You have not come upon the war-path," the Beaver said, "for you are weak

in number, and you have brought a woman. Why are you here?"

Then the doctor explained his object—to find a vein of either gold or silver somewhere in the mountains, and as soon as it was all interpreted, the chief laughed outright.

"He does not set much store by the precious metals, Bart," said the doctor; "and when I see the simplicity of their ways, it almost makes me ashamed of our own."

Just then the Beaver talked earnestly for a few moments with the warrior who interpreted, and returned to the doctor.

"The Beaver-with-the-Sharp-Teeth says you gave him life when all was growing black, and he thought to see his people never more; and now he says that he rejoices that he can take his brother across the plains to where a great river runs deep down by the side of a mighty mountain, where there is silver in greater quantities than can be carried away."

"Does the chief know of such a place?" cried the doctor, excitedly.

"Yes; he and I have seen it often," said the Indian.

"And will he take me there?"

"Yes; the Beaver will take his brother there, and give it all into his hands."

"At last!" cried the doctor, excitedly. Then in a low voice, "Suppose it should not prove to be silver after all?"

"I know it is silver," said the Indian, quietly. "Look," he cried, taking a clumsily-made ring from his medicine bag. "That came from there, so did the ring upon the lariat of the chief."

"Ask him when he will take me there," cried the doctor.

"He says now," replied the Indian, smiling at the doctor's eagerness and excitement. "It is a long way, and the plains are hot, and there is little water; but we can hunt as we go, and all will be well."

"You know the way from here down into the plain?" said the doctor. "It is a long way, is it not?"

The Indian smiled. "It is a very short journey," he said. "I know the way."

In effect they started as soon as the camp was struck, and the Beaver leading the way, took them down a deep gulch, of whose existence they were unaware, by which they made an easy descent into the plain, and into which they passed with such good effect that at sunset the bold bluff where the adventure with the bears had taken place stood up in the distance, with the steep wall falling away on either side, looking diminutive in the distance, and very different from what it really was.

They had had a rapid progress over a long range of perfectly level plain, the horses, after the toils in the mountains, seeming quite excited at having grass beneath their feet; and hence it was that when they were camping for the night, and Bart's beautiful cob with long mane and tail had been divested of saddle and bridle, and after being watered was about to be secured by its lariat to the tether peg, the excitable little creature, that had been till now all docility and tractableness, suddenly uttered a shrill neigh, pranced, reared up, and before Bart could seize it by the mane, went off across the plain like the wind.



The loss of such a beast would have been irreparable, and the doctor and Joses ran to untether their horses to join pursuit, but before they could reach them the Beaver and half a dozen of his men were after the cob at full speed, loosing their lariats as they rode and holding them over their heads ready to use as lassos as

Just then the Indian threw himself lightly from his nag and drew near to Bart with the horsehair rein in his hand. Then he made signs to the young fellow to mount.

"Do you mean that you will lend me the pony to go after my own?" said Bart, eagerly.

The Indian did not understand his words,

a pale-faced, undersized human animal in strange clothes mounted upon it; and the proper thing seemed to be to kick him off as soon as it could.

These seemed to be the ideas of the Indian pony as exemplified by its acts; but the wildest of animals of the horse-family cannot always do as they please, and it was evidently with something like astonishment that the little steed found Bart still fixed firmly upon its back instead of flying over its head or slipping off backwards over the tail.

This being so, the pony began to what is called "buck," that is to say, instead of letting its back remain in an agreeable hollow curve, one which seems to have been made by nature on purpose to hold a human being, it curved its spine in the opposite direction, arching it as a cat would, but of course in a modified way, and then began leaping up from the earth in a series of buck jumps, all four hoofs from the ground at once.

Still, in spite of this being the most difficult form of horse trouble to master, Bart kept his seat. He was jerked about a great deal, but he had been long used to riding restive horses, and he sat there as coolly as if in a chair.

Then the Indian pony uttered a few shrill snorts and squeaks, throwing up its head, and finally turning round, first on one side then upon the other, it tried to bite its rider's legs—attacks which Bart met by a series of sharp blows, given with the lariat that was coiled by the horse's neck.

These pranks went on for a few minutes, the Indian looking smilingly on the while, till, seeing that Bart was not to be dislodged, the pony began to back and finally lay down.

This of course dismounted the rider, and with a snort of triumph the pony sprang to its feet again, evidently meaning to bound off after Black Boy and enjoy a turn of freedom.

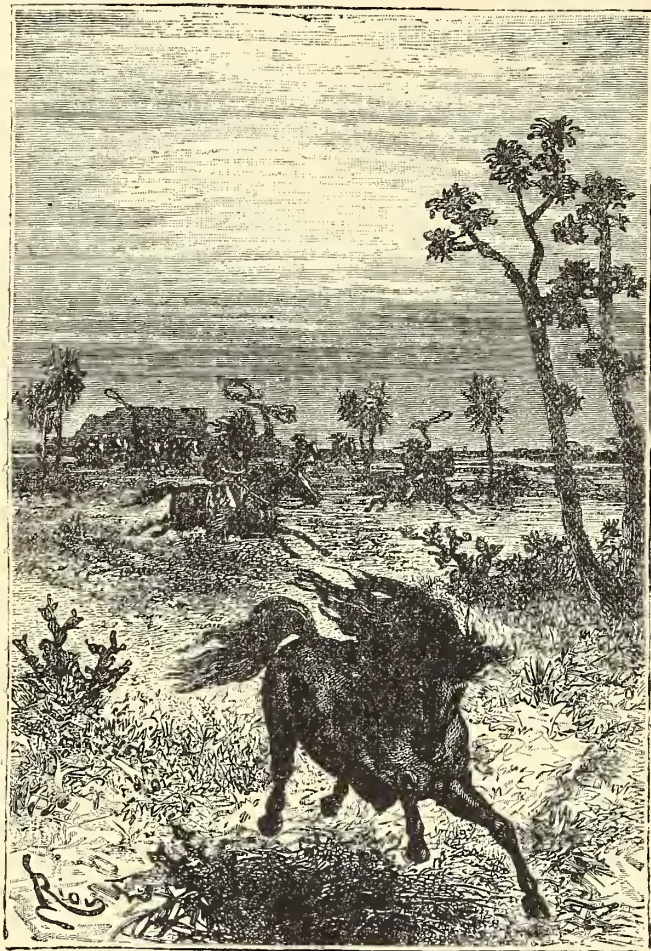
The pony had reckoned without its rider, for Bart was too old at such matters to leave his grasp of the rein, and the Indian cob's first knowledge of its mistake was given by a sharp check to its under jaw, round which the horsehair rope was twitched, the next by finding its rider back in his old place where he had leaped as lightly as could be.

The Indian gave an approving grunt, and uttering what was quite a sigh, the pony resigned itself to its fate, and obeying the touch of Bart's heel, went off at a fine springing gallop.

It was a long chase and an arduous one, for Black Boy seemed to laugh to scorn all attempts at capture—of course these were horse laughs—and led his pursuers a tremendous run; and had it not been for his master, late as he was in the field, the cob would not have been captured that night. As it was, Bart went off at speed, setting at defiance prairie-dogs' burrows, and other holes that might be in his way, and at last he contrived to cut off a corner so as to get nearer to his nag, when, taking the rein beneath his leg, he placed both hands to his mouth and uttered a long shrill cry.

It acted like magic upon Black Boy, who recognised it directly as his master's call, and having had his frolic, he trotted slowly towards where Bart cantered on, suffered himself to be caught, and the party returned in triumph, none the worse, save the tiring, for the adventure.

(To be continued.)



"Revering in its newly-found liberty."

soon as they could get within reach of the fugitive.

No easy task this, for as, dolefully enough, Bart looked on from the waggon, he could see his little horse keeping a long distance ahead, while now the Indians seemed to be making to the left to try and cut the restive little creature off as he made for a wild-looking part of the plain, about a couple of miles away.

Bart was helpless, for there was no horse of their own left that was of the slightest use for pursuit of his swift little cob, and all he could do was to stare after those engaged in the pursuit in a hopeless way as the truant galloped on at full speed, swishing its tail, tossing its head, and apparently revelling in its newly-found liberty.

All at once Bart became aware of the fact that one of the Indians had been for some minutes watching him attentively, and the man had uttered a low guttural laugh as if he were enjoying the youth's misfortune.

"I wonder how he would like it," thought Bart, as he darted an indignant look at the Indian, who sat upon his swift pony like a group cut in bronze. "He might just as well have gone after Black Boy, for his pony looks as if it could go."

but evidently realised their meaning, for he smiled and nodded, and placed the rein in Bart's hand, when he leaped into the saddle, or rather into the apology for a saddle, for it was only a piece of bison hide held on by a bandage, while a sort of knob or peg was in the place of the pommel, a contrivance invented by the Indians to hold on by when attacking a dangerous enemy, so as to lie as it were alongside of their horse, and fire or shoot arrows beneath its neck, their bodies being in this way thoroughly protected by their horses.

The Indian smiled and drew back, when Bart touched the pony with his heel, the result being that, instead of going off at a gallop, the little restive beast reared up, pawing at the air with its hoofs, and nearly falling backwards upon its rider.

The Indian looked on intently as if ready to leap forward and seize the middle should Bart be dismounted. But the lad kept his seat, and the pony went on all fours again, but only to begin kicking furiously, to dislodge the strange white-faced being upon its back. It was like an insult to an animal that had been accustomed to carry true-blooded Indians all its life, dressed in skins, ornamented with feathers and neatly painted up for special occasions, to have

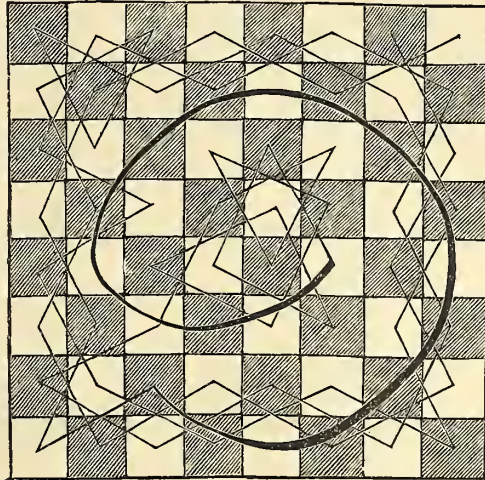


## HIPPOGRAPHY.

HERE is a new development of the Knight's Tour, invented by Mr. A. L. Maczusi, and published now for the first time.

To move the knight over the chessboard so as to rest once on every square is a problem of considerable difficulty which it took an Euler to solve, but Mr. Maczusi treats such a labour as mere child's play, and not only travels all over the board, but by means of the knight's track writes any letter you please upon it as he does so! Not content with a single letter, he even launches forth into monograms!

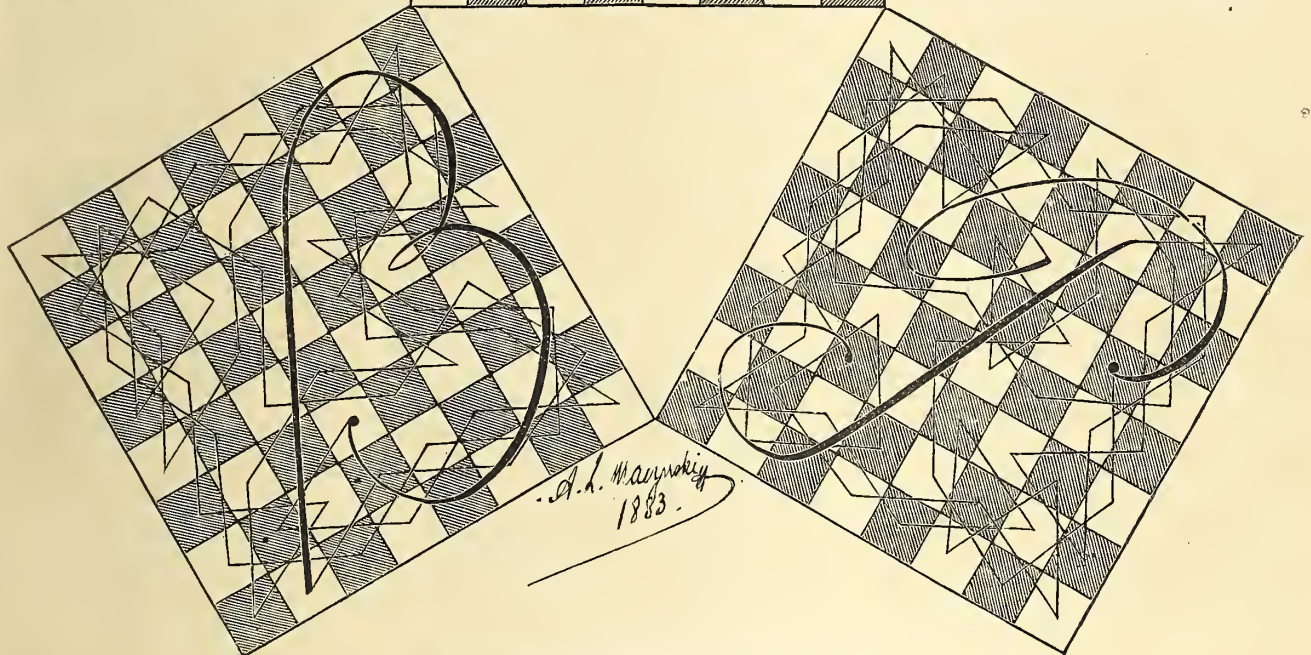
He has designed for us the three letters "B. O. P." on separate boards, so that our readers may have as little difficulty as possible in understanding the principle on which he works. In the "B" he begins to write at once, and then visits the remaining squares; in the "O" and "P" he writes in the middle of his journey.



The knight starts from the corner, as in the ordinary Euler voyage. Cavil not at the form of the letters he makes, "'tis all for your delight!"

Not only can all the letters of the alphabet be designed in this way, but combinations of them are also possible, and the mottoes and proverbs that have yet been done in the Maczusi calligraphy have a singularly novel and pleasing appearance.

This may seem a very simple matter to some boys—just "the sort of thing any fellow can do!" Well, now they have seen it done, perhaps they would like to take the knight round and sketch out their own initials on the chequered board in the same way. If so, and they send them on—they must not, owing to the rights being reserved, forward them to any other publication—we may find space at some future date to give one or two of the most promising of their hippographic monograms.



## TRAPS, AND ALL ABOUT THEM;

INCLUDING HINTS ON MOLE, OTTER, WEASEL, RAT, SQUIRREL, AND BIRD TRAPPING.

By J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

*Author of "Fish, and How to Catch Them," etc., etc.*

II.—THE WEASEL, STOAT, AND POLECAT (*continued from p. 138*).

I do not counsel sparing the weasel any more than the rat. The best place for the gins to be set is underneath a wall whereby the weasel is known to travel. The best trap unquestionably is the steel trap, or gin, and the best bait is the inside of a newly-killed rabbit. This is the concrete essence of my experience. You can scent the bait with musk, and this addition will often prove of exceeding service. At the ends of drains, in the hollows of old buildings, in the dry tracts of ditches, by old trees—all these are likely places, and a careful watch will often discover their tracks. In setting the gin do not allow it to spring hard as if you expected an elephant of the Jumbo type to tread on the plate. On the contrary, let it spring very lightly, and if possible hang the bait up, so that

the creature puts a foot on the plate, and so gets caught. A very good sort of trap for open places is a fall-trap, which may be made at home, and is useful for nearly all kinds of vermin, including even birds (see Fig. 11). Some little explanation is necessary for the complete understanding of this trap. A is a board hollowed near the letter A to receive *e* when the trap falls. B is a slab of lead or iron cut to admit *a* and *f*; *h* is a hinge holding *c*, which, when adjusted at *g*, impinges on *a*, and so sustains the slab B. On the little hooks *d* the bait is fixed, and the weasel confidently places his foot on *e*. Of course *f* then springs from *g*, and down falls the slab, crushing the captive instantly. A stone slab is quite as useful, if not more so, than lead or iron, and it is evident that

this fall-trap can be set with the greatest ease and delicacy.

The next useful trap is termed "The Fig. 4 Trap," from its resemblance to that character, and is shown in the engraving (Fig. 12). This consists of a large slab of stone, metal, or wood, propped up by three pieces of wood (*A*, *B*, and *C*). If the engraving be carefully examined it will be seen to consist of a perpendicular *A*, of a horizontal bar *C*, at one end of which is attached the bait *D*, and of a slanting stick *B*. The upright *A* is usually half an inch square, and cut to a sort of chisel-shape at top; a notch is also cut in the side of the stretcher *C*, as shown in the side diagram *a*, to prevent it slipping down; and a notch is also cut at the top of *B* to receive the upright, as well as in *C*, to fix it, *B* being at



this latter point of a chisel-shape. It will be obvious to the attentive reader that if this trap be set carefully, and with a sufficiency of delicacy, a very slight tug at D will be sufficient to bring down the slab, crushing the animal, or, if a hollow be made in the ground, imprisoning it. This trap, for nearly all vermin (of course, except moles), is very cheap and effective; and for cats—in their wrong places, of course—is remarkably useful, especially if D represent a sponge, on which tincture of valerian or oil of rhodium has been sprinkled. One advantage of

recent years, but in 1833 there were 105,139, and in 1850 187,000, coming chiefly from Siberia, Russia, and Norway.

The ferocity of this little animal is on an equality with that of the weasel. It also hunts by scent, and from the fact that I have taken the heads of three pheasants, one hare, and two water-rats from the nest of one, all in a fresh state, some kind of an idea can be formed of its iniquity in the preserves. There is one method of capturing both weasels and stoats which I have found very useful, though it entails the loss of an innocent

deep glossy brown. Its fur is not by any means so valuable as the marten or sable, but it is sought after in Northern Europe, and is known as the fitch amongst English furriers.

Its habits are very similar to those of both weasel and stoat, and it commonly kills chickens by biting the head off and then sucking the blood, leaving perhaps a dozen bodies as mementoes of its visitation. I have known it to catch fish, and I caught one late this summer in a trap set, as I supposed at the time, for an otter. The otter turned out to be a polecat,

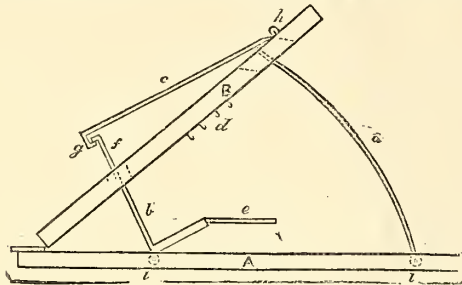


Fig. 11.

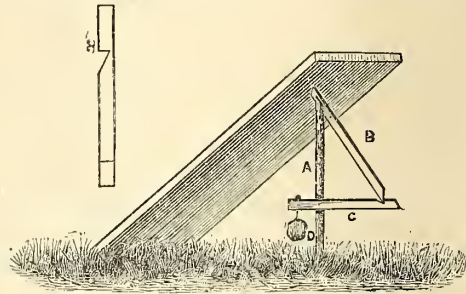


Fig. 12.

this trap is that it is inexpensive, and not likely to be coveted by anybody else.

The gin has, however, preference in my mind over other artificial traps for weasels, and I counsel all my readers to adopt it as the surest if their pockets will sustain the initial expense. There is, however, nothing lost in endeavouring to make your own traps, for such perseverance implies interest in the pursuit of trapping, and this necessarily is the central motive towards the acquirement of natural knowledge.

The stoat, or ermine weasel, is also very destructive to the larger game, such as pheasants and hares. It is, as every one probably knows, closely allied to the weasel, but is quite a third larger, being at least nine inches long when full grown. It is much rarer in these islands than the weasel, though we perhaps hear one as often mentioned as the other by country people. This fact probably arises from its being confounded with the weasel. Its coat changes in hard winter to nearly black, with the exception of the tail, and in the north of Europe the change is complete, when the fur is eagerly sought after by the natives, and exported chiefly to England as ermine for civic and legal robes, as well as ladies' mantles and muffs. I have no means of giving the number of skins imported during

live bird in many cases. Form a sort of oblong square with brushwood and close it all in except two narrow lanes leading to the centre, at which point peg down a young chicken or bird. Set the traps, as closely concealed as possible at the ends of these lanes, so that neither by ingress nor egress can the weasel or stoat escape without the chance of being caught. Each trap should be set very lightly, and in some dry ditch near a covert, or by the side of a wall, or, in fact, in any likely spot recognised by the trained eye.

Here is another bad character in the polecat, or founmart, and as it is the largest of the three it commonly does most damage, though in saying this I really am not sure I can place either of them first in this respect. All three—the weasel, stoat, and polecat—are unmitigated robbers and assassins, and according to opportunity are given indifferently to bad habits of the worst character. The polecat is, however, nearly sixteen inches from that to eighteen inches in length, and its bite is terrific and sometimes poisonous. Beware, therefore, of it when releasing one caught in a trap; in fact, as I before impressed on you, "kill it first." The body of the polecat has a woolly undercoat of a pale yellow, while the longer hairs are of a

however, which measured, exclusive of the tail, fourteen inches. Eels seemed to be the prey for which it took water, as I had previously found the remains of several half-eaten on the shore.

This circumstance was a strange one to me, and altogether exceptional, until I looked up my natural history books, when I found that Bewick refers to a similar fact in his "Quadrupeds." He says:—"During a severe storm one of these animals was traced in the snow from the side of a rivulet to its hole at some distance from it."

Its hole was examined, the founmart taken, and eleven fine eels were discovered as the fruits of its nocturnal exertions. The marks on the snow were found to have been made by the motions of the eels while in the creature's mouth." We have no reason for doubting Bewick, but it is certain that the polecat must have extracted the eels from either beneath stones or mud, where, during cold weather such as described, it is their infallible habit to retire in a semi-torpid condition.

In trapping it use a strong gin, and set very lightly. The baits are precisely similar to those for the preceding animals. Be, above all, careful to use the naked hands as little as possible.

(To be continued.)

## HOW TO LAY OUT A GARDEN.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N., C.B.

### III.—GARDENING AS EXERCISE—HOW TO CROP THE BEDS.

THERE is one thing to be said in favour of gardening, if not half a dozen; it is one of the most healthy employments that either man or boy could engage in. It calms the mind and interests it, while it exercises the body; indeed I hardly know any set of internal muscles of the body that it does not exercise. Just take for instance the vegetable-bed making I tried to describe in my last paper. Well, you have exercise combined and blended into one useful whole—walking, treading, stooping and rising, and vaulting. You walk from end to end of the beds along the gravelled garden walks, you tread along the narrow dividing path between the beds, you are constantly exercising all the muscles of the chest by stooping down and rising erect again, and you strengthen the loins and calves of the legs in vaulting over the flower borders to save them, or over the beds themselves if you are nimble enough and fairly long in the lower extremities. Now, exercise, in order to be really good for the health, must be pleasant to the mind; mere work is not exercise, any more than the treadmill is, because it depresses the mind and nervous system. But amateur gardening is

most exhilarating, and as it is all done in the fresh pure air, it is also calnatiue.

Whenever I myself come to a knotty point in my literary work, or my brains get tired and cloudy, I have two remedies; I either take my spade and hoe and start gardening, or I mount my tricycle and ride off and away "anywhere anywhere out of the world" of thought. In either case I take my note-book with me, for one can think calmly when gardening or riding the 'cycle.

Now a word more about the beds. You have them all nice and level. Well, before you commence cropping you must get rid of all the weeds. The best plan is to pull them up, but if the sun be shining you can use the Dutch hoe one day and gather the weeds the next. As you take them off the beds you can throw them down in the little dividing pathways, but do not leave them there. As soon as you have cleared the beds and raked them to a nicety, then get your gardening hamper and gather up the weeds, and carry or barrow them off to the manure heap.

In cropping the beds or sowing them the question will arise whether you should sow

broadcast or in drills. I say drills are best and neatest, and make thinning and weeding far more easy. Nine inches should be the space between each row of seeds as a rule. So you must measure your bed off evenly, and use your garden-line. The way I do is this. I measure six inches from the outer edge of the bed at both ends, putting in a peg at each, then from peg to peg I stretch my garden-line, nice and taut, and with the back of my garden rake I make my little drill, not more than about an inch and a half deep. Then I consider how many rows, eight or nine inches apart, the bed will contain, and with my garden-line and pegs for my guide, I make all my drills. Then I empty my seed into a small kitchen basin—N.B. You must not sow on a windy day, carrots and parsnip seed is very light and blows all about—and commence to sow.

So evenly, scattering the seeds well all along the bottom of the drill, but do not sow thickly; there is no use wasting the seeds.

One whole bed may be sown with one kind of seed, or three drills may be one kind and three another.

(To be continued.)



# THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE: WHAT IT IS, AND HOW TO ENTER IT.

By AVIET AGABEG, LL.B.

(Continued from page 149.)



EXT, with regard to English History, the best elementary work is the Student's Hume.

After that the intending competitor should study Bright's or Knight's Histories, or both. And for particular periods (for which much fuller information is necessary) he should, in addition to the above-mentioned works of Bright and Knight, endeavour to thoroughly master Hallam's "Constitutional History," Hume and Smollett's and also Macaulay's Histories.

Almost every English schoolboy able and fit to present himself for examination in classics at the first Indian Civil has, by the system of training he has gone through at his school, discovered what books to study in order to perfect himself in them. So that it is scarcely necessary for us to offer any advice as to this. But a word or two by way of suggestion as to the course to pursue may not be amiss. Whether it is wise, as has hitherto been the case, to make young Englishmen poets in the dead languages, we do not wish to discuss. But the fact is that now neither Greek nor Latin verse is necessary for the classical triposes, and it is not improbable that the good example set by the Universities will ere long be followed by the Civil Service Commissioners. At any rate the intending competitor would do well to employ his time more profitably than in converting English poetry into distorted Latin hexameters or Greek iambs, the utility of which is, to say the least, very questionable. One word more. In the selection of the classical works one should have an ulterior object, and thus choose such as would be of use to him not only in the cultivation of the language of ancient Greece and Rome, but also for that of the history and literature of those two nationalities. Take for example the works of Livy and Tacitus; they are instructive and useful as well for the study of the language as that of the history of Rome. Again, for the improvement of one's style even in English composition, a study of the style of Livy or of Cicero would not be thrown away.

Next as to mathematics. Professor Todhunter is the greatest living authority on all the branches of mathematics, and his works on them are the standard and best works, which we can honestly recommend to every intending competitor who might select mathematics as one of his subjects. Mathematics may be somewhat dry, but let not their dryness deter young men from a study of them, for, in our humble judgment, they are the best possible whetstone for the minds of youths; and, as we have already pointed out, if diligently and conscientiously studied will be of the greatest possible service to an intending competitor at the first Civil Service examination.

Let us now pass on to the modern languages, and take first of all French. For the study of

this language there are many grammars extant, all equally excellent; but, if we may be allowed to say so, without seeming to be paradoxical, some will be found to be more useful than others for an examination of this kind, and they are De Lisle's, Brachet's, and that by Noel and Chapsal. Besides these, "Exercices" by Brachet and by Noel and Chapsal, and also Turrell's "French Phraseology" and "Leçons Françaises en Prose et Vers" will be of great help. Turrell's "French Phraseology" is invaluable to one who wishes to learn idiomatic French and to speak it correctly and fluently. For a study of the language as well as of the literature of France, one must carefully read the standard works of the most eminent authors, such as, for example, Voltaire, Corneille, Racine, Molière, Lamartine, Guizot, Thiers, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Dumas, etc., etc. The intending competitor must not forget that he will be required to translate English into French prose, and for this purpose he cannot do better than pay close attention to the language, style, and peculiarities of the best French prose writers, and of these Lamartine and Thiers are the best models. In addition to this an idiomatic knowledge of the language is all-important. Lastly, with regard to the history of France, in order to acquire a knowledge of the general history of that country, one cannot do better than study Markham's History, and for more detailed information or knowledge of certain periods Lamartine's and Guizot's works, and Thiers's Histories of the "French Revolution" and of the "Consulate and Empire" are the most useful. In German we would recommend the intending competitor to study Otto's Grammar, Schiller's Dramas and Prose Writings, and Goethe's works. In Italian about the best grammar is that by Volpé; and besides this we would recommend, for the language as well as for the literature of that country, a study of Goldoni's comedies and Manzoni's works, paying particular attention to "Il mio prigioniero" and "Promessi sposi," by the last-named author. For German and Italian history we would recommend Markham's histories.

In Logic the most useful works are those by Whately and Mill, and a slight knowledge of the works of Jeremy Bentham, Hamilton, Bain, and Dugald Stewart might be of some service as well in this subject as in Political Economy, for which last-named subject one must thoroughly master the able works by Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, and the Right Honourable Henry Fawcett, the Postmaster-General of this country.

For learning Arabic one should study Forbes's Reading Lessons, the works of the late Professor Palmer, and such Arabic books as the Koran, Alif Laila, Al Fakhir, etc., etc.; and in order to be able to understand and translate the works efficiently as good an Arabic and English dictionary as can be procured. For Sanskrit one cannot do better than study the works of Professor Max Müller, and also endeavour to understand and translate such works as the Hitopadesa, the Story of Nala, Raghuvarana, etc., etc., with the aid of a good dictionary. And in order to procure such Sanskrit and Arabic dictionaries, as well as other works useful for the purpose of mastering these languages for the first Indian Civil Service examinations, one should go to the well-known Mr. Quaritch, of Piccadilly.

Lastly, with regard to the natural sciences, Roscoe's work on Chemistry is a very useful one, and we can recommend it. For electricity, magnetism, and experimental laws of heat and light, Ganot's Physics, by Atkinson, is very good, and for astronomy the competitor can study nothing better than Airy's well-known work on that subject.

Next, let us see how the above-mentioned subjects and works must be studied in order to achieve success in the first examination. We

have already shown that in order to perfect one's self in English composition mere cursory reading of the works of the authors we have named or of others will not be sufficient. The same remark applies to the study of English literature. The student must have the contents of the works of Spalding, Trench, and Chambers at his fingers' ends. But learning them like a parrot will not be sufficient. He must inwardly digest them, so as to be able to say without hesitation when the various writers lived, what they wrote, what difficulties some had to contend against, what advantages others received, to be able to give an account of their lives and writings, to discuss their various styles, to note the progress of the language and literature of this country, and the influence on each of them of eminent authors. And so in English history it will not be sufficient to be able, like a parrot, to give the dates of battles or of the reigns of the different kings, but he must also study the origin, object, result, and effect of wars and campaigns; the character, conduct, and policy of kings, statesmen, and other distinguished personages; compare the merits or demerits of some with those of others, discuss the progress or effect of events, the origin and consequences of measures, and their influence on men and times. This is the way to study English history; this, too, should be the mode of studying the histories of France, Germany, and Italy.

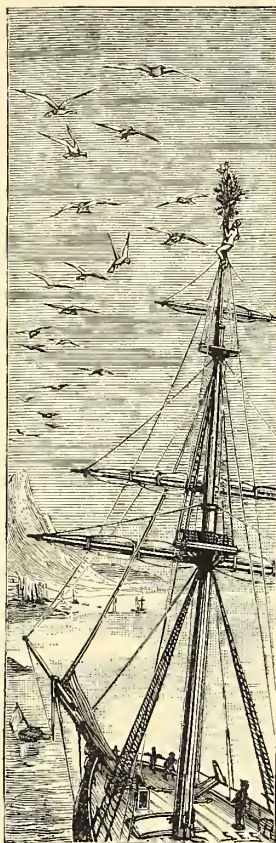
Again, with regard to learning the languages of those countries, one should endeavour not only to learn the equivalents in them for English words, but their grammatical rules, the *raison d'être* of the same, and their mode of construction. He should even in his leisure moments take English words, sentences, and expressions, and endeavour to translate them correctly and idiomatically into French, German, or Italian, for which he would find an ample field in words having more than one signification. For instance, he might know that the French word *célibataire* means an unmarried man or bachelor, but he should also learn the French equivalent for a bachelor of arts. He might know the meaning of the word *tempête*, but he should be able to give a correct translation into French of a "storm in a teapot." He might know the French equivalent for the word "feather," but he should also be able to give the French equivalent for "birds of a feather flock together," and so on. The same remarks apply to the study of the Oriental languages, and also to Latin and Greek, and what we have said or suggested in connection with the study of the history and literature of this country is equally applicable to the history and literature of Rome and Greece.

Next, as to mathematics. It is absolutely necessary to learn by heart what is known as book-work; but in doing so the student must try and follow the reasoning in every theorem and problem, and, guided by such reasoning and the rules and axioms which form part and parcel of every mathematical subject, he must endeavour to work out accurately similar problems. It is thus, and thus only, he can expect to be an efficient mathematician. Our remarks and suggestions as to the mode of studying English literature and mathematics apply with equal force to the mode of studying logic and political economy. Our remarks as to the study of mathematics are also applicable to that of mechanical philosophy. But in chemistry, electricity, magnetism, etc., etc., mere book-reading is not enough. The intending competitor must also attend courses of lectures and experiments at laboratories, etc., and, in doing so, watch every process and every part of a process, and by the aid of what he has learnt from books and seen at the laboratories make experiments, etc., himself, and thus learn the practical (and by no means an unimportant) part of these subjects.

(To be continued.)



## Correspondence.



A. B. C.—"My Flagstaff, and how I rigged it," was in No. 86.

A. GILBERT.—Not here. We gave three articles on "Insect Haunts round London" in Nos. 181, 182, 186.

BICYCLE TOURING CLUB.—This club is now merged in the Cyclists' Touring Club, and the secretary is Mr. E. R. Shipton, 139 and 140, Fleet Street, to whom application for membership should be made. The subscription is half-a-crown per annum. If you are a member of any recognised Amateur Cycling Club no references are necessary, but if not you must, except in a few cases, have two references. You can get a prospectus on application. C. T. C., 1418, and others are thanked.

H. M. S.—Information as to such appointments only holds good for the date when given. Apply direct to the Admiralty, S.W.

A. WILMERSDOERFFER.—If you can get the rape and canary seed to grow, the ripened grains will do just as well as those you buy at the shop.

ORKSBURY AND BEAU.—1. No sensible lad would be ashamed of a sunburnt complexion, or seek for "a remedy for it." We only wish that all our readers had the opportunity of "discolouring themselves in the fresh air." 2. Leave the grease alone. Keep your head clean, and chance the baldness.

E. G.—The colours for crayons are dissolved and mixed with prepared chalk, writing, alum white, pipeclay, etc. They are then pressed into shape and dried. The colour changes as they dry, so that great allowances have to be made. In short, you had better draw in black and white, and leave crayon sketching alone, unless you can manage to buy your materials. The process is almost too simple to be interesting, and the result to amateurs is very little knowledge and very much mess. There is a sixpenny edition of Captain Marryat's "Masterman Ready," published by George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden.

A. E. G.—No. "A youth of eighteen just about to be apprenticed to the engineering," will spend his time much more profitably in studying the theory of his profession than in earning a few halfpence in conducting a small agency.

WHIT MORTIMER.—You had far better buy one of the Civil Service Guides. Any bookseller will procure it for you.

J. DODSON.—There are Whitworth and other scholarships, particulars of which you will find in the "Science Directory." Apply for it to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W., enclosing sevenpence in stamps. There is a special prospectus of the Whitworth Scholarships, which is obtainable post free for fourpence. The year for such courses begins in October.

ERNEST BAKER.—Waterloo was the last battle fought between England and France.

F. ALLSOPP AND GINGER.—The best and most practical treatise on Cricket is that by Dr. W. G. Grace in our second volume. Get the volume; it costs only seven shillings and sixpence—but a trifle more than any of the cricket manuals that are worth anything. There is no book published which will give you so much information on practice and play.

J. R. TAYLOR.—A pure delusion. There are no such things as thunderbolts, and you will only find mention of them in dictionaries compiled by persons who know nothing of electrical science, and who have copied their definitions from obsolete sources. The thunderbolts of our ancestors were the fossil cuttlefishes now known as Belemnites. In Jupiter's thunderbolts, as in a great many other things, the synbol has been mistaken for the thing signified.

G. A. HILTON.—You must take very great care in japping your bicycle, or you will spoil it. The best thing you can use is one of the special preparations obtainable from the bicycle people, of whom there are so many to choose from in Birmingham. Japan is simply shellac varnish mixed with lamp-black, vegetable black, or any other colour you prefer. Success is obtained by laying the colour on evenly and thinly with an exceedingly good brush, and always working in the same direction.

CAPTAIN CUTLER.—1. You can "dispose" of the "twenty French coins of the reign of Napoleon III. of the value of dix centimes" by buying a copy of the Boy's Own Paper for twenty consecutive weeks, and paying for each copy with one of the mysterious coins. 2. Their value is one penny each, and there are thousands of them in this country passing current amongst our own people.

L. BOULTON and P. BERRY.—The particulars you can obtain from the Secretary, Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster; and the examination papers from Stanford, Charing Cross.

C. B. RUTHERFORD.—We have frequently said that we do not answer letters by post, and we cannot undertake to send any correspondent a copy of the paper in which his answer appears unless he applies to the publisher after it is issued, and enclosing stamps, clearly states the number he requires. We know nothing of your communication, but we do not see how you could expect an answer in the time. Write again, and omit the stamp inside.

BOATMAN.—Cutters are best, then yawls, then schooners. If you put your schooner's mainmast almost in the centre of the length, and give her a long mainboom and a small gaff-foresail, you will get her nearer the mark. Why cannot you spell yacht properly?—what do you do with your eyes when you read? How could yacht ever run into yacht, yockt, yokt, yot?

T. F. BEALE.—There are a great many more than four republics in the world. Refer to South America. There are four in Europe—France, Switzerland, Andorra, and San Marino.

LITTLE LEISURE.—To bend the ribs for your boat draw the curves you wish them to take on a stout piece of board, and along the curves drive in strong screws about an inch apart. Steam the wood you have prepared for your ribs, and fix two pieces, one over the other, tight up against each line of screws, by more screws or a few nails. When the wood is thoroughly dry you will find it has permanently assumed the shape you wished, and having worked in doubles to the same template, your curves for the ribs are identical, and your boat will not be lopsided.

CYMRÆS.—You can get the promptness of payment by sending the waste-paper to Lloyd's Paper Mills, Sittingbourne, Kent, but we doubt if you will get the price you mention, unless you have very carefully picked it over. Why not write to the mills first?

L. G.—1. The letters MS. are the initials of Manuscript. The Harleian MSS. are a collection of papers in ordinary handwriting, and not of books in type.

G. A. HAMILTON.—No, chalk is the worst thing you can give for egg-bound. Castor-oil would be better. But warm treacle mixed with groundsel is usually given warm.

WESLEY COLLEGE.—1. Answered. 2. Conscience-money is money sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by conscience-stricken individuals who have found it impossible to support any longer the whole of the weight of guilt at having misled the income-tax assessors, and so relieve themselves by sending in a trifle on account. 3. Nothing.

ERNEST J. MORRIS.—Thanks for your letter, but we do not think that the ruins you found at La Bouille, near Rouen, in France, are those of a maze. Perhaps, as you suggest, this notice may induce some of our readers who may be in the neighbourhood to send us their opinions on the matter.

SCRAPER.—1. The best sound-posts for violins are those that have been cut down out of the sound-posts of tenors, cellos, or double-basses. In fact, the more the wood has been vibrated the better it will act. Such posts are of course luxuries, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a piece of fine, even-grained pine is used. 2. There should be as much life in the third as in the other strings. The one you are using may be too thick or too thin for the fiddle; try another.

ANTIQUO JURE.—On page 614 of Vol. IV. you will find a column giving the full code of the rule of the road on the water. It was published in the July Part for 1882, No. 179.

A. G. S.—1. The fact of your being a subscriber or not makes no difference. 2. No licence is required to publish a periodical, but the paper must bear the printer's name.

GAMMA.—"Had I but strength to hold the earth," etc., is by Dr. Watts. See any collection.

C. E. W.—1. Your fish will never live in the wooden tank. There are other things besides the putty which will kill them. 2. The Amateur Champion Hammer Thrower for 1882 was Mr. E. Baddeley, of Cambridge University. His throw was 96ft. 4in.

J. B. EVANS.—Never tamper with your eyes. Consult a doctor.

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM RAYNOR, K.C.B.—When you become so reduced in circumstances as to be obliged "to sell periodicals from house to house," you will have to take out a hawk's licence.

F. PRICE.—We are not up to date. Were this a newspaper we should be very glad to insert such paragraphs, but at present, as you see, it is impossible for us to do so.

L. G. S.—We are sorry to say we are not able to identify your caterpillar. It is not an easy task. We are pretty good entomologists, but your description is not quite clear enough. He is not the right sort of caterpillar if he has sixteen legs. He is too original in his understanding!

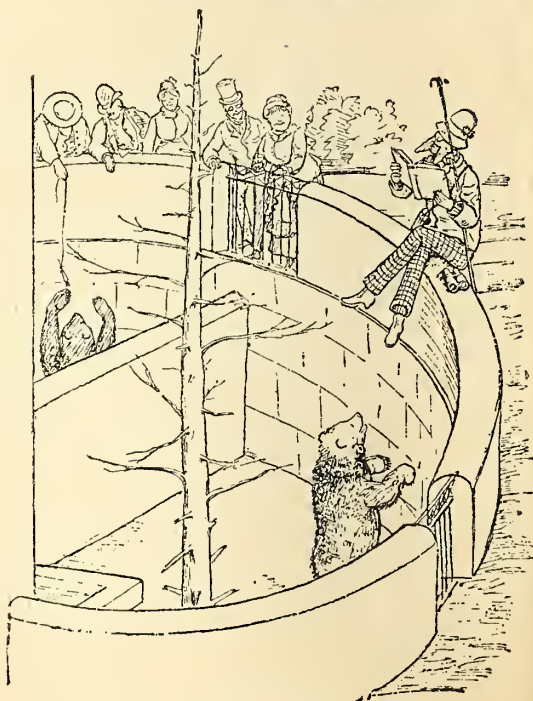
A MEMBER OF THE W. C. C. C.—It rests entirely with yourselves, and we have nothing whatever to do with it. Had your fixtures been sent to the proper quarter, and officially published, they would have found a place in our calendar. If you do not send your season's report to the cricket annuals you must expect the cricketing world to ignore you. There are special reasons for our being fully acquainted with the standing of your famous school. We particularly stated that we did not give the arms of all the schools.

LETTER BAGS.—Allow six weeks by shortest route. The mail from London to Adelaide takes thirty-eight days, from London to Melbourne forty days, from London to Sydney forty-three days, from London to Brisbane forty-seven days, from London to Auckland thirty-nine days. All the Peninsular and Oriental boats, most of the Orient liners, and all the Queensland boats, go through the Suez Canal. The New Zealand mail goes across the Atlantic to New York, across America by rail to San Francisco, and thence by steam to Honolulu, Auckland, and Sydney. The P. and O. Company take the mails to Adelaide, the British India Steam Navigation Company take the mails to Queensland, going by way of Torres Straits. The P. and O. Company and the Orient Company take the mails to Melbourne, and the Orient Company take the mails to Sydney, and the Californian Company, after delivering the New Zealand mail, go on to Sydney. Hence Melbourne and Sydney have two regular mail lines; Adelaide, Brisbane, and Auckland only one, though of course there are many subsidiary mails. There are now two direct lines of steamers between New Zealand and London, doing the distance under forty-five days.

SEASHELL.—In Rutland there are 94,889 acres, in Flintshire 160,807.

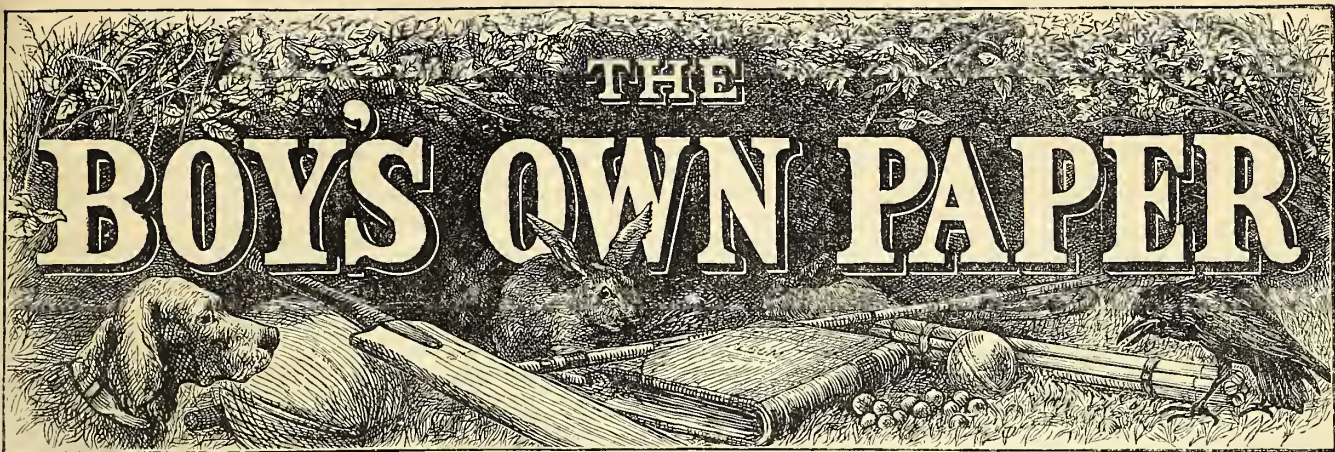
## DESIGNS FOR LANTERN SLIDES.

## A BEAR STORY, IN NINE CHAPTERS.



1.—Bravado!





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was not a bad fellow by any means; and when the mutiny against the new captain first began, he flattered himself that by allowing himself to be set up in opposition he was really doing a service to Willoughby, and securing the school against a great many disasters which were certain to ensue if Riddell were left supreme.

But in these lofty hopes he was getting to be a trifle disappointed. In his own



## THE WILLOUGHBY CAPTAINS:

A SCHOOL STORY.

By TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "My Friend Smith," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—BLOOMFIELD IN TRIBULATION.

BLOOMFIELD was beginning to discover already that the new dignity to which he had been raised by his own partisans at Willoughby was anything but a bed of roses. Vain and easily led as he was, he

"I'm reported, please."



House, of course, especially among those over whom he was wont to rule in athletic sports his authority was paramount. But these, after all, constituted only a small section of Willoughby. Over the rest of the school his influence was strangely overlooked, and even the terrors of his arm failed to bring his subjects to obedience.

It was all very well at first, when the one idea was indignation against the Doctor's new appointment. But as soon as the malcontents discovered that they had raised one more tyrant over their own heads, they began to find out their mistake, and did their best to correct it. They argued that as they had elected Bloomfield themselves they weren't bound to obey him unless they chose; and when it came to the point of having to give up their own will in obedience to his, they remembered he was not the real captain of Willoughby and had no right to order them!

So poor Bloomfield did not find things quite as comfortable as he had expected.

One of the first rebuffs he got was administered by no less stately a hand than that of Master Telson of the School House.

This young gentleman ever since his last unfortunate expedition in "Noah's Ark" had been somewhat under a cloud. His forced absence from the river for a whole week had preyed upon his spirits. And when at the end of that period he did revisit his old haunts, armed with a captain's permit, it was only to discover that whatever small chance he ever had of coxing his house's boat at the coming regatta, had vanished under the new arrangement which had brought Riddell into the boat.

It is only fair to say that this disappointment, keen as it was, had no effect on his loyalty. He was as ready as ever to fight any one who spoke ill of the School House. But it certainly had given him a jar, which resulted in rather strained relations with some of his old allies in Parrett's.

Of course nothing could shake his devotion to Parson. That was secure whatever happened, but towards the other heroes of Parrett's, particularly the seniors, he felt unfriendly. He conceived he must have been the victim of a plot to prevent his steering the School House boat. It was the only reason he could think of for his ill-luck; and though he never tried to argue it out, it was pretty clear to his own mind some one was at the bottom of it. And if that was so, who more likely than Bloomfield and Game and that lot, who had everything to gain by his being turned out of the rival boat?

This was the state of mind of our aggrieved junior one afternoon not long before the regatta, as he strolled dismally across the "Big" on his way to the river. Parson was not with him. He was down coxing his boat, and the thought of this only reminded Telson of his own bad luck, and added to his ill-temper.

He was roused from his moody reflections by the approach of two boys, who hailed him cheerily.

"What cheer?" Telson, old man," cried King, "how jolly blue you look! What's the row?"

"Nothing," replied Telson.

"We've just been down to see the boats. Awful spree to see old Riddell steering! isn't it, Boshier?"

"Yes," said Boshier; "but he's better than he was."

"Never mind, they won't lick us," said King. "You should have seen our boat! Bless you, those School House louts—"

"King, I'll fight you!" said Telson.

"Oh! beg pardon, old man, I didn't—eh—what?"

This last remark was caused by the fact that Telson was taking off his coat. King, utterly taken aback by these ominous preparations, protested his sorrow, apologised, and generally humiliated himself before the offended School House junior.

But Telson had been looking out for a cause of quarrel, and now one had come; he was just in the humour for going through with the business. "Do you funk it?" he asked.

"Oh, no; not that, old man," said King, still friendly, and very slowly unbuttoning his jacket; "but I'll apologise, Telson, you know."

"Don't want any apologising; I want to fight," said Telson. "I'll take young Boshier too."

"Oh!" said Boshier, rather alarmed, "I don't want to fight."

"Get out of the way!" cried the majestic Telson, brushing past him towards King, who now stood with his coat off and a very apologetic face, ready for the young bantam's disposal.

Telson and King fought there and then. It was not a very sanguinary contest, nor was it particularly scientific. It did Telson good, and it did not do King much harm. The only awkward thing about it was that neither side knew exactly when to stop. Telson claimed the victory after every round, and King respectfully disputed the statement. Telson thereupon taunted his adversary with "funking it," and went at him again, very showy in action, but decidedly feeble in execution. King, by keeping one arm over his face and working the other gently up and down in front of his body, was able to ward off most of the blows aimed, and neither aspired nor aimed to hit out himself.

The "fight" might have lasted a week had not Game, coming up that way from the boats, caught sight of it. As it was neither an exciting combat nor a profitable one, the Parrett's monitor considered it a good case for interfering, as well as for calling in the authority of the popular captain.

"King and Telson," he said, stepping between the combatants, "stop it, and come to Bloomfield's study after chapel. You know fighting in the 'Big' is against rules."

"What are we to go to Bloomfield for?" demanded Telson, whose temper was still disturbed.

"For breaking rules," said Game, as he walked on.

"Shall you go?" said Telson to King as the two slowly put on their coats.

"Yes, I suppose so, or he'll give us a licking."

"I shan't go; he's not the captain," said Telson.

"I say, you'll catch it if you don't," said King, with apprehension in his looks. "They're always down on you if you don't go to the captain when you're told."

"I tell you he's not the captain," replied Telson, testily, "and I shan't go. If they want to report me they'll have to do it to Riddell."

With which virtuous decision he went his way, slightly solaced in his mind by the fight, and still more consoled by the prospect of a row ahead.

Telson was quite 'cute enough to see he had a strong position to start with, and if

only he played his cards well he might score off the enemy with credit.

He therefore declined an invitation to Parson to partake of shrimps and jam at tea, and kept himself in his own house till the time appointed for reporting himself to the captain. Then, instead of going to Bloomfield, he presented himself before Riddell.

"Well?" said the captain, in his usual half-apologetic tone.

"Oh!" said Telson, "I'm reported, please, Riddell."

"What for? Who reported you?" asked Riddell.

"Game—for fighting," replied Telson.

"He hasn't told me of it. You'd better come in the morning."

"Oh! it's all right," said Telson. "I was fighting King in the 'Big' this afternoon."

Riddell looked perplexed. This was the first case of a boy voluntarily delivering himself up to justice, and he hardly knew what to do.

However, he had found out thus much by this time—that it didn't so much matter what he did as long as he did something.

"You know it's against rules," said he, as severely as he could, "and it's not the first time you've done it. You must do fifty lines of Virgil, and stop in the house on Monday and Tuesday."

"All right! Thanks," said Telson, rapidly departing, and leaving Riddell quite bewildered by the apparent gratitude of his fag.

Telson betook himself quietly to his study and began to write his lines. It was evident from the restless way in which he looked up at every footstep outside he did not expect to remain long undisturbed at this harmless occupation. Nor was he disappointed.

In about ten minutes King entered and said, "I say, Telson, you're in for it! You're to go to Bloomfield directly."

"What's he given you?"

"A licking!" said King; "and stopped my play half a week. But I say, you'd better go—sharp!"

"I'm not going," said Telson.

"What!" exclaimed King, in amazement.

"Cut it!" said Telson; "I'm busy."

"He sent me to fetch you," said King.

"Don't I tell you I'm not coming? I'll lick you, King, if you don't cut it!"

King did "cut it" in a considerable state of alarm at the foolhardiness of his youthful comrade.

But Telson knew his business. No sooner had King gone than he took up his Virgil and paper, and repaired once more to Riddell's study.

"Please, Riddell," said he, meekly, "do you mind me writing my lines here?"

"Not a bit," said Riddell, whose study was always open house to his youthful fag.

Telson said "Thank you," and immediately deposited himself at the table, and quietly continued his work, awaiting the result of King's message.

The result was not long in coming.

"Telson!" shouted a voice down the passage in less than five minutes.

Telson went to the door, and shouted back.

"What's the row?"

"Where are you?" said the voice.

"Here," replied Telson, shutting the door and resuming his work.

"Who's that?" asked Riddell of his fag.



"I don't know, unless it's Game," said Telson.

"Now then, Telson," cried the voice again, "come here."

"I can't—I'm busy!" shouted Telson back from where he sat. At the same moment the door opened, and Game entered in a great state of wrath.

The appearance of a Parrett monitor "on duty" in the School House was always a strange spectacle; and Game, when he discovered into whose study he had marched, was a trifle embarrassed.

"What is it, Game?" asked Riddell, civilly.

"I want Telson," said Game, who, by the way, had scarcely spoken to the new captain since his appointment.

"What do you want?" said Telson, boldly.

"Why didn't you come when you were sent for?" demanded Game.

"Who sent for me?"

"Bloomfield."

"I'm not Bloomfield's fag," retorted Telson. "I'm Riddell's."

"What did I tell you this afternoon?" said Game, beginning to suspect that he had fallen into a trap.

"Told me to go to the captain after chapel."

"And what do you mean by not going?"

"I did go—I went to Riddell."

"I told you to go to Bloomfield," said Game, growing hot.

"Bloomfield's not the captain," retorted Telson, beginning to enjoy himself. "Riddell's captain."

"You were fighting in the 'Big,'" said Game, looking uneasily at Riddell while he spoke.

"I know I was. Riddell's potted me for it, haven't you, Riddell?"

"I've given Telson fifty lines, and stopped his play two days," said Riddell, quietly.

"Yes, and I'm writing the lines now," said Telson, dipping his pen in the ink, and scarcely smothering a laugh.

Game, now fully aware of his rebuff, was glad of an opportunity of covering his defeat by a diversion.

"Look here," said he, walking up to Telson, "I didn't come here to be checked by you, I can tell you."

"Who's checking you?" said Telson. "I'm not."

"Yes you are," said Game. "I'm not going to be humbugged about by you."

"I don't want to humbug you about," replied the junior, defiantly.

"I think there's a mistake, you know," said Riddell, thinking it right to interpose. "I've given him lines for fighting in the 'Big,' and there's really no reason for his going to Bloomfield."

"I told him to go to Bloomfield, and he ought to have come."

"I don't think you had any right to tell him to go to Bloomfield," replied Riddell, with a boldness which astonished himself. "I'm responsible for stopping fights."

"I don't want you to tell me my business," retorted Game, hotly; "who are you?"

Game could have thrashed the captain as easily as he could Telson, and the thought flashed through Riddell's mind as he paused to reply. He would much have preferred saying nothing, but somehow the present seemed to be a sort of crisis in his life. If he gave in now, the chance of asserting himself in Willoughby might never return.

"I'm the captain," he replied, steadily, "and as long as I am captain I'm responsible for the order of the school, and I prefer to do my own work!"

There was something in his look and tone as he uttered these inoffensive words which took Game aback and even startled Telson. It was not at all like what fellows had been used to from Riddell, certainly very unlike the manner he was generally credited with. But neither Telson nor Game was half so amazed at this little outburst as was the speaker himself. He was half frightened the moment he had uttered it. Now he was in for it with a vengeance! It would go out to all Willoughby, he knew, that he meant to stand by his guns. What an awful failure, if after all he should not be able to keep his word!

Game, with a forced smile which ill accorded with his inward astonishment, left the study without another word, heedless even of the laugh which Telson could no longer repress.

Of course many perverted stories of this adventure immediately got abroad in Willoughby. Telson's highly-coloured version made it appear that a pitched battle had been fought between Game and the new captain, resulting in the defeat of the former chiefly through Telson's instrumentality and assistance. As, however, this narrative did not appear in the same dress two hours running, it was soon taken for what it was worth, and most fellows preferred to believe the Parretts' version of the story, which stated that Riddell had announced he meant to keep order in Willoughby without the help of the monitors, and had had the cheek to tell Bloomfield to mind his own business.

The indignation of Parrett's House on hearing such a story may be imagined. It was even past a joke. Bloomfield seriously offered to resign all pretensions to authority and let things take their course.

"It makes me seem," he said, "as if I wanted to stick myself up. If he's so sure of keeping order by himself, I don't see what use it is my pretending to do it too."

"It would serve him right if you did so," said Game. "But it would be so awfully like giving in now, after you have once begun."

This view of the matter decided the question. But Bloomfield all the same was considerably impressed by what had happened.

He knew in his heart that his only title to the position he assumed was the whim of his schoolfellows. He was a usurper, in fact, and however much he tried to persuade himself he was acting solely for the good of Willoughby, he knew those motives were only half sincere. And in spite of all his efforts, the school was as rowdy as ever. If he did thrash a batch of juniors one day, or stop some disorderly Limpets of their play, it never seemed to make much impression. Whereas the one or two rioters whom Riddell had ventured to tackle had somehow reformed distinctly in their habits. How was it?

Bloomfield, as he thought the thing over, was not quite happy. He had been happier far last term, when, under old Wyndham, he had exerted himself loyally for the good of the school. Was he not exerting himself now? Why should he be unhappy? It was not because he felt himself beaten. He scorned the idea, or that he felt unequal to the task before him. That too was preposterous. And yet he certainly needed something, he felt.

If only now he were first classie as well as captain of the clubs, what a pull he would have!

And as this thought occurred to him, he also recalled Crossfield's famous speech at the last Parliament and the laughter which had greeted it. *Could he translate "Balbus hopped over a wall" without the dictionary?* Ah! He thought sometimes he would try, just to prove how slanderous Crossfield's insinuation had been. The result of all these cogitations was that Bloomfield began to discover he was not quite such an "all-round" man as his friends had told him. And that being so, had not he better qualify himself like an honest man for his post?

He did not like to confide the idea to his friends for fear of their laughter, but for a week or two at least he actually read rather hard on the sly. The worst of it was, that till the examinations next term there could be nothing to show for it. For the Sixth did not change their places every day as the lower forms did. There was no chance of leaping to the top at a bound by some lucky answer, or even of advancing a single desk. And therefore, however hard he worked this term, he would never rise above eighteenth classic in the eyes of the school, and that was not—well, he would have liked to be a little higher for the sake of Willoughby!

The outlook was not encouraging. Even Wilberly, the toady, and Silk, the Welcher, were better men than he was at classics.

Suppose, instead of spending his energy over classics, he were to get up one or two rousing speeches for the Parliament, which should take the shine out of every one else and carry the school by storm? It was not a bad idea. But the chance would not come. No one could get up a fine speech on such a hackneyed subject as "That Rowing is a finer Sport than Cricket," or "That the Study of Science in Public Schools should be Abolished." And when he did attempt to prepare an oration on the subject of compulsory football, the first friend he showed it to pointed out so many faults in the composition of the first sentence that prudence prompted him to put the effusion in the fire.

Meanwhile his friends and admirers kept him busy. Their delight seemed to be to seize on all the youngsters they could by any pretext lay hands on and hale them to appear before him. By this means they imagined they were making his authority known and dealing a serious blow at the less obtrusive captain in the School House.

Poor Bloomfield had to administer justice right and left for every imaginable offence, and was so watched and prompted by officious admirers that he was constantly losing his head and making himself ridiculous.

He gave one boy a thrashing for being found with a paper dart in his hand, because Game had reported him; and to another, who had stolen a book, he gave only twenty lines, because he was in the second eleven. Cusack, the Welcher, who was caught climbing the School House elms one Monday, he sentenced to an hour's detention; and Pilbury, whom he caught in the same act on Tuesday, he deprived of play for a week—that is, he said he was not to leave his house for a week. But Pilbury turned up the very next day in the "Big," under the very nose of the Parrett captain, who did not even observe his presence.

It was this sort of thing which, as the term dragged on, made Bloomfield more



and more uncomfortable with his position. It was all very well for Game, and Ashley, and Wibberly to declare that but for him Willoughby would have gone to the dogs—it was all very well of them to make game of and caricature Riddell and his failures. Seeing is believing; and Bloomfield, whose heart was honest, and whose common sense, when left to itself, was not altogether feeble, could not help making the unpleasant discovery that he was not doing very much after all for Willoughby.

But the boatrace was now coming on. There, at any rate, was a sphere in which he need fear no rival. With Parrett's boat at the head of the river, and he its stroke, he would at any rate have one claim on the obedience of Willoughby which nobody could gainsay.

(To be continued.)

## THE SILVER CAÑON:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

By G. MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "In the King's Name," "Nat the Naturalist," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE SILVER CAÑON.

A WEEK'S arduous journey over a sterile stretch of country, where water was very scarce and where game was hard to approach, brought them at last in reach of what looked to be a curiously formed mountain far away in the middle of an apparently boundless plain. Then it struck Bart that it could not be a mountain, for its sides were perpendicular, and its top at a distance seemed to be perfectly flat; and long discussions arose between him and the doctor as to the peculiarity of the strange eminence standing up so prominently right in the middle of the plain.

While they were discussing the subject the Beaver and his English-speaking follower came to their side, and, pointing to the mountain, gave them to understand that this was their destination.

"But is there silver there?" said the doctor, eagerly, when the Indian smiled and said, quietly, "Wait and see."

The mountain, on being first seen, appeared to be at quite a short distance; but at the end of their first day's journey they seemed to have got no nearer, while after another day, though it had assumed more prominent proportions, they were still at some distance, and it was not until the third morning that the little party stood on the reedy shores of a long, narrow, winding lake, one end of which they had to skirt before they could ride up to the foot of the flat-topped mountain, which looked as if it had been suddenly thrust by some wondrous volcanic action right from the plain to form what appeared to be a huge castle some seven or eight hundred feet high, and with no ravine or rift in the wall by which it could be approached.

All Bart's questions were met by the one sole answer from the Indian, "Wait and see;" and in this spirit the savages guided them along beneath the towering ramparts of the mountain, whose scarped sides even a mountain sheep could not have climbed, till towards evening rein was drawn close under the mighty rocks, fragments of which had fallen here and there, loosened by time

or cut loose by the shafts of storms to lie crumbling about its feet.

There seemed to be no reason for halting there, save that there was a little spring of water trickling down from the rocks, while a short distance in front what seemed to be a wide crack appeared in the plain, zig-zagging here and there, one end going off into the distance, the other appearing to pass round close by the mountain; and as soon as they were dismounted and the horses tethered the Beaver signed to Bart and the doctor to accompany him, while the interpreter followed close behind.

It was a glorious evening, and after the heat of the day the soft, cool breeze that swept over the plain was refreshing in the extreme; but, all the same, Bart felt very hungry, and his thoughts were more upon some carefully-picked sage grouse that Josés and Maude were roasting than upon the search for silver; but the doctor was excited, for he felt that most likely this would prove to be the goal of their long journey. His great fear was that the Indians in their ignorance might have taken some white-shining stone or mica for the precious metal.

The crack in the plain seemed to grow wider as they approached, but the Indians suddenly led them off to the right, close under the towering flank of the mountain, and between it and a mass of rock that might have been split from it at some early stage in the world's life.

This mass was some forty or fifty feet high, and between it and the parent mountain there was a narrow rift, so narrow, in fact, that they had to proceed in single file for about a hundred yards, winding in and out till, reaching the end, the Indians stood upon a broad kind of shelf of rock in silence as the doctor and Bart involuntarily uttered a cry of surprise.

For there was the crack in the plain below their feet, and they were standing upon its very verge where it came in close to the mountain, whose top was some seven hundred feet above their heads, while here its perpendicular side went down for fully another thousand to where, in the solemn dark depths of the vast cañon or crack in the rocky crust of the earth, a great rushing river ran, its roar rising to where they stood in a strangely weird monotone, like low echoing thunder.

The reflections in the evening sky lighted up the vast rift for a while, and Bart forgot his hunger in the contemplation of this strange freak of nature, of a river running below in a channel whose walls were perfectly perpendicular and against which in places the rapid stream seemed to beat and eddy and swirl, while in other parts there were long stretches of pebbly and rocky shore. For as far as Bart could judge, the walls seemed to be about four hundred feet apart, though in the fading evening light it was hard to tell anything for certain.

A more stupendous work of nature had never met Bart's eye, and his first thoughts were naturally enough, How should he manage to get to the top of that flat mountain? how should he be able to lower himself down into the mysterious shades of that vast cañon, and wander among the wonders that must for certain be hidden there?

Just then the Beaver spoke. He had evidently been taking lessons from the interpreter, as, smiling loftily and half in pity at the eagerness of men who could care for such a trifle as white ore when they had horses and rifles, he pointed up at

the perpendicular face of the mountain and then downward at the wall of the cañon, and said,

"Silver—silver. Beaver give his brother. Medicine man."

"He means there is silver here, sir, and he gives it to you," said Bart, eagerly.

"Yes. Give. Silver," said the chief, nodding his head, and holding out his hand, which the doctor grasped, Bart doing the same by the other.

"I am very grateful," said the doctor at last, while his eyes kept wandering about, "but I see none."

"Silver—silver," said the chief again, as he looked up and then down, ending by addressing some words in the Indian dialect to the interpreter, who pointed in the direction of the camp.

"The Beaver-with-Sharp-Teeth says, let us eat," he said.

This brought back Bart's hunger so vividly to his recollection that he laughed merrily and turned to go.

"Yes," he said, "let us eat by all means. Shall we come in the morning and examine this place, sir?"

"Yes, Bart, we will," said the doctor, as they turned back; "but I'm afraid we shall be disappointed. What was that?"

"An Indian," said Bart. "I saw him glide amongst the rocks. Was it an enemy?"

"No; impossible, I should say," replied the doctor. "One of our own party. Our friends here would have seen him if he had been an enemy long before we should."

"And so you think there is no silver here, sir?" said Bart.

"I can't tell yet, my boy. There may be; but these men know so little about such things that I cannot help feeling doubtful. However, we shall see, and if I am disappointed I shall know what to do."

"Try again, sir," said Bart.

"Try again, my boy, for there is ample store in the mountains if we can find it."

"Yes," he said, as they walked back, "this is going to be a disappointment." He picked up a piece of rock as he went along between the rocks. "This stone does not look like silver-bearing stratum. But we'll wait till the morning, Bart, and see."

CHAPTER XV.—DANGEROUS NEIGHBOURS.

UPON reaching the waggon it was to find Josés smiling and sniffing as he stood on the leeward side of the fire, so as to get the full benefit of the odour of the well-done sage grouse, which looked juicy brown, and delicious enough to tempt the most ascetic of individuals, while Maude laughed merrily to see the eager glances Bart kept directing at the iron rod upon which the birds had been spitted and hung before the fire.

"Don't you wish we had a nice new loaf or two, Bart?" she said, looking very serious, and as if disappointed that this was not the case.

"Oh, don't talk about it," cried Bart.

"I won't," said Maude, trying to appear serious. "It makes you look like a wolf, Bart."

"And that's just how I feel," he cried—"horribly like one."

Half an hour later he owned that he felt more like a reasonable being, for not only had he had a fair portion of the delicate sage grouse, but found to his delight that there was an ample supply of cakes freshly made and baked in the ashes while he had been with the doctor exploring.



Bart took one turn round their little camp before lying down to sleep, and by the wonderfully dark, star-encrusted sky, the great flat-topped mountain looked curiously black, and as if it leaned over towards where they were encamped, and might at any moment topple down and crush them.

So strange was this appearance, and so thoroughly real, that it was a long time before Bart could satisfy himself that it was only the shadow that impressed him in so peculiar a way. Once he had been about to call the attention of the doctor to the fact, but fortunately, as he thought, he refrained.

"He lay down directly," said Bart to himself, as he walked on; and then he stopped short, startled, for just before him in the solemn stillness of the great plain, and just outside the shadow cast by the mountain, he saw what appeared to be an enormously tall, dark figure coming towards him in perfect silence, and seeming as if it glided over the sandy earth.

Bart's heart seemed to stand still. His mouth felt dry. His breath came thick and short. He could not run, for his feet appeared to be fixed to the ground, and all he felt able to do was to wait while the figure came nearer and nearer, through the transparent darkness, till it was close upon him, and said in a low voice that made the youth start from his lethargy, unchaining as it did his faculties, and giving him the power to move:

"Hallo, Bart! I thought you were asleep."

"I thought you were, sir," said Bart.

"Well, I'm going to lie down now, my boy, but I've been walking in a silver dream. Better get back."

He said no more, but walked straight to the little camp, while, pondering upon the intent manner in which his guardian seemed to give himself up to this dream of discovering silver, Bart began to make a circuit of the camp, finding to his satisfaction that the Beaver had posted four men as sentinels, Josés telling his young leader afterwards when he lay down that the chief had refused to allow either of the white men to go on duty that night.

"You think he is to be trusted, don't you, Josés?" asked Bart, sleepily.

"Trusted? Oh, yes, he's to be trusted, my lad. Injuns are as bad as can be, but some of 'em's got good pyntes, and this one, though he might have scalped the lot of us once upon a time, became our friend as soon as the doctor cured his arm. And it was a cure too, for now it's as strong and well as ever. I tell you what, Master Bart."

No answer.

"I tell you what, Master Bart."

No answer.

"I say, young one, are you asleep?"

No reply.

"Well, he has dropped off sudden," growled Josés. "I suppose I must tell him what another time."

Having made up his mind to this, the sturdy fellow gave himself a bit of a twist in his blanket, laid his head upon his arm, and in a few seconds was as fast asleep as Bart.

The latter slept soundly all but once in the night, when it seemed to him that he had heard a strange, wild cry, and, starting up on his elbow, he listened attentively for some moments, but the cry was not repeated, and feeling that it must have been in his dreams that he had heard the sound, he lay down again and slept till dawn,

when he sprang up, left every one asleep, and stole off, rifle in hand, to see if he could get a shot at a deer anywhere about the mountain, and also to have a look down into the tremendous cañon about whose depths and whose rushing stream he seemed to have been dreaming all the night.

He recollected well enough the way they had gone on the previous evening, and as he stepped swiftly forward, there, at the bottom of the narrow rift between the mass of fallen rock and the mountain, was the pale lemon-tinted horizon, with a few streaks above it flecking the early morning sky and telling of the coming day.

"The cañon will look glorious when the sun is up," said Bart to himself; "but I don't see any game about, and—oh!"

*Click—click—click—click* went the locks of his double rifle as he came suddenly upon a sight which seemed to freeze his blood, forcing him to stand still and gaze wildly upon what was before him.



"For both were dead."

Then the thought of self-preservation stepped in, and as if from the lessons taught of the Indians, he sprang to shelter, sheltering himself behind a block of stone, his rifle ready, and covering every spot in turn that seemed likely to contain the cruel enemy that had done this deed.

For there before him—but flat upon his back, his arms outstretched, his long lance beneath him—lay one of the friendly Indians, while his companion lay half-raised upon his side, as if he had dragged himself a short distance so as to recline with his head upon a piece of rock. His spear was across his legs, and it was very evident that he had been like this for some time after receiving his death wound.

For both were dead, the morning light plainly showing that in their hideous glassy eyes, without the terrible witness of the pool of blood that had trickled from their gaping wounds.

Bart shuddered and felt as if a hand of ice were grasping his heart. Then a fierce feeling of rage came over him, and his eyes flashed as he looked round for the

treacherous enemies who had done this deed.

He looked in vain, and at last he stole cautiously out of his lurking-place; then forgot his caution, and ran to where the Indians lay, forgetting, in his eagerness to help them, the horrors of the scene.

But he could do nothing, for as he laid his hand upon the breast of each in turn it was to find that their hearts had ceased to beat, and they were already cold.

Racing back to the camp he spread his news, and the Beaver and his little following ran off to see for themselves the truth of his story, after which they mounted, and started to find the trail of the treacherous murderers of their companions, while during their absence the doctor examined the two slaughtered Indians, and gave it as his opinion that they had both been treacherously stabbed from behind.

It was past midday before the Beaver

returned to announce that there had only been two Indians lurking about their camp.

"And did you overtake them?" said Bart.

The chief smiled in a curious, grim way, and pointed to a couple of scalps that hung at the belts of two of his warriors.

"They were on foot; we were mounted," he said, quietly. "They deserved to die. We had not injured them, or stolen their wives or horses. They deserved to die."

This was unanswerable, and no one spoke, the Indians going off to bury their dead companions, which they did simply by finding a suitable crevice in the depths of the ravine near which they had been slain, laying them in side by side, with their medicine-bags hung from their necks, their weapons ready to their hands, and their buffalo robes about them, all ready for their use in the happy hunting-grounds.

This done, they were covered first with bushes, and then with stones, and the Indians returned to camp.

(To be continued.)



## FOR JAMES OR GEORGE? A SCHOOLBOY'S TALE OF 1745.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

Author of "Tales of Charlton School," "Schoolboy Honour," etc.

## CHAPTER XII.



FRIDAY the 18th came at last, the long-expected day of the popinjay match, and was as calm and warm as the heart of a boy could desire. It was fortunate that the ab-

sence of the Lord Lieutenant had caused the day of trial to be postponed, for Michaelmas Day had been cold and gusty with frequent showers of rain. The weather had changed towards the middle of October, and now seemed disposed to be unusually amiable. Partly the fineness of the day, partly the expectation of an extraordinarily close contest between the champions of the noblesse and the town-folk, had brought together a large concourse of people to Peneshurst Common. Long before the hour at which the shooting was to begin, every place which commanded a view of the popinjay was crowded with spectators. The ground was marked off by a double row of ropes, the space between them being reserved for the carriages of visitors of rank, towards the centre, and the humble vehicles of farmers at either end. Immediately opposite to the pole from which the popinjay was suspended, a tent had been pitched, containing a chair, elevated on a platform, with two more chairs and a table below it. These were reserved for Lord Rydesdale, who was the Lord Warden of the year, the umpire, Sir Andrew Maynard, and the Deputy Warden, whose business it was to receive the names of the candidates.

As the hour of two, at which the shooting was to begin, drew near, the carriages of the more distinguished visitors began to arrive. The roads were happily in tolerable order, and the ponderous coach-horses had less difficulty than usual in dragging up the great wheeled sarcophaguses, innocent of all springs, in which our luckless ancestors were wont to be tossed and shaken. One after another they made their appearance. Lady Rydesdale and her daughters, accompanied by two gentlemen, as the ladies' maids of the day were styled, and the same number of gentlemen in waiting, rolled and tumbled along in the Lord Lieutenant's coach, a vast structure, elaborately carved and gilded, and strongly resembling the vehicle depicted by Hogarth, in which the Industrious Apprentice is conveyed to Guildhall after his election as Lord Mayor. Lady Maynard, Lady Holmes, Mrs. Darnell, and Mrs. Grantley, each with their several attendants, succeeded. Even Lady Betty Mostyn had caused herself to be conveyed to the common in a carriage which

had scarcely seen the light for twenty years, having been induced to encounter the perils of the road and the fatigue of the ceremony, in the hope of witnessing the victory of her favourite Hugh.

Even after the arrival of the officials there was a considerable delay while the names of the competitors were being taken down, their qualification examined, and the order of the shooting determined. During this interval the general topic of conversation was the same which had occupied the public attention for the last two or three days—the desperate assault, that is to say, which had been made late in the afternoon of the previous Tuesday on two officers in his Majesty's service, who were on their way to join their regiment at Carlisle. It was currently reported that they had been attacked by more than twenty men, but had defended themselves with such skill and courage as to kill half a dozen at least of their assailants, and wound a still greater number, who had been taken into custody by some of Mr. Warton's corps. It was also alleged that the most culpable negligence had been evinced by Colonel Warton himself. A coroner's jury had been hastily empanelled, scarcely any questions had been asked, and the prisoners had been marched off, not to Peneshurst Gaol to take their trial, but to Carlisle Castle, where they had been handed over to the commandant of the garrison, as though the country had been placed under martial law. It was even said that the Lord Lieutenant had required some explanation of his conduct from Mr. Warton, and if this should prove unsatisfactory, would transmit a complaint to the Secretary of State, Lord Harrington, respecting him. Mr. Warton himself was not present on the ground, being represented by his wife and daughter, who had doubtless been induced to attend by the same consideration which had brought Lady Betty—the hope, that is to say, that the champion in whom they were interested would prove the winner. It was somewhat of a disappointment to the spectators generally that Mr. Warton was not amongst those present, because if he had been an immediate collision between him and Lord Rydesdale might have taken place.

These speculations, however, were presently superseded by the more immediate interest felt in the approaching struggle. By half-past two o'clock the names of the competitors had been received, and the order in which they were to shoot arranged. It was found that there were eight competitors, each party sending four champions—a larger number than had competed on any previous occasion. The representatives of the Gentlemen Commoners were De Clifford, Maynard, Harry Darnell, and Aubrey Holmes. Of these the first two were much superior to the others. The four townsmen were John Warton, Cross, Gregg, and Harris, of whom Warton was the only one considered to have much chance of carrying off the prize, though all the others were accounted very fair marksmen. A good deal of surprise and dissatisfaction were to be observed in the faces of the

Gentlemen Commoners when they heard the number of their antagonists, which took them completely by surprise. They had known, of course, of Warton's rivalry to Hugh, and were aware it was likely to be a dangerous one. But they had no idea that any other of the town's party would presume to present themselves. John Warton stood in a somewhat different position from the others, his father being a magistrate and a deputy-lieutenant, as well as colonel of a volunteer regiment. Though these considerations did not raise him, in their view of the matter, to the level of the county gentry, they placed him in a different position from the other tradesmen in the place. It was evident that a change was taking place in the relative position of the two parties, which was extremely distasteful to the young aristocrats. Hitherto they had virtually had the competition to themselves. Only once in anybody's recollection had an outsider been allowed to enter, and then it was only a single candidate. But here was a whole heap of competitors—as numerous, in fact, as their own party. They were really being dragged down to the level of the riff-raff of the town, as they expressed it. Doubtless their feeling was heightened by the *fracas* which had recently taken place, and the attempt made to deprive them of their swords. For a few minutes they were inclined to take the same step which their predecessors had meditated three years before, and retire from the match. Perhaps they might have done so if Sir Everard Holmes, who acted as Deputy Warden, had not learned something of their intention from his son, and remonstrated with them.

"Don't withdraw, my lads," he said, "it would be the most foolish thing—a great deal worse than being beaten in ever such a hollow manner. I don't think you *will* be beaten, from what I have seen and heard. But any way, go in for this with a stout heart, and you are sure to come creditably out of it."

"You are right, Sir Everard," said De Clifford. "Come along, Edgar; we are not going to be beaten to-day. We are to shoot, I see, in alphabetical order. That makes me shoot second, and Warton last. I wish my name had begun with a Z, or his with an A; I should like to shoot after him. But that can't be helped. Ha! there goes the trumpet, and Cross, I see, is taking his place. Hand me my gun, Charlie."

The first trial was to take place at eighty yards, and the mark, as the reader has heard, was a wooden figure of a bird, painted and dressed with feathers after the likeness of a parrot. It was suspended from a yard fixed to the top of a pole, and was about the size of a real bird of the kind. Such an object, at such a distance, would probably have provoked the mirth of a competitor for the Shield at Wimbledon; but, considering the great inferiority of the fowling-piece of that date to the Minie rifle of the present day, it may be doubted whether there would be much to justify his scorn. At all events, when,



Cross stood forward, and his bullet struck a chip from the popinjay, he was greeted with a cry of approval from the spectators. This was repeated, and with greater enthusiasm, when De Clifford, who succeeded him, brought the bird down with a shot directly through the middle of it. It was laid on the table before the umpire, while another figure was hung up in its place. Darnell, Gregg, Harris, and Holmes followed, but none of them achieved any marked success. Gregg alone touched the mark with his bullet, and though he did not bring it down—his bullet, in fact, only just scraping the paint from the wood—he was entitled by the rules to shoot again. Maynard came next, and, like De Clifford, succeeded in piercing and bringing down the popinjay, though his shot was not so central as his schoolfellow's. Warton closed the list. He was as successful as De Clifford had been, striking the bird so nearly in the middle that it was hard to say whether his aim or that of De Clifford had been the more accurate.

The pole was now removed twenty yards farther off, and the five who had been so fortunate as to strike the mark were again summoned in alphabetical order. Half an hour or so, however, intervened between the trials, during which both parties were loud in their comments on the result so far, and their speculations as to the probable issue.

"I don't think that shot of Gregg's ought to have been allowed to count," observed Darnell, as he, Mostyn, and Holmes conversed a little apart from the others. "I was watching the popinjay closely, and I'm sure it did not even shake. The scratch on it might have been made before it was hung up. They wouldn't have scored three to our two but for him."

"It doesn't signify," said Mostyn. "The success is really with us. Two of our side fairly made a hole in the bird, and only one of theirs did so. I thought myself that Harry Darnell's shot touched it, and it's as likely the scratch was made by him as by Gregg."

"No, it doesn't matter," assented Holmes. "Neither Gregg nor Cross has any chance of winning, and these first trials really go for nothing. It lies plainly enough between Hugh and Warton, and I'm afraid it's a doubtful matter. I thought Hugh was pretty safe, but Warton has improved so much since the last time I saw him shoot that I shouldn't like to wager against him."

"Yes, his nerve is as good as Hugh's," remarked Mostyn. "I used to think Hugh took things cooler than any one I ever saw. It would have made me nervous enough, I know, to have had to shoot in that way, with every one's eye fixed on me, after two fellows who had made such shots as Hugh and Edgar. But Warton was as cool as if he had been practising alone upon the common. He would beat anybody living, I believe, except Hugh."

"If he doesn't beat him," said Holmes, "it won't signify whom he may beat. But come along, they are going to begin again."

The bugle now sounded for the second time, and there came a lull in the Babel of voices, while Cross raised his piece, levelled, and fired. All eyes were fixed anxiously on the popinjay. But it did not shake, and the unsuccessful marksman hastened to hide himself from observation among the throng of his schoolfellows.

De Clifford advanced and took his place in the midst of a still deeper silence, and

again, as the sound of his shot died away, there burst forth a thunder of applause. The bird was seen to spin completely round, fairly perforated by the bullet, and then fall to the ground.

When the tumult had somewhat subsided, Gregg, and then Maynard followed, but neither was so successful—Gregg missing altogether, and Edgar only striking away one of the legs of the figure. Warton was last. Once more the same breathless silence fell on all present, and once more it was succeeded by the same storm of cheering, his bullet, like that of his rival, having passed directly through the centre of the mark.

"Something like a match this, my lord," remarked Sir Everard to Lord Rydesdale, as the latter gave orders for the removal of the pole to the distance of one hundred and twenty yards. "I never saw boys shoot so well. I doubt whether there are many among your lordship's keepers, or mine either, who would outshoot them."

"I hope Hugh may win for the sake of his name," replied Lord Rydesdale. "I would say for the sake of his father, but he has now got to that state when he does not even know that he has a son."

"It is sad," said the baronet, "doubly sad when that son is such a fine fellow as Hugh. I noticed his shooting one day, and thought he must win. But this other lad—he is his equal, I fear. He is his father over again, and John Warton is not easily beaten, as we have reason to know."

"And as we may have still better reason for knowing. Have you heard, Holmes, that a King's messenger has arrived from London this morning, asking his way to the High Sheriff's house? He must be the bearer of the writ for the election."

"No doubt," said Sir Everard. "Well, we are prepared."

"And Warton is prepared too. We must have a meeting at the White Hart as soon as this affair is over. No time should be lost. They had better shoot this out at once."

He gave the signal accordingly, and as the blast of the trumpet was heard and the spectators closed in for the third time, every eye was bent with the keenest interest on the three youthful champions, who stood, gun in hand, awaiting their summons.

Presently Hugh de Clifford was called. He came forward, looking somewhat pale, but perfectly self-possessed. Levelling with the same deliberation as before, he stood for a moment as still as a wooden image, and then fired. A louder roar of acclamation than any that had yet been heard arose from the spectators as the popinjay whirled round and dropped to the ground, and when it was picked up a hole through it was distinctly to be seen, though this time not quite in the centre. Considering the distance from the pole and the youth of the marksman, it was indeed an extraordinary shot, and seemed to justify the opinion, not only of De Clifford's immediate partisans, but of the great majority of those present, that the palm of victory would certainly be awarded to him.

As soon as order was somewhat restored, Edgar Maynard was summoned to take his turn; but the task this time was too much for his skill. His bullet struck the pole two or three inches from the bird. It was a good shot under the circumstances, and merited the approval it received. But it was a failure nevertheless, and he withdrew somewhat disappointed, giving way to

Warton, on whose movements every eye was fixed.

"It is all right, John," whispered Stephen Vallance, as he handed the gun to his friend. "The day will be yours. De Clifford's bullet did not go right through the middle of the popinjay, as I'll wager a hundred yours will. We mustn't be beaten. There are your mother and Lucy looking on with all their eyes, and all our fellows have set their hearts on your winning. Keep steady, that's all."

"All right, Steve," responded Warton. "I am not going to be outshot, I promise you. I've hit the popinjay often enough at that distance, and I'm not going to miss it to-day."

He took the gun, and slowly raising it to the level of his eye, looked steadily along the barrel, and then drew the trigger. All leant eagerly forward to mark the result, but there came no report. The gun had missed fire.

A chorus of voices broke forth, "A miss! a miss! All the same thing as a miss!" exclaimed one party. "No miss! no shot at all!" was the counter cry.

"Jack hasn't fired," shouted Vallance, "and how can he have missed? I should be ashamed to take so mean an advantage as that!"

Ten minutes elapsed before any one could be heard. But at the end of that time General Maynard was seen coming forward from the Lord Warden's tent. When he reached the spot where the marksman was standing, he held up his hand as if requiring silence. There was a sudden lull in the tempest of sound, and the general's voice was heard.

"This is a most unfortunate business," he said. "I am sure every one present must be as sorry as I am at what has happened. But there is, I fear, no doubt that Warton has lost the day. Accidents in some way resembling this, though not exactly the same as this, have two or three times occurred within my recollection. Five or six years ago, an insect, a cockchafer I think, flew into the eye of one of the shooters just as he fired. The bullet went wide in consequence. It was generally thought that, but for that, he would have won the bugle. The umpire, however, decided that he could not have his shot over again."

"Warton did not fire, sir," interposed Stephen Vallance. "He has had no shot at all as yet."

"I am aware of that fact, Captain Vallance," responded the general, stiffly. "I was proceeding to remark that the umpire ruled that Algernon Wyndford could not have his shot over again. 'When once the trigger had been drawn,' he said, 'the marksman must have been considered to have fired; and whatever circumstance might have prevented his hitting the mark, it could make no difference. If he did not hit the popinjay it was a miss.' Those are the exact words entered in the Deputy-Warden's book, in which the particulars of every popinjay match for a great many years past have been entered. There is, therefore, no doubt about this matter. My simple duty is to declare Hugh de Clifford the winner of the bugle. Where is Hugh?"

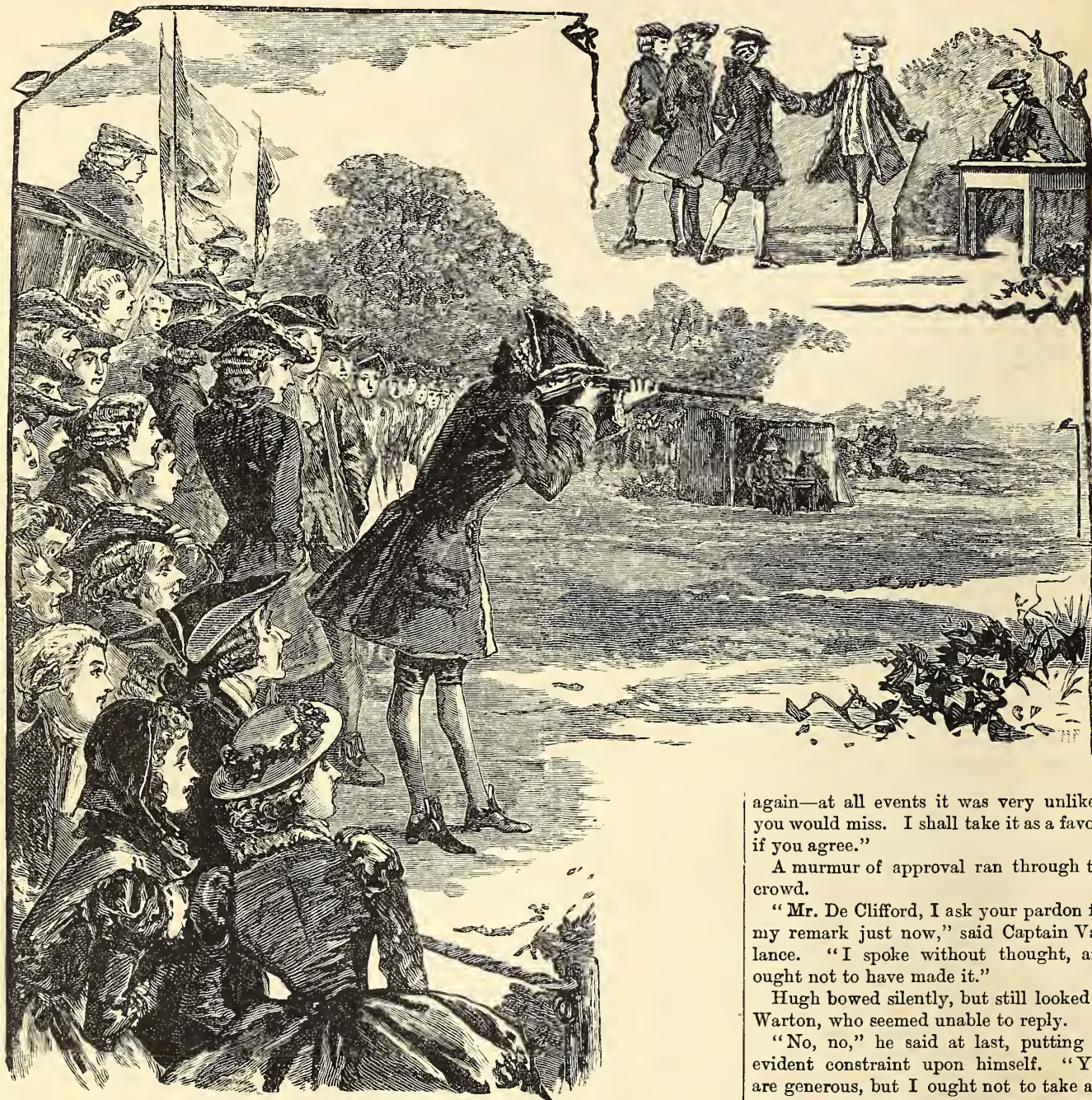
"Here, sir," said Hugh, coming forward. "But may I be allowed to say a word?"

"Certainly," said the general. "What do you wish to say?"

"I would rather not win in this way. I think this is no victory at all."

"Very likely. But in these matters you





"All leant eagerly forward."

must be guided by the umpire's decision. What would be the use of an umpire if those engaged in a match refuse to abide by his award?"

"I do not mean to refuse, sir," returned Hugh, respectfully. "I only wish to know whether I am not entitled to challenge Warton to another trial. Let it be agreed that this contest has been decided in my favour. But it must also be agreed that it does not determine which of us is the best shot; and the best shot, and the best shot only, ought to hold the bugle."

"That point is not one for the umpire to determine," said the old soldier, his eye glancing with approval at the lad's bright face. "But you can do so beyond question if you like, and no one could find fault with you for doing it."

"And if I should lose," pursued Hugh, "might I hand the bugle over to Warton? He would be the real winner, you know, and ought to have it."

"I do not see that anybody could object to that," said Sir Andrew, "provided it were produced safe at the popinjay match next year, as doubtless it would be. But, once more, you are not in the least bound to do this. The bugle is yours by right, unless you choose to give it up."

"Then I will do so, sir, if you please. Warton," he continued, stepping up to his schoolfellow, and addressing him with a courtesy which contrasted curiously with his ordinary demeanour to him—"Warton, I hope you will consent to shoot this match over again. Every one could see, from our first two shots, that it was most likely you would hit the centre of the mark

again—at all events it was very unlikely you would miss. I shall take it as a favour if you agree."

A murmur of approval ran through the crowd.

"Mr. De Clifford, I ask your pardon for my remark just now," said Captain Vallance. "I spoke without thought, and ought not to have made it."

Hugh bowed silently, but still looked at Warton, who seemed unable to reply.

"No, no," he said at last, putting an evident constraint upon himself. "You are generous, but I ought not to take advantage of your offer, though I should like to do it. It was my own carelessness that was in fault, and the day is fairly yours. Will you—will you," he added, almost timidly, "shake hands?"

Hugh stepped forward, and shook heartily the hand extended to him. The boys raised a cheer, and then the crowd, dispersing in all directions, began to move homewards.

"Lucy," said John, apart, to his sister, "you are right about him. He is a fine fellow, and I have been to blame in disliking him. My quarrel with him is at an end. I dare say we shall have a tussle or two in the course of the election which is coming on. But it will be all fair on both sides. And if I ever have the chance of repaying his courtesy I will gladly do it."

(To be continued.)



## MORGAN'S HEAD; OR, THE TREASURE CAVE OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

BY JAMES COX, R.N.,

Author of "Nearly Garotted," "How I Lost my Finger," etc.

## CHAPTER I.

"HOT day for true, massa!" remarks an old negro, as he hauls up his dorey (the Indian name for boat) on the beach, to an elderly gentleman who is sitting on the edge of a rather ancient and somewhat dilapidated wooden wharf in Morant Bay, apparently deeply interested in the movements of a couple of small crabs that are climbing up the worm-eaten piles.

"Yes, Sam, you are right; it is hot—almost too hot for a white man. But now tell me what vessel is that away there to the westward? She's coming this way, isn't she?"

The negro, quitting his canoe, climbed up the wharf, and, after taking a prolonged look at a speck on the horizon, turned round to his questioner, and, with a very knowing expression on his wrinkled black countenance, first gazing in every direction to see whether any one was within earshot, said, in a low tone, "Massa De la Cour, I t'ink she one of the Queen's ships from Port Royal. I'spec she just come here to makee look see how de people get on."

"What do you mean, Sam? Still harping on the old string, eh?"

"Yes, saar; still harping on de old

'tring. Sam sabe for true dat dere's mischuff brewin'. What for you s'pose dem niggers meet ebery night at Eph Bingo's? I tell you 'gain, massa, dere'll be plenty trouble 'fore long."

"Really, Sam, you are getting more mysterious every day. Now tell me, old chap, what trouble we are to expect."

"Trouble nebber blow shell, saar; but if you see a fippence you know how dollar is made. But good ebenin', massa, I'se gwine up to de Pen with some fish for de young misses."

As the negro walked away Mr. De la Cour, custos of St. Thomas, a wealthy planter, and proprietor of Cool Shade, one of the largest sugar estates in this part of the island of Jamaica, lit a cigar, and, transferring his attention from the crabs to the vessel in the offing, meditated on what Sam had said.

"Bother the fellow! I wonder if there is really anything at the bottom of his meandering. As far as I know, the people here are contented enough; certainly they have nothing to complain of. Still, perhaps



"Addressed himself to Mr. De la Cour."



it will be as well to make a few inquiries. Let me see, to-morrow I will ride over to Roselle and talk the matter over with Captain Walker."

The graceful palms fringing the shore of the bay are nodding lazily in the sea breeze, and the purple mountains forming the background are half hidden by the misty veil of golden light that softens their rugged outlines, and gives them an indistinct, far-away appearance, while about their summits cling great masses of white and golden-tinted clouds, that appear entangled among the peaks, to be presently lifted on the pinions of the cool land-breeze and borne seaward. Between the foot of the mountain and the strip of sandy beach stretch the bright green fields of cane, and here and there, peeping through trees and pimento bush, are the picturesque wooden huts of the negroes, and the more substantial dwellings of the planters.

The deep-blue waters, rippled by the dying breath of the sea breeze, are dotted with the sails of the small coasting schooners and the white wings of the gulls, the latter chasing the shoals of small fry that occasionally rise and fall in silvery showers as they endeavour to escape from the voracious albacore. High overhead there is a large man-of-war bird swooping in circles above the screaming gulls. Down he goes, swift as an arrow, scattering the noisy crowd; and quickly snatching in his strong beak a scaly delicacy from the surface, he soars upward, his sable plumage glistening in the rays of the setting sun.

Meanwhile the speck on the horizon has developed into a ship under a pyramid of snow-white canvas towering above the dark hull; and the glittering light flickering on the burnished muzzles of the guns visible from the ports, reveals to Mr. De la Cour that Sam was right in his supposition that she is a ship of war.

As she glides silently and swiftly past the headlands, cleaving a pathway through the glowing waters, the custos watches her movements with increasing interest. He hears the voices of the leadsmen in the chains as they call the soundings, and as she nears the shore he sees the men standing by in the shrouds in readiness to shorten sail.

"Away aloft," rings out a clear strong voice, breaking the stillness of the quiet evening. Immediately the rigging swarms with active sailors, who lie out on the yards and gather in the fluttering sails. The beautiful ship still forges on under topsails only, until presently, in obedience to her helm, she comes up to the wind. Splash! a shower of spray as the anchor falls, followed by the rattling of the cable through the hawse pipes, and there floats her Majesty's sloop Iris snugly on the placid waters of the bay.

Mr. De la Cour, having witnessed this manoeuvre, was about to wend his way homewards, but hesitated on seeing a boat in which was seated an officer in the uniform of a lieutenant suddenly put off from the man-of-war; and as the officer was evidently steering direct for the wharf, curiosity prompted him to linger there for a few moments longer. Presently the boat touched the wharf, and the lieutenant, springing lightly on shore, addressed himself to Mr. De la Cour.

"Kindly inform me where I am likely to find his honour the custos?"

The questioner was a smart-looking specimen of a naval officer, with a frank

handsome face much bronzed by exposure.

"Well," answered that gentleman with a smile, "you won't have very far to go. That distinguished official stands before you. Pray tell me what I can do for you."

"Oh, I have been ordered by Captain Wilson to deliver this letter to you, which I believe contains a communication of importance from the governor. It is marked confidential, and I have particular directions to wait and carry back your reply."

"Then please excuse me for one moment while I master the contents of this formidable-looking document."

The custos broke the seal, adjusted his eyeglasses, and proceeded to read the letter. He appeared, moreover, to be rather astonished at the communication of his excellency, for, turning to the officer, he said,

"I see Mr.—"

"Charteris," added the lieutenant.

"Well, I understand, Mr. Charteris, that your captain has entrusted you with the particulars contained in these papers, and he tells me further that I am perfectly at liberty to discuss the subject to which they relate with you, as he is unable to come on shore owing to an attack of fever."

"Yes, our skipper has unfortunately never quite shaken off the dose he caught on the coast of Cuba last year; and he told me to express his regret that he felt himself too weak to see you."

"Then I will ask you to accompany me back to my house. We shall just be in time for dinner; you had better order the boat to come for you about eleven o'clock."

Mr. Charteris gave the necessary orders to his boat's crew, and turning to the custos intimated his readiness to proceed.

"Now it appears to me," said Mr. De la Cour, "that the governor has needlessly alarmed himself. You see"—referring to the letter—"he says, 'Disquieting reports, for the most part contained in anonymous letters, are continually reaching me of a contemplated outbreak of the black population in certain parishes on the south side of Jamaica, and in consequence of these reports I have deemed it necessary to send one of her Majesty's ships to look in at the ports;' and his excellency goes on to say that I am to take immediate steps to ascertain if there is any truth in the statement contained in enclosure A, 'that the first blow will be struck at Port Morant.' This enclosure A is certainly a curious production; I will read it over to you:

"Honored Excellency,

"Dere is trubble in de bush. Better let the Buccra redcoats get em gun ready. Hungry fowl wake soon. Make big noise down Morant first."

"Curiously enough, though," remarked the custos, "my old factotum Sam, who was born on the estate, has been dropping queer hints during the past few days of troubles to come, and did I not know that he is unable to write I should certainly say that this letter was his handiwork. However, I feel pretty sure in my own mind that we are *not* on the eve of insurrection here, so I do not intend to avail myself of the governor's permission to detain your ship, especially as he thinks it of the utmost importance that she should visit Plantain Garden River without delay."

"Don't you think it would be well to put your factotum under rigid examination, and try to elicit from him the meaning of his remarks?"

"My dear fellow, Sam is as hard as a rock and as dry as this bit of chip. There's no getting anything out of him. I have tried it on, but he only mystifies me all the more with his old nigger proverbs."

During this conversation the two gentlemen were slowly ascending the uplands by a narrow bridle-path that wound through the fields of long guinea-grass and along the margin of a clear, babbling stream. As they reached a higher elevation the custos paused for a few minutes to permit his companion to view the scene beneath. Stretching away on either hand towards the sea, they looked down upon waving fields of cane, and saw rising from their midst the tall chimneys of the boiler-house. The field hands were noticed to be trotting homeward from their daily labour, and the hum of their voices mingled with the sound of conch-shells blown on the adjoining estates was distinctly heard ascending from the valley.

"All that piece below is on my property. You see it runs right down to the shore. The grove of cocoa-palms to the right bounds the estate in that direction, and the river shining through the bamboo clumps divides Cool Shade from my neighbour's Pen. But now come along; we are not far from the house."

The custos opened a gate which admitted them into a piece of park-land studded with fine mango-trees, and shortly afterwards a sudden turn of the path brought them in sight of Mr. De la Cour's house.

It was a handsome building, with a pleasant cool verandah surrounding it, standing in the centre of a well-kept lawn. The carved wooden pillars supporting the overhanging roof were almost covered with the foliage of some tropical creeper.

There was a fluttering of white dresses on the marble steps leading to the entrance hall as they approached, and immediately after two charming young ladies ran across the lawn and nearly smothered the elder of the two gentlemen with kisses.

"There, my dears, that will do," said the custos; "you have almost taken my breath away. Let me introduce Lieutenant Charteris, of her Majesty's ship Iris, to you. My daughters—Mr. Charteris," said the old gentleman, who was evidently very proud of his children. "This lady with the blue eyes and golden hair is Miss Julia De la Cour; the other is Miss Amy. Amy, you see, is a dark-eyed gipsy, and as mischievous as—a kitten."

"Now do, pray, papa, let me alone, or I'll never speak to you again. You mustn't believe all papa says about us, Mr. Charteris. He thinks us the most fascinating specimens of womankind on the island. Did you ever hear of such an extraordinary delusion? However, do come inside and let Judy make you something cool and refreshing after your long walk. What do you say, now, to some iced matrimony? It's one of the most delicious drinks of the country, isn't it, Judy?"

There certainly was a mischievous twinkle in the eyes of the young lady as she uttered these words and tripped away.

"Don't pay attention to her nonsense. Here, Judy dear, send one of the servants to show Mr. Charteris his room. Dinner will be ready in five minutes, but I know you sailors are smart fellows, so I shall expect to see you again directly."

The young officer, guided by a grinning darkey, was conducted to a spacious room at one end of the verandah, and, having given himself a good rub down, presented himself in the dining-room punctually at



the expiration of the time allotted to him for his ablutions. Here he found the worthy custos and his fair daughters awaiting his arrival, and his host pointing to a chair on his right, he found himself presently sitting *vis-à-vis* to the bright-eyed Amy, who now looked as demure as any Quakeress.

Charteris was a man of retiring disposition, and, like most sailors, rather bashful at times in the presence of ladies. But the genial kindness of the custos, and the lively sallies of his opposite neighbour, soon placed him at his ease, and before long he was engaged in an animated argument with both ladies on the subject of the latest Paris fashions, a topic of which, as he afterwards informed one of his messmates confidentially, he knew as much as about the fifth wheel of a coach.

I cannot pretend to give an idea of the fascination the lovely Amy exercised over this young officer. Long before the dinner was over he felt that it was all up with him, and, while answering the remarks of Mr. De la Cour in a very dreamy sort of way, his eyes and thoughts were elsewhere.

Certainly Miss Amy was possessed of all the attributes of beauty. Charteris thought he had never before seen in all his wanderings such a shapely head and perfect face; the features were faultless, and her large brown, swimming eyes changed with every emotion, while the dark hair, touched here and there with a bronzed tint, set off the colourless but perfectly clear and delicate complexion to perfection.

"Why, Mr. Charteris, what are you looking at me for in that horrid way! You don't see a centipede or anything awful in my hair, do you?" suddenly exclaimed the enchantress.

The poor lieutenant was on the point of stammering out some sort of excuse when a yelping of curs and the loud voice of some boisterous personage attracted general attention.

"Down, Smut! down, you rascals! Hi, Sam!—somebody!—anybody! Come here and take my nag."

"Oh, it's that dear Captain Walker!" said Amy, turning to her sister. "Run, Sam, and tell the butler to get up one of papa's best bottles of port, and put a chair here next to me."

There was an amused look on the young lady's face as she noted the effect of this speech on the sailor.

"Good evening, ladies," said—or rather shouted—the new-comer, as a burly form, top-booted and spurred, clad in a loose white jacket, entered the dining-room. "Here I am, just in the nick of time to take pot-luck with you! How are you, De la Cour? and how is the bewitching Julia and my charming black-eyed beauty?"

"Glad to see you, Walker. Here, take a seat. But first let me introduce you to my friend Charteris."

"Happy to make your acquaintance, sir," said Captain Walker, almost wringing the young officer's hand off. "Had a brother once in your service, and a fine fellow he was. He ought to have been an admiral long ago—and would have been but for one thing. Like myself, sir, he was too reckless. Went on shore one day in some out-of-the-way island in the South Pacific, swarming with savages, armed only with a butterfly-net. He arrived at one of the native villages, unfortunately just about dinner-time too. Polite native chief invited him in to take a snack, and shoved

my poor brother into the pot. All that was left after the meal was a couple of thigh-bones. These his messmates kindly forwarded to me as a memento. Here they are, sir; I had them turned into sleeve-links!"

Charteris looked up at the narrator, and observed that Captain Walker was a man of about sixty years of age, with a plump, rubicund face, and very shaggy white eyebrows that seemed to have settled themselves into a perpetual frown. From beneath these shone out a piercing pair of eyes—restless eyes that reminded one of a terrier watching a rat-hole. A heavy white moustache somewhat took away from the size of his enormous nose—a very fiery organ, with a suspicion of real old Jamaica about it. There was a merry twinkle, however, about the corners of the mouth which dissipated the first impression one was likely to form on meeting his ferocious gaze.

Captain Walker was really as good-hearted an old soldier as ever wore her Majesty's uniform, rather peppery at times, and with a weakness for relating what Miss Amy called "astounding whoppers." He had sold out of the 1st West India Regiment about twelve years ago and purchased a small estate, where he intended to spend the remainder of his days, and pass the time in cultivating coffee and administering justice.

After the captain had taken the edge off his appetite he launched out into some curious anecdotes of his military career, which kept the table in a continual roar of laughter. The sable servitors in attendance were scarcely able to refrain from joining in the merriment; their white teeth shone through their enormous lips, and from the grimaces they made at each other across the backs of the chairs one could scarcely say whether they were suffering from suppressed laughter or spasms.

Presently Julia gave the signal to her sister to retire, and on the departure of the ladies Mr. De la Cour dismissed the servants, and the two gentlemen, drawing their chairs nearer their host, lit cigars and puffed away contentedly at the weed.

"Now, Walker," said Mr. De la Cour, "I want you to read this and give me your opinion," producing the governor's letter.

The captain frowned horribly, took a mighty puff at his cigar, read the letter carefully over, cleared his throat, and paused.

The others waited patiently for the oracle to speak.

"Bosh!" was the expression jerked out in a stentorian tone from the capacious chest.

"Well, I'm glad you are of my opinion; still, I think it will be as well if we consult with our brother magistrates after the business at the Court House to-morrow."

"No objection, De la Cour, as a matter of form; but as to the niggers rising, they haven't the pluck. Don't tell me, sir; I have served with the rascals all my life; know 'em well, sir; give 'em plenty to eat and little to do and they won't take the trouble to fight."

"Look here, sir," turning to Charteris, "I'll tell you how the scurvy fellows served me once down in Honduras. Ever been there? hot place, choke full of mosquitos and sand-flies. Just outside Belize there's a place called Orange Walk. Was there for two years with a company of the First, and a lively time we had of it. Mosquitos so bad that I had to manufacture myself a box like a meat safe, made

of perforated zinc; used to live, eat, and sleep in it."

"One day the black sergeant rushed into the fort to tell me that the Indians were moving in the direction of Belize. I ordered the assembly to sound, served out fifty rounds of ball cartridge, made a speech to my niggers, told them that the eyes of England were on them, and that I, Captain Walker, expected that every nigger would do his duty—quoting the words of the immortal Nelson. Gave orders to my servant to see that my mosquito-dodger was brought along by the rear guard, and then advanced to meet the enemy. We soon came across 'em. When within five hundred yards of them I drew my sword, and shouting at the top of my voice, 'Up, blackguards, and at 'em'—would you believe it, sir?—the whole of my command turned tail and bolted back to Orange Walk without firing a shot. There was I alone surrounded by a horde of yelling Indians. I thought my last moment had come as the shrieking demons bore down on me, when to my surprise the chief beckoned me to surrender. At first I refused, preferring to die doing my duty, but I had no choice left, for they disarmed me, and then what do you think the villains did? Why, sir, they coolly stripped me, Bill Walker, captain in her Majesty's First West Indian, of every scrap of clothing, rubbed me down with chili peppers until my skin was the colour of my coat, and popped me into my own meat safe—the mosquito-dodger. What a state I was in; my nose, as you may perceive, has never since recovered its normal condition."

"However, I circumvented 'em, sir, I did," said the captain, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang that threatened to split it. "Bill Walker was too much for the wily Indian. When night came I knocked out the bottom of the dodger and walked off to the fort safe and—"

"Oh, fie! Captain Walker," said a laughing voice proceeding from the verandah; "the last time you told that wonderful story you said—"

"Never mind what I said, Miss Impudence; come along, Charteris, let's join the ladies, and leave the custos to reply to his excellency's letter."

They found Julia and Amy seated in the verandah, watching the ship in the bay.

"What a very pretty ship yours is, Mr. Charteris; she looks perfectly lovely in the moonlight!" said Amy. "What are those lights up at the mast for?"

The lieutenant glanced at the vessel, and a sudden exclamation of disgust rose to his lips.

"Those lights, I regret to say, are a signal for me to return to the ship, Miss Amy. I had no idea it was so late," looking at his watch. "The captain must be anxious to get an answer to his despatch, and I see that we are going to have a change of weather. I must be off at once."

"Oh, I am sorry! Must you indeed go at once?" The young lady suddenly checked herself and ran into the house.

Just then the custos stepped into the verandah with his letter, which he handed over to the lieutenant.

"There's my reply. I have told the governor that I will make further inquiries, although I do not think there is any cause for anxiety at present, and there is certainly no necessity for the Iris to stop here if she is required elsewhere."



Charteris shook hands with his host, who warmly invited him to come and stop at Cool Shade whenever he could get leave of absence; and, having bid adieu to Captain Walker and Julia, he looked round to take farewell of Amy. But that mischievous beauty was not to be seen, and as Charteris descended the steps to the lawn he wondered why she had so suddenly disappeared.

A clear melodious voice suddenly broke on his ear as he placed his foot on the last step.

"So you are going away without saying good-bye to me, are you? and I have been running all over the place to find old Sam

to show you your way through the woods and save you a long journey across the cane-piece. What an ungrateful fellow! And now you are adding to your sins by breaking off the only white rose I have in my little garden. Well, never mind, I forgive you; you may keep the flower if you like. I hope you will find time to come and see us again some day. Good-bye; I see Sam there waiting to escort you."

"Dis way, massa; take care of de stumps. Lubbly night, massa; stars berry bright now, but storm soon come, I tink."

"Yes, her eyes are very bright," assented the lieutenant as he stumbled over the prostrate trunk of a tree.

"Take care, saar; you knock your head off directly s'pose you no stoop down."

At last the wharf was reached, and as the lieutenant stepped into his boat—after giving Sam a bright new dollar, which raised the Buccra considerably in the estimation of the negro—a large drop of rain fell from the now cloudy sky on his face, warning him to get on board as soon as possible. So, telling the boat's crew to "give way," he seated himself in the stern-sheets, and in a few minutes found himself alongside the Iris.

Old Sam watched the boat until it was lost in the darkness, and then hastened back towards Cool Shade.

(To be continued.)

## HOW TO LAY OUT A GARDEN.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N., C.B.

### IV.—HOW TO CROP THE BEDS—HOW TO MAKE A HOTBED—THE SPADE, THE HOE, AND THE RAKE.

AFTER you have sown your drills, take the garden rake and fill them in, raking the bed evenly, but not deeply. You may then take fine ashes—kitchen fire refuse—and riddle about half an inch over all the bed, then with the back of your spade pat it all even until the bed looks as if it had been rolled. I have never seen this done in England, where the beds are simply raked and left thus; but, to say nothing

will want a cartload of good short stable manure. Have it put down near to the place where you are going to make the hotbed, say within a few feet of some portion of the north fence or the east fence. It is then to be left a few days till it ferments and steams, then turned and left, and turned again, until the stuff seems quite rotten. It is now fit to work.

Fig. 1 is a rough sketch of the hotbed on

I really meant to commence the flower garden and lawn in this paper, but have no space. I have not said half enough about the kitchen garden, and yet I trust I have given you many useful hints. Let me conclude to-day, then, with a few words about tools.

*The Spade.*—Get a good strong, sturdy one, even if you have to pay more for it. If it be too thin, and you have ground to work in or

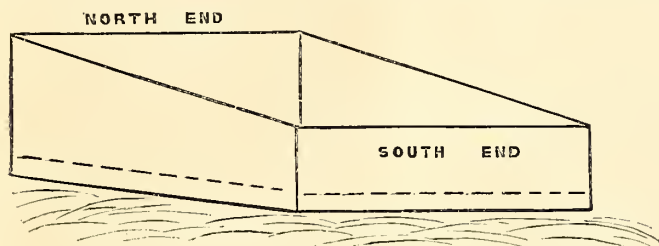


Fig. 1.

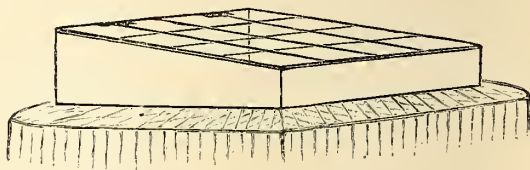


Fig. 2.

of the good the ashes do as manure and in retaining the heat of the ground so treated, the beds are of a beautiful dark colour, and you can see the rows of seedlings peeping up from the ground much sooner. This method of treating beds is Scotch, or of Scotch origin, and you can hardly beat a Scotch gardener.

Most vegetable seeds ought to be got in the ground during March and April. The commonest and best are parsnips, onions, carrots, leeks, turnips, and beetroot. Sow all these in beds; for lettuces any spare corner will do, as you have to make frequent sowings, and the same may be said of mustard and cress; and the few seeds you will want of cabbage, kail, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, sprouting broccoli, and greens generally, may be sown on any out-of-the-way sunny border. In a piece of ground three times the size of the business end of your spade you can grow hundreds.

Whenever you sow a bed with seeds, or even a patch in a border, do not forget to place a little bit of wooden label in it, to mark the kind of seed sown.

Do not have all your garden in beds; remember there are potatoes and greens to go in, and broadbeans and peas, etc. Never sow more vegetables than you think will be wanted; but onions and parsnips are always useful.

Learn to be handy with the hoe, the spade, and the rake; look upon a weed as your biggest enemy, and consider any vegetable that is growing where it has no business to grow as a weed. Potatoes, for instance, have sometimes the daring audacity to pop up right in the middle of a bed of onions. Root them up whenever they do.

*The Hotbed; how to make it.*—For this you

which you are to place your glass frame. The portion of the bed under the dotted line consists of about six inches or more of solid well-packed mould. The manure goes over that very evenly, and very firmly pressed or packed down, and about two feet or more in thickness, sloping to the sun, as seen in the figure.

The frame to be put over this is simply a bottomless box with a glazed top and hinges at the upper side. Any old bacon-box would do, any old glass will do to frame it; or you can buy the top part of the frame made of thin iron-work all ready to glaze. This frame should stand on the top of the hotbed, but must not cover it by several inches all round. Put on your frame, and in a few days the heat will be getting up. Give it air occasionally, and in about a week or ten days you can cover the top of the hotbed with fine soil three or more inches deep. This is to moderate the heat.

On this hotbed you can raise all your flower-seeds; and if you are ambitious you can grow even cucumbers and melons.

When you once become acquainted with the nature and uses of the hotbed I am sure you will not be content with one, but will have several.

I have had little hotbeds made of simply turf-sides, with an old window borrowed from a stable or outhouse doing duty as the top of the frame. By all means study simplicity in gardening, but let tidiness go hand-in-hand with it.

If you have a hotbed you can have your annual flowers ready to plant out by the time the warm weather comes, and thus ensure a splendid autumn show.

trenching to do, it will soon crack and bend at the lower edge. When digging put the spade well into the ground, sending it home with the left foot, and break up the contents well and neatly. The surface of the turned-up ground should be very level. After you dig about three or four feet, throw down the spade and rake that portion; then dig three or four feet and rake again, so that at the end the whole surface shall be delightfully level and even. In making your first trench throw the earth behind you; the earth from the second trench fills up the first, and so on.

Do not dig in wet weather; in frosty weather you seldom can.

*The Hoe.*—I advise two kinds—the Dutch, or push-hoe, and the English, or draw-hoe. Both are so useful, though the former is better adapted for mere surface work, getting down weeds from among flowers and vegetable seedlings. It is a sharp, sly little scoundrel this hoe, and, though very useful, wants a deal of looking after, for it will as soon go slick through phlox drummondii as it will through a morsel of groundsel or chickweed. The English hoe should be a strong, sturdy one, and is excellent for rough work among vegetables, earthing up greens, potatoes, etc. It is hard work, but capital exercise.

*The Rake.*—You would be better to have two, a large and a small, with teeth to match, and handles of good length. Good raking is quite a fine art.

Wear, when working, your oldest clothes and your oldest pair of strong boots.

(To be continued.)



## POTTERY-PAINTING.

(Continued from page 132.)

## THIRD LESSON.\*

WE have in this article to deal with the subject of painting heads on pottery, as it may so happen that the genius of some of our

to avoid some of those glaring faults one sees occasionally in figure work on pottery. The notion that anything will do is too often an

and next because it is very simple and direct in treatment, and does not present the difficulties that many other portraits of English worthies



readers may lie more in the way of heads and figures than in flowers and animal life. We need hardly say that anything appertaining to the human form—"this breathing-house not made with hands," as Coleridge so beautifully expresses it—is much more difficult than many are apt to imagine. The truth is that bad drawing in a figure or head is so much more noticeable than in other things, and therefore let no one essay to paint either heads or figures unless they feel that they can draw sufficiently well

excuse for bad work. Nothing but your very best ought to be the motto of all artists, whether professional or amateur. Those of our readers who have drawn from casts, and have done a few heads in crayon from the antique or from copies, might, after they have painted a few simple tiles or plaques, and got used to the manipulation of pottery enamels, try their hand at a head; and we shall endeavour to help them to this by giving them a few simple hints, the result of some study and practice on our part.

In our illustration we have taken Chaucer as the leading *motif*, first because his head is well known, and portraits of him are easily obtained,

do. It is essential that a careful full-size drawing should be made first of all, and then traced on tracing-paper, so as to enable it to be easily transferred to the plaque.

If you attempt to transfer a drawing on thick paper the result is that your drawing gets cut by the pressure of the hard point, and the result is a very poor impression.

When it is transferred—which is better done by rubbing the back of the tracing thinly with stove blacklead—if there be any doubt about the drawing of any part of it, carefully go over the head with Indian ink, marking in all the principal lines.

Now the next thing is to be very humble, and

\* It is our intention to offer prizes in connection with this subject. Particulars will be given on completion of these articles.—ED. B. O. P.



make up your mind not to attempt too much ; but what you do accomplish let it be carefully and painstakingly done. My advice is, paint the whole of the plaque in one colour, instead of attempting to get a flesh tint.

Heads look extremely well treated in single colours, and it is capital practice to execute one or two in this manner before attempting the colouring of a head. Brown bitumen in the tubes is a good colour, and works admirably. It is of a rich deep burnt umber tone, and by using it in varying degrees of intensity will produce all the variety of tint necessary. Rouge is a good colour, too, and effects similar to red-chalk drawings can be produced with it. Rouge laquer is also worth adding to your list of colours, being rather deeper and more laky in tone than rouge. All these colours are both in powder and tubes, as they are the French enamels, and, I think, are to be preferred to the powder colours of English make, though this is doubtless a matter of taste.

Squeeze out a small portion of colour, and, without making it too thin with turpentine, mark in the outline of the face—such as the eyes, nose, mouth, hair, profile, and, in fact, all the principal lines, using a fine sable rigger or liner for the purpose. This outline should be delicately but firmly painted, and most accurate, as the whole of the after-work will depend upon it. We will suppose red is the colour you are working with, this being the easiest to use for a first attempt. Put a thin wash evenly all over the face, leaving the hair, beard, and eyes white. A little fat oil should be put in the colour, even if the tube colours be used, to enable the red to be put on evenly. While still wet, the shadow of cheek, the foreshortened side of face, shadow of nose and eyes, can be put in with same colour. To do this, use your brush lightly, and work it much the same as you would stipple or cross-hatch in water-colour painting or crayon drawing—i.e., you make a series of short strokes, say from right to left, and then just touching these, some from left to right, and so on. By repeating this process, and going over these touches with other ones, a highly stippled surface can be obtained, together with any depth of shadow. It is merely a work of time, and should not be hurried. The longer you work at the shading the finer should the touches become, so that in time you hide all perceptible brush marks. Just as in crayon shading, you begin rather coarsely, and by making your touches finer and finer you can get a most beautiful texture. Or the shadow can be painted on at once in wash by using the colour you tint the head with thicker in proportion to the depth of shadow ; but this, to be effective, should be boldly done, and requires a little more facility of execution than a beginner is apt to possess.

The tint all over the face should not be too dark, just a thin wash. It is possible, as we have before explained, to make your shadows at the time you lay this tint by increasing the depth of colour in the shadows and scratching out lights and by softening any harsh edges with the blade of a knife, which you use in the same manner as you employ the brush in shading. If you find any difficulty in laying a tint all over the face you might use the badger to soften the colour, or the stippler to stipple it all over, but a tint laid with a brush is far preferable. You must avoid rubbing up your outline more than you can possibly help, and this you can easily do by taking your brush round the lines instead of over them. In painting, the chief point to be observed is to produce the effect of hair by a few telling lines, and not by covering the whole surface with innumerable scratches and lines. A few touches put on in the right place are better than many put on carelessly and thoughtlessly. In the present case the hair and beard of Chaucer must tell light against the face.

Paint the headgear and dress boldly and the shadows in broad washes. Stippling would be thrown away here. See that both cap and coat are dark enough to throw up the face. The background should be floated on solidly. The name and dates can be traced in the rouge laquer as well as the outer border, but the

basket-work at back of name, label, and the background of the laurel border, might be put in with rouge. The leaves want a thin shade of red, as do also the berries. The vein in the centre of each leaf can be picked out with the end of a brush before the shadow dries.

We might say a word as to the arrangement of the ornamental accessories in the illustration accompanying this article. To simply put a head upon a plaque without any attempt at framing it in by a border or other ornamental accessories evinces a want of invention that we feel sure our readers will not wish to emulate. If the ornamental accessories be well chosen and are quiet in character, the head is enhanced and has a prominence and value given to it which alone it would be without. I do not wish to make my readers adopt the arrangement I have indicated in the cut ; that is one way of treating a head, and there are dozens of others ; and without following the one given slavishly my readers might modify it according as their taste and fancy prompt them. A very good series of plaques might be painted with heads of English poets, such as Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, and others ; and even modern men like Carlyle, Longfellow, and Tennyson might be added to the gallery. Photographs of these last men can be obtained and the effect easily rendered in brown bitumen.

Until you have had some practice do not try to get strong effects of light and shade, but be content with just an indication of the shadows. Complicated effects of *chiaro-oscuro*, such as Rembrandt was noted for, are not easy of attainment, and require more skill and knowledge than the majority of amateurs possess.

Another method of painting heads in single colours, and one comparatively easy and withal effective, is the following:—Have some colour in powder, either the French or English ones, and mix up a little with a very small portion of fat oil and plain turpentine, so that when the colour dries it can be removed with a hog-hair brush. Be careful to use *very little* fat oil, or you will not be able to remove the colour sufficiently easily to allow of your working in the manner to be described. Having outlined the head in *water colour*—i.e., with colour mixed with sugar, as mentioned in first article, put on a fairly strong wash of brown or red, the former preferred, sufficiently thick to tell for the dark shadows, and let this dry. This wash, or matt as it is termed, should be badgered to get it perfectly flat and even all over. Have two or three flat hog-hair brushes of various sizes, and commence brushing out the lights by passing the brush evenly and firmly over the colour. If the right proportion of fat oil has been mixed with the colour the brushes will remove a certain quantity every time they pass over the work, and by working in this manner a very finished effect can be produced. It will only remain to put in the very deepest touches, such as eyebrows, eyes, nostrils, etc., to finish the head.\*

A very good plan to test whether the colour is mixed rightly is to paint a little on the palette-knife, evaporate the turpentine at the fire, and try whether the colour can be removed by a hog-hair brush. Success depends upon the colour being sufficiently tenacious to keep on, and yet soft enough to allow of its being removed without much effort.

It seems hardly necessary to say that the simplest possible way of working a head would be to confine yourself to tracing all the features in some telling colour mixed with water and sugar, brown bitumen, for instance, and just giving the whole face a thick wash of rouge. This method is simple and effective, and is consequently adapted to beginners, who would do well to try this plan before attempting a more complicated style of work.

In colouring heads the flesh tints sold under that name are very useful. You work much

\* The brushes should be new, and with tolerably stiff hair, otherwise they will not remove the colour with the slight pressure you ought to give them. This method is not unlike what is known as breeding out in crayon or charcoal shading, where the object is rubbed all over with a dark tint, and the roundness given by removing the lights with bread. The brushes can be made stiffer by being cut down with a knife

in the same way as we have heretofore described, putting on an even tint all over the flesh, and shading with the deeper flesh tint. Do not attempt putting in greys or other broken colours, as these are too often apt to burn muddy and harsh, and look anything but what they were intended to be when fired. My readers may think I am almost too cautious, and so I may be, but, as Lowell says about writing, that "the author should consider how largely the art of writing consists in knowing what to leave in the inkstand," so in painting, the artist should realise what he can successfully attempt and what he should carefully avoid. Half the failure in art springs from the desire to do too much, and amateurs and beginners are prone to the fault of attempting to fly before their wings are grown.

(To be continued.)

## THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE:

WHAT IT IS, AND HOW TO ENTER IT.

By AVIET AGABEG, LL.B.

(Continued from page 175.)

SUCH, then, are the subjects and works to study for the first Indian Civil Service examination, which we venture to think a person with a sound education and even moderate abilities, but possessing at the same time application and determination to succeed, will have little or no difficulty in passing, if he makes a judicious selection of the subjects and endeavours to study them and the works connected with them properly, carefully, and in the manner we have above, though briefly, pointed out. But an intending competitor must not think that by successfully passing the first examination he will enter a haven of rest or even reach the goal for which he had been striving. As for rest, he will have none for years and years to come, even after he has been admitted into the service, and such admission is not acquired by mere success at the first examination. For this purpose he has, after the first examination, to pass a series of examinations, the particulars of which we shall give presently ; and in order to prepare for these examinations, every person successful at the first examination, otherwise called "selected candidate," is kept in this country for two years. These examinations take place periodically, and the "final examination" at the close of the second year. The subjects for these examinations and the marks for the same respectively are as follows :

	Marks.
1. Oriental Languages :—	
Sanskrit ... ..	500
Vernacular Languages of India (each) ...	400
N.B.—These include, besides the languages prescribed for the several presidencies, such other languages as may, with the approval of the Commissioners, be taken up as subjects of examination.	
2. The History and Geography of India	350
3. Law ... ..	1250
4. Political Economy ... ..	350

In these examinations, as in the first, the merits of the candidates examined are estimated by marks, and the number set opposite to each subject denotes the greatest number of marks that can be obtained in respect of it at any one examination. These examinations, like the first, are conducted by means of printed questions and written answers and also *vidv* voce.

By one of the regulations for these examinations any candidate who, at any of the periodical examinations, shall appear to have wilfully neglected his studies, or to be physically incapacitated for pursuing the prescribed course of training, will be liable to have his name removed from the list of selected candidates. So that the selected candidates must be physically fit for their work and the climate they intend to face, and must not on any account neglect their studies. The selected candidates are



allowed to choose, according to the order in which they stand at the competitive examination, the Presidency (and in Bengal the division of the Presidency) to which they shall be appointed, and this choice must be exercised immediately after the result of the open competition is announced. No candidate can proceed to India before he has passed the final examination and received a certificate of qualification, or after he has attained the age of twenty-four years. The successful candidates at the final examination have to enter into "covenants," which we have already referred to, and are then appointed to the Civil Service of India, their seniority in which is determined according to the order in which they stand in the final examination. Before dealing with the works to study for the periodical and final examinations, our readers should be informed that as a rule there is an allowance made by the Secretary of State for India to the selected candidates during their two years of probation, such allowance being generally £50 at the end of each six months for the first year and a half, and £150 at the end of the second year.

Next as to the subjects and the works to study for them. With regard to the languages,

candidates must show a thorough knowledge of the grammar of the languages they take up; facility in translating from and into each language, familiarity with the written character, and some proficiency in speaking the language. As a rule there are text-books set for each examination in these languages, but the final examination is not confined to such text-books. These text-books are respectively as follows:—

Hindustani.—Forbes' Total Kahani; Bagh o' Bahar; Araish in Mahfil.

Telugu.—Brown's Reader; Lane's Official Documents.

Hindi.—Sakuntala; Hindi Reader.

Bengali.—Charitabali; Naba Nari; Som Prakash.

Marathi.—Fifth Reading Book; Vachan Mala.

Tamil.—Pope's Tamil Reader; Pope's Handbook; Panchantantram; Robertson's Tamil Papers.

Sanskrit.—Story of Nala; Hitopadesa; Manu; Raghuvan'sa.

Arabic.—Alif Laila; Al Fachiri; Forbes' Reading Lessons.

Persian.—Gulistan; Anwari Suhaili.

Next, as to the History and Geography of India. As regards the latter, the best way to prepare it for the examinations is to thoroughly study a map of India in one of the best atlases, such as Johnson's, and that portion of Hughes's "Physical Geography" which relates to India. The selected candidate should also, as he studies the history of India, follow and keep in mind the changes of territories, provinces, etc., or the disappearance of native kingdoms, states, etc. For a general knowledge of the history of India the best works are those by Murray and Elphinstone, which should be studied in the order in which we have named them. After that should be studied some or all of the following works, viz.: Mill's British India, Wilson's Continuation of Mill, Histories of India by Marshman, Orme, and Grant Duff, and Kaye's Afghan and Sepoy Wars, etc., Life of Metcalfe, etc., etc., etc. For political economy the candidate cannot do better than carefully study the works on that subject by Mill, Adam Smith, McCulloch, and Ricardo, and also Northcote's History of Twenty Years of Financial Policy and Goschen's Theory of Foreign Exchanges.

(To be continued.)

## FIRE!

### I.

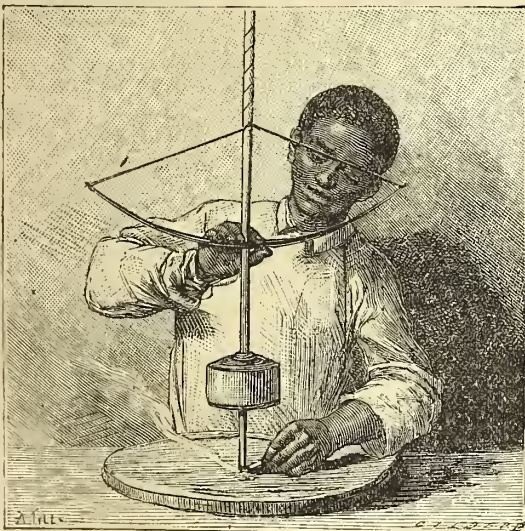
IN the wilds of Asia, from whence came the Aryan race, man, according to the Vedic legend, first made fire in this world by swiftly spinning in a hollow of the soft arani wood a pointed twig of the harder pramontha, and thus called to his aid Agni, the spirit of the flame.

From Agni comes the Latin *ignis*, fire; from it also the Greek *agnos*, purity, familiar to us all in the girl name Agnes, the chaste one, and the

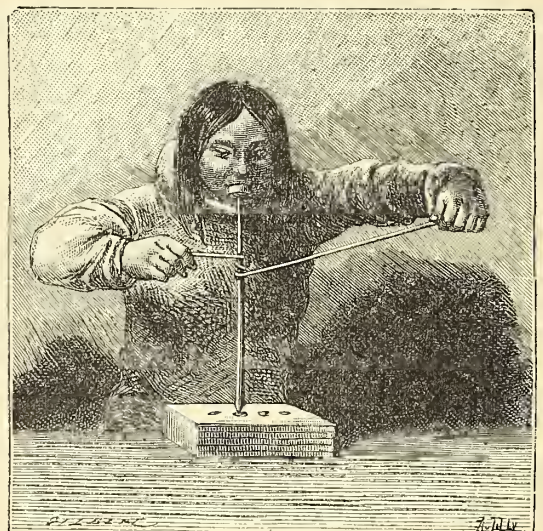
metheus, with a mysterious box as a wedding gift. But the wideawake brother of Atlas the world-carrier eyed the damsel over coolly and critically, and politely declined the honour of her hand, which was, however, eagerly accepted by his other brother Epimetheus. The box was opened; the emblem of civilisation, of progress, scattered all its pains and penalties abroad, and proved to have only hope at the bottom; and

Hercules teaches us in symbol that the "resources of civilisation" are fully equal in the long run to any contest with the weather.

Fire is one of the few things which all nations, savage and civilised, admit that they were once without. Greeks, Phœnicians, Persians, Egyptians, even the Chinese, are all agreed in this; and yet the scientific evidence traces back its use to very remote antiquity. How man



The Weighted Drill.



The Stick and Thong.

Agnus Dei of our theologians. From pramontha comes Prometheus—the son of Iapetus and Asia, the Titan who stole the fire from the chariot of the sun and brought it down to earth in a fennel stick to animate the lifeless man he had made.

It is a fine old story, how Jupiter, in violent anger at the Titan's presumption, ordered Vulcan immediately to make a second clay figure in female shape, and breathing into her her life, gave the world Pandora, the many-gifted, the first mortal woman. Venus made her beautiful, the Graces made her attractive, Apollo made her musical, Mercury made her eloquent, Minerva richly endowed her, and, thus armed at all points, Jupiter sent her to captivate Pro-

Epimetheus, after a stormy life in ape-like form, ended his days, or rather continued them, in earthquake-haunted Pitheecusa, which, under its modern name of Ischia, has proved true to its old repute, and interested us all by the recent catastrophe at Casamicciola.

Prometheus, too old to yield to fascination, suffered for the advance he had instituted by being chained to a cliff in the Caucasus, and there for thirty years he remained, with a bird perpetually pecking at his liver, until he was released by Hercules. The liver of Prometheus was that by which he lives amongst us now, the fire he taught us how to use; the bird of the air was the rain and wind which sought in vain to put the fire out; and the killing of the bird by

came first to think of using it none can ever tell. He may have seen it produced by fermentation or other chemical change, streaming from burning springs, kindled by the sun's rays on the parched herbage of the shore, lit by the lightning flash in the forest, or, as noted by Vitruvius, by the friction of dry bough on dry bough agitated by the wind. And this latter would seem to be the most likely, for in addition to the Sanskrit pramontha, the fennel wand of the Greeks, and the twirling rods of the Chinese Sui-gin-chi, we find that fire is produced by fire-sticks amongst nearly all savage nations.

There are exceptions, of course. The natives of the Land of Fire, Tierra del Fuego, strike



quartz with iron pyrites and catch the sparks in vegetable tinder in the manner recommended by Jupiter in his later days. So do the Aleutian Islanders at the other end of the American continent; so do the Eskimos. But the great body of the Eskimos use the sticks in the way shown in our illustration.

The principle of this apparatus was that adopted by the authorities of the small Hanoverian town who in 1828 kept up in the marketplace the means of lighting the alarm fire by spinning a pointed pole between two uprights of soft wood. The leathern thong was an improvement, it is obvious, on the older fashion of twirling the stick with the hands, now still in use amongst the Australians, Polynesians, Kamshatkans, Thibetans, and Mexicans, and it in its turn was further improved upon by the bow and weighted drill of the American Indians.

The Tasmanian fire-sticks are carried by the women, and almost worshipped as fetishes, and the savage of the mainland also makes much of his friction rods—when he has them. For all the Australians had not the knowledge of fire, as witness the two Englishmen who, when wrecked on the coast of New South Wales, attempted to boil some water. As the fire was lighted the natives looked on aghast, and when at last the water began to bubble the whole tribe took to their heels, to return shortly afterwards and, as a special mark of respect, strip the sailors stark naked and paint them over twice daily, until they were eventually rescued by a passing ship! Fire was unknown to the Indians of Central Oregon, to the natives of Otapua, and to those of the Disappointment Islands. In the Canaries and the Philippines there seems to have been no knowledge of it, and Captain Wilkes, of the United States exploring expedition, found that it had never been used in Fakaofa.

The Ladrone Islanders—the builders of those flying boats or prows which are said to do their twenty knots an hour on a "sodger's" wind—although they knew how to get offensively drunk on coconut milk, and showed such proficiency in stealing that from it they gained their name, which is simply the Spanish for thieves, were unacquainted with fire, and when Magellan set right to the sticks they thought the flame was alive and that the heat was the animal's bite. They were as much impressed, in short, as the man in Poe's "Fire Fiend," that curious nightmare which has somehow been omitted from all the collected works of the Baltimore magician.

"As the last long lingering echo  
Of the midnight's mystic chime,  
Lifting through the sable billows  
To the thither shore of time—  
Leaving on the starless silence  
Not a token nor a trace—  
For a quivering sigh departed;  
From my couch in fear I started—  
Started to my feet in terror,  
For my dream's phantasmal error  
Painted in the fitful fire a frightful,  
fiendish, flaming face!"

## Correspondence.

**ROPEYARN.**—Such a book is published by Hearder and Son, 195, Union Street, Plymouth. It is an exceedingly good little book on sea-fishing in all its branches. You can get it sent you for sixpence. Hearders supplied the trawls for the deep-sea explorations of H.M.S. Challenger.

**V. F. EDWARDS.**—Works on gardening are published by Messrs. Routledge, The Broadway, London. Mr. Warne, Bedford Street, publishes, we believe, a book called "Amateur Gardening." Messrs. James Carter and Co., High Holborn, have also a cheap shilling manual. Any of these would suit your purpose.

**L. S.**—Touch or wash the mouth of the parrot three or four times a day with a solution of alum ten or fifteen grains to the ounce; but if it be anything of the nature of a growth it will require touching with caustic occasionally. Feed on soft food till well.

**BULLIE BOY.**—1. About six months old. 2. Any position, if the room is quiet. Feed the bird before you teach him his music lesson. 3. A whistle might do; a bird-organ is better. They must learn, note by note, and bar by bar. 4. As often as possible. "Duncan Grey" is an easy tune.

**H. B. D.—1.** Will tell you when we find out. 2. Keep your hat on, friend, keep it on. If you take it off to all your superiors you will soon wear it out. You must use a little discretion in the matter.

**AN ORIENTAL (Singapore).**—1. Say five pounds complete, delivered. Apply to Messrs. Hill and Sons; or Withers, Wardour Street; or any other violin-makers or musical-instrument sellers. 2. The reference catalogue of current literature is in one thick volume. It consists of the present catalogues of the London publishers, bound up together and indexed. 3. Get the volumes through an agent at Singapore.

**R. HILL.**—The first number of the BOY'S OWN PAPER was published on January 18, 1879; and the first tale by the author of "The Fifth Form at St. Doniulic's" appeared therein, and on the first page.

**YOUNG KYLE.**—There are two sorts of training-ships. The ship to which the magistrate sent the boys is not that to which you wish to go. Apply to the Superintendent, Shaftesbury and Arcthusa training ships office, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. He may put you in the right track.

**F. S.**—The "ruins" in Battersea Park near the river and Albert Bridge are the old Temple Bar, which used to stand at the end of Fleet Street, where Lawes's attenuated griffin now doubles up his tea-tray and blocks the road.

**CRICKETER (Three of Them).**—There are quite ways enough at present for getting a batsman out without inventing new ones. Why not read the laws? If the matter be not mentioned therein, you are simply wasting time in asking the question. In what law of cricket does it say that the striker is out if he picks up the ball which has been knocked off? In what law does it say he is out if he hits the ball with the "hedge of his bat"? We fear that your umpire must be out—of his mind.

**S. P. A.**—Make a paste of ordinary whiting and water, and add to it a little caustic potash. If this paste is painted over the chimney-piece and then washed off it will be found to have cleaned all the spots off the marble. If you put in too much potash, or leave it on too long, it will bite into the surface.

**G. DEBBY.**—Twenty-four-carat gold is all gold; twenty-two-carat gold has twenty-two parts of gold, one of silver, and one of copper; eighteen-carat gold has eighteen parts of gold and three each of silver and copper; twelve-carat gold is half gold, and has three and a half parts of silver and eight and a half of copper. Its specific gravity is about 15, pure gold is 19.

**C. STONE.**—The easiest way to polish small stones is to rub them down on a grindstone, then smoothen them by rubbing on a slate, and then finish them against a cork wheel, set in a lathe, kept wet and constantly dusted with fine oxide of iron. You could cover the grindstone for the purpose with strips of cork such as are used for cork soles. For the lathe a bung, or even a good-sized bottle-cork would do for small objects; but "life corks," familiar to boating men, answer the best.

**REGIMENTAL.**—A great many promotions are now made from the ranks. Several privates in the English service have risen to be generals. The preparation for commissions at Woolwich and Sandhurst is now very thorough, and the cadets there have to go through the whole routine as you say.

**SEBASTIAN.**—You can only get your "brown bees" to stop by arranging more accommodation for them, for when the young "come off" they naturally want to take up house for themselves.

**ROSIE.**—You need not apologise. We are always pleased to hear from girls as well as boys. Your brother is wrong. Read answer to AUDIT OFFICE, and use the same ointment.

**ACOTYLEDON.**—Try the two shilling "History of British Ferns," by Edward Newman, published by Van Voorst, Paternoster Row.

**ENQUIRER AND RECENT COLLECTOR.**—For articles on postage-stamp collecting see any volume of the paper, and for stamp agents see the wrapper of the Monthly Parts.

**C. E. F. T., BOB, and WOULD-BE PURSER.**—There is little chance of obtaining a purser's appointment unless there has been previous service in subordinate capacities. An application to any of the large shipping firms would obtain for you the information you want. Far better be a seaman if you want to go to sea.

**A. B. G.**—We fancy you have been feeding your homers too well, and making them fat and lazy. Feed on tick beans, tares, corn, and grey peas; but give neither maize, nor hemp, nor wheat. Take them from home when only about three months old, on a fine day, and start them home. Half a mile will be enough the first day, and you must gradually increase the distance. If lazy, drill them off the roof, and compel them to fly around for exercise.

**AUDIT OFFICE.**—1. Your cat has mange. Rub in along the spine a little compound sulphur ointment, and make him keep in a clean place. Eating too many rats would induce skin disease, but we fancy in this case the ailment is caused by parasites. 2. We do not know the receipt for the perfume you name. We think it is patent.

**INQUISITIVE.**—No, don't cut the bird's tongue. This custom is cruel and utterly useless. Keep repeating words to it, and whistling to it. Feed it well, and it will soon imitate.

**JOHN WEST.**—We know of no cure for pimples except fresh air, good food, and plenty of exercise. Cannot you get up earlier?

**PELVIS and STRINGER.**—In nine cases out of ten the information would come too late, and we never knowingly assist the members of boys' debating societies with facts or arguments. It seems to us that it is taking an unfair advantage of their school-fellows to endeavour to bring us in as parties to their argument. There is nothing like "original research," and original research does not consist in writing to the editor of a magazine for information already cut-and-dried.

**LOVER OF THE SEA.**—Since our articles on "A Life on the Ocean Wave" were written fresh arrangements have been made. Boy writers for the Navy are now entered from Greenwich Hospital School only, where they are specially trained for the work. No "writers" are now entered from the shore direct.

**E. C. J.**—Your plan of killing rabbits is old-fashioned, but good. Why we recommend the stick instead of the hand is because a mere boy would not have strength to stun with the latter.

**W. BEST.**—1. We cannot answer by post, whether a stamped envelope is sent or not. 2. Yes, white rats breed very fast. You do not say how you feed. Keep them extra warm and dry, and do not use hay. Try some hemp-seed.

**C. H. COCKBAIN.**—Use the best bookbinder's glue.

**S. B.**—The show properties of black Spanish are the brilliant green-black plumage, the dark feet and legs, the coral-red comb, large and well set on in the cock, falling over in the hen, the white part of the wattles, across the throat the length and fineness of wattles, the arched tail, and beautiful carriage.

**A. WHITEHEAD.**—You may think the hutch clean, but we doubt if it be, else your feeding is at fault, or ventilation imperfect. Rub in a little glycerine, then a little dry brimstone. But thoroughly clean the hutch, or, better still, put your favourite into a new one.

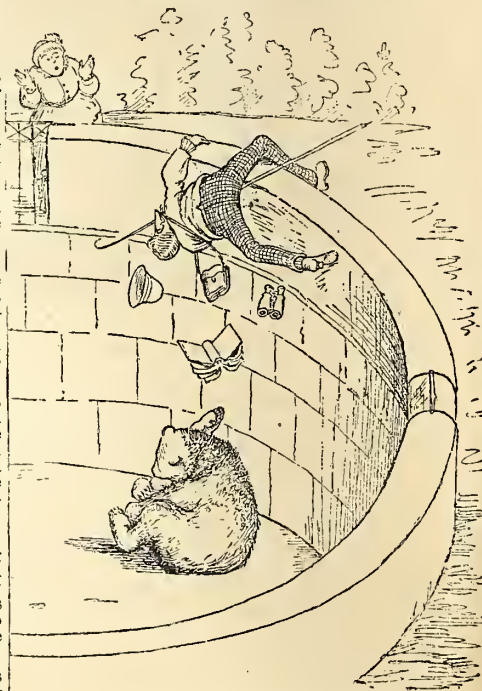
**GOATHERD.**—We have already given articles on goats, and the back numbers, three in all, could be got by applying at the office.

**G. S.**—Had you read our pigeon articles you would not now have written. But do not imagine that we think it any trouble to answer our boys. It is a pleasure. Advertise, or read the pigeon columns of the "Exchange and Mart." Nesting pans are cleaner than wooden boxes. But a pigeon will often prefer to sit on the floor. If so, humour her.

**J. B. T.**—1. Certainly your canaries died of sunstroke. It was so foolish to hang them in the glare. We fear you are not the only foolish boy in this respect. 2. You will have to feed the nestlings about three in the morning, and so on all day about every hour till sundown.

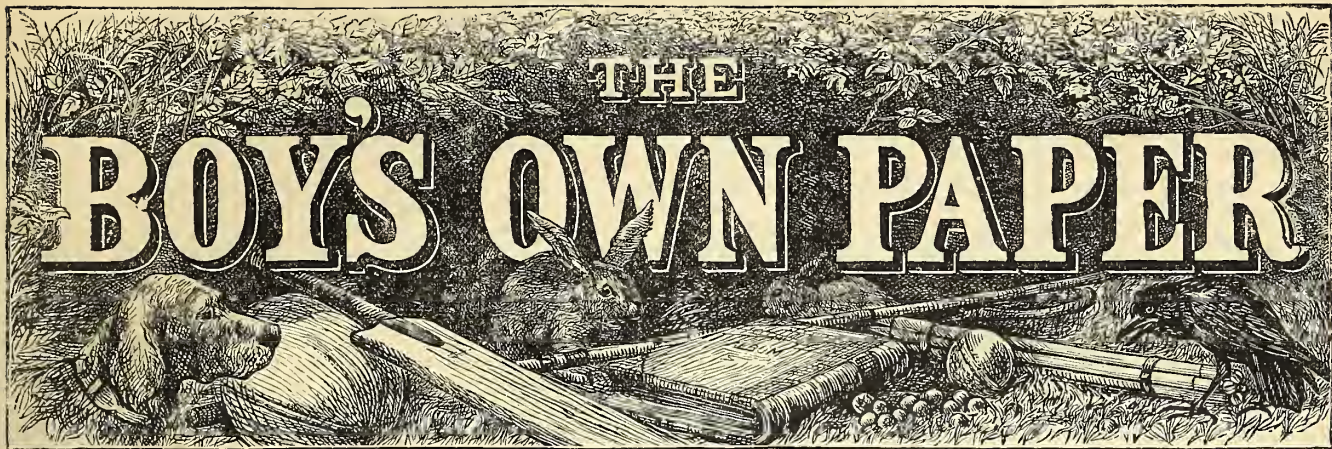
## DESIGNS FOR LANTERN SLIDES.

### A BEAR STORY, IN NINE CHAPTERS.



2.—Result of over-confidence.

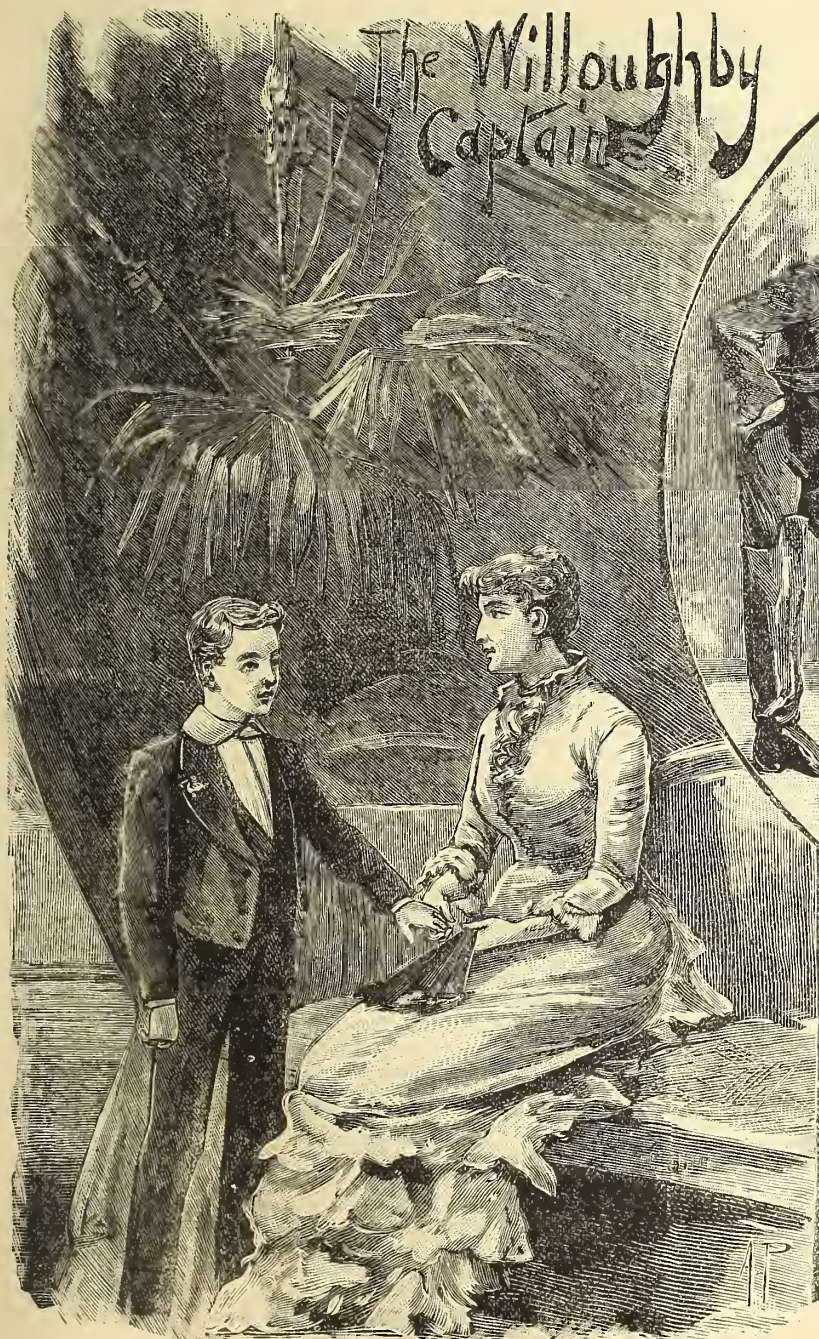




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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

Price One Penny.  
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### A SCHOOL STORY.

By TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "My Friend Smith," etc.

CHAPTER XL.—TELSON AND PARSON GO TO AN EVENING PARTY.

IT was the Saturday before the boartrace, and the excitement of Willoughby was working up every hour. Boys who were generally in the habit of lying in bed till the chapel bell began to ring had been up at six for a week past, to look at the practices on the river. Parliament had adjourned till after the event, and even the doings of the rival captains indoors were forgotten for a while in prospect of the still more exciting contest out of doors.

"Who are you, my little man?"



Everybody—even the Welchers, who at the last moment had given up any attempt to form a crew, and “scratched”—found it hard to think or talk of any other subject, and beyond the school bounds, in Shellport itself, a rumour of the coming race had got wind and attracted many outsiders to the river banks.

But it was not the prospect of the coming race which this Saturday afternoon was agitating the mind of Master Henry Brown.

Brown was a Limpet, belonging to the School House, who occupied the distinguished position of being the only day-boarder in Willoughby. His parents lived in Shellport, and thus had the benefit of the constant society of their dear Harry, while the school, on the other hand, was deprived of that advantage for a portion of every day in the term.

It was probably to make up for this deprivation that Mr. and Mrs. Brown made it a practice of giving an evening party once a term, to which the Doctor and his ladies were always invited, and also any two of dear Harry's friends he liked to name.

In this way the fond parents not only felt they were doing a polite and neighbourly act to their son's schoolmaster and schoolfellows, but that they were also the means of bringing together teacher and pupil in an easy unconstrained manner which would hardly be possible within the walls of the school.

It was the prospect of one of these delightful entertainments that was exhilarating Brown this Saturday afternoon.

And it must be confessed the excitement was due to very opposite emotions in the breast of the day-boarder. The Doctor and his ladies were coming! On the last two occasions they had been unfortunately prevented, which had been a great blow to Brown's “pa and ma,” but a relief to Brown himself. And now the prospect of meeting these awful dignitaries face to face in his own house put him in a small panic. But, on the other hand, he knew there would be jellies and savoury pie and strawberries and tipsy-cake at home that night. He had seen them arrive from the confectioner's that morning, and, Limpet as he was, Brown smiled inwardly as he meditated thereon. This was a second ground for excitement. And a third, equal to either of the other two, was that Parson and Telson were invited and were coming! He had tried one or two other fellows first. He had sounded Coates on the subject, but he unfortunately was engaged. He had pressed Wyndham to come, but Wyndham was busy that evening with the library. He had appealed to one or two other School House Limpets, but all, on hearing that the Doctor and Co. were to be present, respectfully declined.

Finally Brown dropped upon Telson, and condescendingly proposed to him to be present as one of his two friends.

Telson thought the matter over and fancied it promised well. He liked the sound of the jellies and the strawberries, and just at present he knew of no special reason for “funking” the Doctor. As for the Doctor's ladies, Telson had never seen them, so they did not weigh particularly with him.

“Who else is going?” he asked.

“Oh, I don't know yet,” said Brown, rather grandly. “I've one or two fellows in my mind.”

“Why don't you ask young Parson?” suggested Telson, innocently.

“Parson? he's not a School House kid.”

“I know he's not, but he and I are very chummy, you know. I wouldn't mind coming if he went.”

“I'll see,” said Brown, loftily, but secretly relieved to know of some one likely to come as his second “friend.”

“All right,” said Telson. “I've not promised, mind, if he can't come.”

“Oh yes you have!” replied Brown, severely, as he left the room.

In due time he found Parson and broached the subject to him.

Parson viewed the matter in very much the same light as Telson. He liked the “tuck-in” better than the company.

It never occurred to him it was odd that Brown should come all the way from the School House to invite him, a Parrett's junior, to his feast; nor did it occur to him either that the invitation put him under any obligation to his would-be host.

“I tell you what I'll do,” said he, in a businesslike manner, much as if Brown had asked him to clean out his study for him, “if you ask Telson to come too, I'm game.”

Brown half doubted whether these two allies had not been consulting together on the subject, so startling was the similarity of their conditions.

“Oh! Telson's coming,” he said, in as offhand a way as he could.

“He is! Then I'm on, old man; rather!” exclaimed the delighted Parson.

“All right! Six-thirty, mind, and chokers!” said Brown, not a little relieved to have scraped up two friends for the festive occasion.

At the appointed time—or rather before the appointed time, for they arrived at twenty minutes past six—our two heroes, arrayed in their Sunday jackets and white ties, presented themselves at the house of their host. They had “put it on” considerably in order to get ahead of the Doctor's party, for they considered that—as Parson expressed it—“it would be a jolly lot less blushy work” to be there before the head master arrived. There was no doubt about their success in this little manoeuvre, for when the servant opened the door the hall was full of rout seats, and a man, uncommonly like the greengrocer, in a dress coat, was busily unpacking plates out of a small hamper.

Into this scene of confusion Parson and Telson were ushered, and here they were left standing for about five minutes as interested spectators, till the hall was cleared and the domestic had leisure to go and tell Master Harry of their arrival.

Master Harry was dressing, and sent down word they had better go into the shoe-room till he came down. Which they did, and amused themselves during the interval with trying on Mr. Brown's Wellingtons, and tying together the laces of all Harry's boots they could discover.

In due time Harry appeared in grand array.

“How jolly early you are!” was his greeting.

“You said six-thirty, didn't you?” said Telson.

“Yes; it's only just that now. Nobody will be here for a quarter of an hour yet. You'd better come in and see ma.”

The two guests obeyed cheerfully. Ma was in the drawing-room busy adjusting the sashes of the three juvenile Misses Brown, with her mouth full of pins. So all she could do was to smile pleasantly at her two visitors and nod her head as they

each came up and held out their hands to be shaken.

“Better sit down,” suggested Brown.

Parson and Telson thereupon retreated to the sofa, on the edge of which they sat for another five or ten minutes, looking about them complacently, and not attempting to break the silence of the scene.

The silence, however, was soon broken by a loud double knock at the hall door, which was the signal for Mr. Brown bolting into the room in a guilty way with one cuff not quite buttoned, and standing on the hearthrug with as free-and-easy an air as if he had been waiting there a quarter of an hour at least. Knock followed knock in quick succession, and after the usual amount of fluttering in the hall, the greengrocer flung open the drawing-room door and ushered in Dr. and Mrs. Patrick, Miss Stringer, and half a dozen other arrivals.

Our two heroes, sitting side by side, unnoticed, on the edge of the sofa, had full opportunity to take stock of the various guests, most of whom were strangers to them.

As every one appeared to be about the Doctor's age, things promised slowly for Parson and Telson, whose interest in Brown's party decidedly languished when finally they found themselves swept off their perch and helplessly wedged into a corner by an impenetrable phalanx of skirts.

But this was nothing compared with a discovery they made at the same time—that they had missed their tea! There was a merry rattle of cups and spoons in a room far off, through the half-open door of which they could catch glimpses of persons drinking tea, and of Brown handing round biscuits and cake. The sight of this was too much to be borne. It was at least worth an effort to retrieve their fatal mistake.

“I say,” said Telson, looking for his friend round the skirts of a stately female, “hadn't we better go and help Brown, Parson?”

Luckless youth! The lady in question, hearing the unexpected voice at her side, backed a little and caught sight of the speaker.

“What, dear?” she said, benevolently, taking his hand and sitting down on the sofa; “and who are you, my little man?”

“My little man” was fairly trapped; there was no escaping this seizure. Parson got away safely to the tea-room, and the sight of him dodging about among the cakes and cups only added to the misery of the hapless Telson.

“Who are you, my little dear?” said the lady, who was no other than Miss Stringer herself.

Telson, fortunately for him, was ignorant of the fact—as ignorant, indeed, as Miss Stringer was of the fact that the little dear she was addressing was a Willoughbite.

“Telson, ma'am,” said Telson, following Parson with longing eyes.

“Johnny?” said the lady.

“No; Augustus,” replied the proud bearer of the name.

Miss Stringer surveyed him benevolently. He was a nice-looking boy, was Telson—and the lady thought so too.

“And will you give me a kiss, Augustus dear?” she said, with her most winning smile.

What could Augustus do? A hundred desperate alternatives darted through his mind. He would bolt into the tea-room; he would shout for help; he would show



fight; he would— But while he was making up his mind what he would do he found himself being kissed on the cheek in the most barefaced manner before everybody by this extraordinary female; and, more than that, being actually set down on the sofa beside her! He only hoped Parson or Brown had not seen it.

Well for Miss Stringer she did not guess the wrath that boiled in the bosom of her small companion!

"And do you live here, dear?" inquired she, pleased to have this opportunity of studying the juvenile human nature in which she was so much interested.

"No, I don't," said Telson, surlily; then, suddenly recollecting he was in polite though disagreeable company, he added, "ma'am."

"And where do you go to school, pray?" inquired the spinster.

"Oh, Willoughby," replied Telson, who had gradually given up all hope of tea, and was making up his mind to his fate.

Miss Stringer gave a little start at this piece of information, and was on the point of betraying her identity, but she forbore. "After all," thought she, "he might be more constrained if I were to enlighten him on that subject."

"So you go to Willoughby," she said, with interest. "And how do you like it?"

"Oh, well enough," said Telson, relenting somewhat towards his companion as she showed no further signs of kissing him. "Nice lot of fellows, you know, on the whole."

"Indeed! Let me see, who is the head master?" inquired the lady.

"Oh, Paddy—that old boy there by the fire. And that's Mrs. Paddy there with the curls."

Miss Stringer appeared to receive another shock at this piece of information, which, however, Telson, flattered by her evident interest in his remarks, did not take to heart.

"And," said she, presently, with a slight nervousness in her voice, "I hope you like them?"

"Oh," blurted out Telson, "Paddy's not so bad, but the dame's an old ogre, you know—at least, so fellows say. I say," added he, "don't you tell her I said so!"

Miss Stringer regarded him with a peculiar smile, which the boy at once took to mean a promise. So he rattled on. "And she's got a sister, or somebody hangs about the place, worse than any of them. Why, when old Wynd—"

"And," said Miss Stringer, suddenly—"and which House are you in—in the School House?"

"Hullo, then! you know Willoughby?" demanded Telson, sharply.

Miss Stringer looked confused, as well she might, but replied, "Ah! all public schools have a School House, have they not?"

"I suppose so," said Telson. "Yes, I'm a School House fellow. I'm the captain's fag, you know—old Riddell."

"Mr. Riddell is the captain, then?"

"Rather! Do you know him?"

Poor Miss Stringer! How sad it is, to be sure, when once we go astray. She, the Griffin of Willoughby, was as much at the mercy of this honest unconscious fag as if he had caught her in the act of picking a pocket. For how could she reveal herself now?

"I—I think I met him once," she said.

"Where? at his home, was it?" asked Telson, who seemed to be urged by a most insatiable curiosity on the subject.

"No," faltered the lady; "it was—er—I think it was at Dr. Patrick's."

"Very likely," said Telson. "He was up there to tea, I know, just before he was made captain. But I didn't know any one else was there except Paddy and his hyenas."

"His what, sir!" exclaimed Miss Stringer, in a voice which nearly startled Telson off the sofa.

"I mean, you know, the fellows—"

"And where do you live at home?" asked Miss Stringer, determined to steer clear of this awkward topic.

"Oh, London," said Telson; "do you know London?"

"Yes—it is indeed a wonderful place," said Miss Stringer; "and whereabouts does your father live?"

"Oh, my governor's in India," began Telson.

"Your who?" said Miss Stringer, with a feeble attempt at severity.

"My dad, you know; and I live with my grandfather. Jolly old boy. He was at Willoughby when he was a boy. Did you know him then? I expect he'll recollect you, you know."

"I do not think," said Miss Stringer, with a very ruffled countenance, "that your grandfather and I ever met."

"Oh, I don't know. He recollects most of the old people down here, you know. I say, there's Parson beckoning; he's my chum, you know. I expect he wants me to help with some of the things."

And so saying off he went, leaving Miss Stringer, so to speak, fairly doubled up, and in a state of mind which may be more easily imagined than described.

Every one observed how singularly silent and retiring Miss Stringer was all that evening. Some attributed it to the heat of the room, others feared she might not be well, others guessed she found the Browns' entertainment very slow; but no one, least of all Telson himself, had a suspicion of the true reason.

That young gentleman and his ally, after finding out that there was not much chance of their services being required to "look after the things"—the greengrocer being quite able to deal with the business single-handed—found themselves once more stranded in the drawing-room and gradually getting edged back by the skirts, when an unlooked-for distinction rescued them from their perilous situation.

The distinction was none other than a sign of recognition from the Doctor and a friendly signal to approach.

Like two small well-trained circus ponies the two friends obeyed the summons and climbed over the intervening skirts.

"Well, Telson and Parson," said the Doctor, shaking hands. "I'd no idea you were here—how are you?"

"We got a captain's permit. Quite well, thank you, sir."

"My dear, these are two of our boys, Telson and Parson."

Mrs. Patrick regarded the two boys in her usual precise way, and said,

"Among so many boys under our roof, I find it impossible to remember every face. And which is Master Telson?"

"This is Telson," said Parson. "He's in the School House, you know—"

"I do not know," said Mrs. Patrick, severely.

"Don't you?" said Parson, with genuine astonishment. "He's captain's fag, you know."

"I must repeat I do not know," reiterated Mrs. Patrick.

"Oh, well, he's only been that a little time, since the sports, you know, when old Wyndham left. I say, ma'am, are you going to be at the race on Wednesday?"

Mrs. Patrick looked somewhat baffled as she replied,

"I think it very possible."

"It'll be a jolly good race," said Telson. "Old Parson is coxing Parrett's, and it looks like a win for them. Only we aren't so bad, and now Gilks is out of the boat and Riddell's settled as cox, we ought to make a race of it. Fairbairn's quite as long a reach as Bloomfield, only he doesn't kick his stretcher so hard—does he, Parson?"

"Rather not," said Parson. "That's where we get the pull of you; besides, I'm a lighter weight than Riddell, though he's boiled down a good bit since he went into training."

"Good deal depends on who gets the inside berth," said Telson, delightfully oblivious of the bewildered Mrs. Paddy's presence. "It's a jolly long swing round Willow Point for the outsiders—half a length at least."

"Yes; but it's just as bad round the corner at the finish the other way."

"Ah! talking about the race, I see," said the Doctor, returning to the group at this point. "So, Telson, Riddell's to steer your boat after all."

"Yes, sir," said Telson; "it's settled now."

"So that the School House boat is still the captain's boat, eh? Ah! Parson, though, I suppose, wants the Parrett's boat to win."

"Parson's cox. for Parrett's," said Telson.

"Parrett—I mean Mr. Parrett—stopped my river play a week, sir," said Parson, by way of explaining the circumstance: "but I've had captain's leave to row out since, so they kept me in the boat."

This sporting conversation went on for some time longer, Mrs. Patrick not venturing again to join in. At last the Doctor broke up the conference of his own accord, and our two heroes, once more adrift, went out for a lounge in the hall, as they explained, to cool themselves, but really to be at hand for a bolt into the supper-room whenever the happy moment should arrive.

It did arrive after what seemed to be a week's suspense, and then the hardships and perils of the evening were fully compensated for. The two friends got into a snug corner, "far from the madding crowd," where, to put it mildly, they spent a very busy half-hour. They managed it well. Neither boy helped himself—he wouldn't be so greedy; but each helped the other. When Telson saw Parson's plate getting empty of sandwiches, he most attentively fetched him a clean one with a trifle on it; and when Telson had finally got through his jellies (for he had more than one), it was Parson's brotherly hand which assisted him to an ice!

As they sat there they positively wished Brown's "pa and ma" gave a party once a week!

But all good things come to an end, and so did this grand party. Guests began to depart, and among the earliest were the Doctor and his ladies. The Doctor came up to the boys, and said, kindly, "We're driving up; you two had better come with us, there's plenty of room on the box. Now my love—now Miss Stringer."

Miss Stringer! Telson nearly fainted as he saw who it was who answered to the name.



"Let's walk up," he said, entreatingly, to Parson.

"I don't mind, only Paddy—"

"Now then, boys," cried the Doctor, "there's room for one inside. Telson, will you come?"

Telson, terrified, bounded up on to the box without another word, and Parson beside him, and the fly drove off.

"Oh, Parson, old man, I'm a gone ccon!" exclaimed Telson, in tones of abject misery, as soon as they were clear of the Browns' premises.

"Why, what's up?"

"Miss Stringer!"

"What about her? Isn't she a cad, eh?"

"Yes, and I told her so!" groaned Telson; "I didn't know who she was, and I said—"

"Hullo, I say, look there!" exclaimed Parson, suddenly catching his friend by the arm.

They were passing the Aquarium, which at that moment was disgorging its visitors. Among those who emerged exactly as the Doctor's fly passed were three boys, whom Telson and Parson recognised in a moment.

They were Silk and Gilks and another younger boy, who seemed to shrink from observation, and whose head was turned another way as the fly passed. The three immediately on gaining the street started to run towards Willoughby ahead of the cab.

The two boys on the box pulled their caps over their eyes, and said not a word till the truants were clear. Then Telson said, "That was young Wyndham!"

"I know. I wonder if Paddy saw them?"

"Shouldn't think so. And they didn't see us. I say, will they get in before us?"

"It'll be a shave if they do. What a row there'll be if they don't!"

It was a curious thing that almost immediately after this short dialogue Telson's cap fell off into the road, and the fly had to be pulled up while he and Parson got down and looked for it. It was a dark night, and the cap took some time to find. When finally it was recovered, and progress was resumed, full five minutes had been lost over the search, by which time the truants had got a clear half-mile to the good, and were safe.

(To be continued.)

## FIRE!

### II.

IN all the South Sea Islands the fire-sticks are used without a thong to twirl them. In some of the islands, as at Honolulu and Tahiti,

twirled on the block with the hand. The old blocks of our Aryan ancestors are figured on the temples of the East among the cuneiform in-

appeal to an ignorant man to sink his selfishness for the benefit of his race is almost sure to end in failure, but once superstition is brought into



The Horizontal Scraper.



The Revolving Bow.

the stick is not twirled, but rapidly rubbed up and down. Among the South American gauchos the stick is worked round and round like a centrebit. The Malays light up their fires by sawing one bamboo against another.

To get a fire by these sticks is not easy. The Tasmanians will walk many a score miles for a light rather than trust to their efforts with the apparatus of which they seem to be so proud; and the Australian savages carry about a smouldering cone of banksia, or some such slowly burning substance, so as to save the trouble of working up the flame. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the process is a rapid one; it requires much patience and skill.

Deal and mahogany are both worthless for fire-sticks; walnut will do very well when worked with almost any harder wood. The secret lies in the block, not in the twirling-stick, for it is the fine dust of the block which forms the tinder for ignition. With a bow for rapid revolution and a stone to keep the stick firmly pressed on the block, explorers have occasionally got fire, but the party has had to take it in turns to keep the stick on the move.

The sticks of the Caroline Islanders are half a yard long and an inch thick, and there are

scriptions, and are in the form of that curious cross with the arms prolonged at right angles to the left.

The block is always notched, so that the wood-dust, as it is ground away, shall all run into one place, and, glowing with a smouldering heat, be ready to burst into flame as soon as hot enough to be fanned with success. This again is not an easy thing to do, any more than it is to blow up a spark from a flint-and-steel splinter, notwithstanding that all the preliminary precautions are taken, and that the spark has been properly dropped in the customary loose nest of highly inflammable materials. With a savage, time is of no object. With a civilised man the case is different, and hence it is that we hear of so many failures when flame by friction is attempted. The Fuegians, as we have seen, get their fire from quartz and pyrites chipped together, and so careful are they of it that the number of camp-fires they keep alight gained their island its name. When they change their camp they take with them a few burning brands laid on the floor of their canoes on a layer of eiders; and as they do, so do many other nations.

It is in the difficulty of obtaining fire that we perceive the principal cause of fire-worship. To

play a good deal of the difficulty is overcome. When the fire was proclaimed to be sacred all had an interest in preserving it; the intelligent part of the savage community for the sake of the trouble it saved, the ignorant for that of the mystery with which it appalled them. Sacred fires we hear of as being lighted with brazen mirrors, glass lenses, and even with lightning brought down from the sky in Benjamin Franklin fashion. These many methods all existed, originally at any rate, owing to the necessity of keeping in the tribe one source of flame to which all could in difficulty have recourse. The Brahmins of India, the Guebres of Persia, the Vestals of Rome, the priests of Baal in Chaldea and Phœnicia, all owed the principal part of their duties to this necessity for the fire's preservation.

With regard to the Franklin method of guiding the lightning, it is a fact generally lost sight of that in the twelfth book of the *Æneid* Servius affirms that the men of the olden times brought down the fire from the clouds; and, according to Pliny and Livy, King Numa was a very successful experimenter in this direction. It was owing to his want of practical knowledge, and having to trust entirely to the written directions of Numa, that Tullus Hostilius, forgetting to



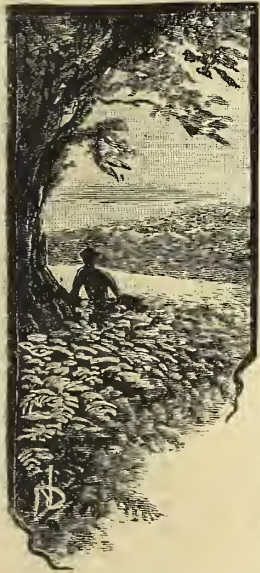
properly insulate his string, would seem to have been killed by the shock as he stood at the altar, and thus met with the fate of Reichman in his attempt to imitate Franklin in 1753. Lars Porsena of Clusium, Lord Macaulay's hero, was another of the successful electricians of old, for with the force of the thundercloud he killed

the volta. Strange indeed it is that many, many centuries afterwards an Italian physician, whose name was the same as that of this mysterious, and perhaps mythical, beast should become immortalised in connection with what is generally looked upon as one of the youngest of the sciences!

One very significant fact is worth noting in conclusion, and that is that when Abraham ascended Mount Moriah to offer the burnt sacrifice he took the fire with him. Fire is a good servant, but a bad master, and in the days before lucifer matches it was a servant whose services it was by no means easy to obtain.

## FOR JAMES OR GEORGE: A SCHOOLBOYS' TALE OF 1745.

### CHAPTER XIII.



THE Popinjay match had taken place, as the reader has been told, on Friday, the 18th of October, and the crowd had returned to their homes, not anticipating any unusual occurrence to vary the monotony of their everyday lives. But eight-and-forty hours had not elapsed before they found themselves involved in that whirlpool of noise, confusion, and strife which, in the last century, even more than in

the present, was an utter destruction, while it lasted, of all peace and comfort, but in which, then as now, Englishmen revelled with delight—a contested election. Lord Rydesdale's conjecture had proved to be correct. The messenger from London had been the bearer of the writ requiring the worthy burgesses of Peneshurst to return within the prescribed number of days a member to fill the place in Parliament which had been vacated by Charles Wyndford, Baronet, attainted of high treason towards his sovereign lord the King, outlawed and banished from the realm. The Sheriff had appointed the ensuing Monday, October 21st, as the day on which the nomination of candidates should take place, and in event of a poll being demanded, it was to open on Wednesday, the 23rd.

The condition of English boroughs at this period—almost a hundred years before the transformation-scene, which the wand of the Liberal Ministry effected in 1832—was so extraordinary, that we of the present day can with difficulty credit what is related of them. The system of representation, commenced in Henry III.'s time, had undergone very little alteration in the five hundred years which had intervened. Large cities had dwindled to villages, in some instances to two or three half-ruinous houses; but these still retained their two Parliamentary representatives. Villages had grown to be populous commercial cities, but they had no representation. In some cases the number of electors by whom a single member was returned amounted to thousands; in some, the number by whom two members were returned amounted to two or three persons, and in several instances to a single

individual. Seats in Parliament were the absolute property of private owners, to give away or sell, as much as were their horses and their sheep. If a borough owner chanced to be a blackleg, or a swindler, or of weak intellect, with just sense enough to escape being committed to a lunatic asylum, his voice in the Legislature was nevertheless more potential than several of the wealthiest and most densely peopled of the English commercial centres. Able men defended the system, as one possessing many advantages; and there may have been force in their arguments, but, as a representation of the people, it was little better than a farce.

Like most ancient boroughs, Peneshurst had its separate and peculiar bye-laws, by which the right to vote was conferred, for there was not, as in these days, one general law by which the franchise was everywhere determined. Those who owned property to a certain amount anywhere within the borough walls were allowed to vote, but these were few in number compared with the freemen. Every one who had been born within the bounds of a certain very small district in the centre of the town; any one who had occupied for as much as eight days a tenement in it; any one who married the daughter of a freeman belonging to it; any one who had been apprenticed to a freeman seven years—all these became free of the borough, and were entitled to the franchise. Finally, every one was similarly privileged whom the mayor placed on the free list, provided he had been born in any part of Peneshurst, and his name had been duly registered for the space of eight days before the election—the same term as in the other instance—and no one had objected to his admission. Stories were current of elections in the olden time when all these special claims to the suffrage had been brought into play. But two or three generations had passed without the occurrence of any contested election; and these tales lived only in the memories of some of the oldest residents.

Now, however, there seemed considerable likelihood of their being revived. No sooner had the sheriff's writ been published than both candidates declared themselves. The notice had been somewhat short, but it had been anticipated many weeks previously. Mr. Warton, in particular, had for a long time been taking his measures, though these were known to his private friends only, and were to a great extent unsuspected by his neighbours. They knew indeed that he would in all likelihood offer himself, and that his popularity with a large portion of the town, his great ability and knowledge of the world, and, above all, his command of money, must needs render him a formidable candidate. But property in those days had an overwhelming influence, and Mr. Warton's holding in Peneshurst was after all very small when

compared with the two great landowners. None of the county gentry believed that there was any serious danger of his return until it became known that he was the purchaser of the Wyndford estates. This piece of news, which declared him to be the owner of nearly half Peneshurst, came upon Sir Everard and his friends like a clap of thunder.

There was, however, no hope of evading the struggle. Mr. Warton was not a man to be talked out of his designs, still less was he a man to be frightened or brow-beaten. The country squires perceived that they must put their shoulders to the wheel, and work all together, if they meant to avert the mischief. At the same time they were persuaded that if they did do this there was at least a reasonable prospect of success. They took their measures accordingly. They rode straightway into Peneshurst and quartered themselves at the old county inn, the White Hart. Here they sat in conclave every day, overhauling the list of voters, which had been duly prepared for them by their principal agent, Tim Driscoll, aided by Lieutenant O'Dwyer, a red-hot Jacobite Irishman, whose tremendous power of lung and strength of fist made him a formidable personage in the electioneering fights which were an everyday occurrence. Mr. Warton and his friends had established themselves at the King's Head, a large inn which had been built by the manufacturers, mainly as a place where the club they had established, entitled "The Friends of Liberty and Order," might meet. Here Vallance the brewer, Gregg and Cross the mill-owners, Harris the dyer, and several others, with Giles Morris and Lawyer Bates for their agents, assembled, carrying on the business of the election with less noise, but maybe with not less effect, than their adversaries.

A good deal is said in these days of ours about electoral corruption, and the undue influence exerted by owners of property or employers of labour, and the ideas of riot and drunkenness are very generally associated in people's minds with that of a borough election. But if the state of things existing in the times of which we are now writing could be reproduced it would completely throw into the shade the worst enormities which have been charged against the present generation. Hogarth's illustrations may give us some notion of what ordinarily took place on such occasions, and though probably his satire has brought together into a single picture a variety of incidents which really occurred at different times and places, his descriptions are in the main truthful enough. The canvass of the candidate in those days was a matter which taxed to the utmost his powers of endurance. Accompanied usually by a crowd of partisans armed with cudgels, and sometimes with swords and pistols; accom-



panied also by one or two whose weapons were not of steel, but fabricated from a more precious metal, he made his visitation from house to house, using every possible weapon of cajolery or argument to bring the voters to his side, and if these should fail, hinting at other and less agreeable considerations. The political opinions of the aspirant to Parliament, the measures he was expected to support or to oppose, his confidence in or dislike of the Ministry of the day, or the reigning family or the like, did not enter largely into the conversation which passed between the candidate and the voter; or, to speak more plainly, did not enter into it at all. The claims which Sir Everard Holmes's family, or that of Lord Rydesdale, or Lord de Clifford, or General Maynard, as the case might be, had on the respect and loyalty of the person canvassed, the fact that the voter sat at present at a very low rent, and the extreme probability of its being raised unless the landlord should be satisfied with his tenant's conduct on this occasion; or the converse fact, that the tenant appeared to be sitting at a very high rent, and there was a reasonable likelihood that it would be reduced if his behaviour should be befitting; or even a broad hint that tenants who opposed their landlords at the polling booth ran a considerable risk of getting a broken head, whereas those who supported them might fairly reckon on a comfortable *douceur* finding its way to their pockets—these were the topics ordinarily brought forward, and with a plainness of speech contrasting curiously with the hints and innuendos and roundabout suggestions which are all that canvassers venture to employ in the present day. There was also a large amount of humiliation to be undergone by any one who in those times solicited the votes of a constituency. Complaints are not unfrequently made nowadays by candidates for Parliament of the insolence with which they are obliged to put up. Let them comfort themselves with the assurance that if they have to swallow dirt by the pint measure, their predecessors had to swallow it by the gallon. Dead cats, rotten oranges—muck of all possible description, to say no worse—fell even to the lot of successful competitors. "My good friends," said a newly-elected member to the mob who were accompanying him as he was being chaired round the town, "as much mud as you please, but no stones!"

All parties in the borough seemed to take an interest in the approaching contest, but none were so entirely absorbed in it as the Gentlemen Commoners of St. Michael's College. It would be more accurate to say that they took interest in nothing else while the struggle lasted. They attended school at the prescribed hours, and sat in their tutors' rooms over their themes and verses as usual, and even went through the form of construing Cicero de Senectute or Virgil's Georgics; but it is to be feared that the philosophy of the one and the poetry of the other made no more impression on their senses than they would have done had they been written in Hindostanee or High Dutch. The tutors soon found they might as well grant them the half-holidays for which they were continually asking. If these were denied them, they would remain indoors to be sure—that is to say, their bodies would remain, but their thoughts were abroad at the White Hart or in the streets, and had to be recalled every five minutes. They consulted the head master on the subject, who gave it as his opinion

under the circumstances, that it would be better, or rather less mischievous, to give them the liberty they asked.

"The whole town is in a state of disturbance," he said, "*per tumultum et trepidationem omnia aguntur*," as Livy phrases it, and it is scarce safe for a respectable citizen to walk the streets. Not only do they assail him with unseemly hootings and disparaging jests, '*consecantur clamoribus, conviciis et sibilis*,' as the wise Tully observes; but add thereunto discharges of mud and stones. For my part, I account it wiser for a man to stay at home, '*domi se tenere*.' But with these youths it is different. They love noise and tumult, and forasmuch as it is their parents who in the main are their instigators thereto— forasmuch as what Andromache says of Ascanius is here true also,

'Animosque viriles  
Et pater Æneas et avunculus exiecit Hector,'

I suppose it will be better to let them have their way until this disturbance is over."

Fortified by this expression of opinion, the tutors informed their pupils that if they performed their studies until twelve o'clock, the remainder of the day would be at their own disposal. But after a short trial even this arrangement was found impracticable, and study was altogether given up while the election lasted. Dr. Mole seized the occasion to obtain a few days' leave of absence, and took himself off to Hangerton—whether in the hope of enjoying the fair Annabella's society the reader must judge for himself.

The next day the Doctor was obliged to extend the same privilege to Warton, Gregg, and Cross. They went to Dr. Oakes and represented that they were as much interested in the matter at issue as any of the Gentlemen Commoners could be, and it was hard they should be confined to the school all day, while the others were free to go where they pleased. The Doctor shrugged his shoulders, and repented perhaps somewhat of his reply to Dr. Mole. But he stood in considerable awe of Mr. Warton, all the more because he bore a considerable dislike to that gentleman, whom he associated in his mind with Cataline and Cethegus. He answered therefore that he desired to deal with both parties with equal fairness.

"Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur,"

he said, "and as I have permitted the indulgence in question to the Troes I must extend it to the Tyrii."

It need hardly be said that both "Trojans" and "Tyrians" availed themselves to the utmost of the licence thus accorded, plunging headlong, so to speak, into all the tumult of the contest, and returning home just as six was striking, mind and body alike quite exhausted.

It was the evening of the day of nomination. De Clifford and his friends had just reached Greaves's house, and were talking over the exciting incidents of the day.

"That old scoundrel Vallance ought to have his ears cut off," exclaimed Maynard, "for giving the show of hands as he did. Why the blues were three to two at the least, as anybody might see who chose to look round the market-place."

"Old Vallance was too clever to look round the market-place," said De Clifford. "He only looked straight before him, where the yellows were mustering thick. The majority, so far as he saw it, no doubt were yellow; and so he would be able to

swear, if need was. They say he has put thirty new voters on the free list—put them on to-day. Thirty will be enough to turn the election against Sir Everard."

"Why doesn't some one object to them?" asked Mostyn. "If any name is objected to, the man can't vote until the case has been inquired into, and that couldn't be done till after the election. I heard Tim Driscoll say so."

"Our side don't know what names he has put on," rejoined De Clifford. "You can't object to a man, you see, on the chance of his name having been put on."

"Oughtn't he to be obliged to publish the names?" asked Maynard.

"He won't, any way," said De Clifford. "But Sir Everard has been even with him. He has sent a lot of carpenters to run up a row of cabins in Tanner's Piece. They've been all finished, and a fellow put into each this evening. Every man Jack of them will be duly qualified to vote to-morrow week."

"That's capital," said Mostyn. "I saw a lot of planks and spars taken up that way last Saturday, but oddly enough I never heard what they were wanted for. How many huts have been put up, Hugh?"

"The same number, I am told, as Vallance has put on the register—thirty; so the two will balance one another, as it happens."

"I suppose the men they have put into the huts are all safe, are they not?" asked Maynard. "It would be a terrible take-in if, after they have got the right to vote, they voted the wrong way."

"Trust Tim Driscoll for that. They are to have two guineas apiece, and he won't give them a farthing till they have voted."

"I dare say; but what if Giles Morris or old Bates gives them three guineas to vote for Warton?" urged Edgar.

"That has been all seen to," said De Clifford. "O'Dwyer has fetched up a lot of Irishmen, who are working at a chalk digging about ten miles from here. They don't understand anything about the election, and don't even know the names of the candidates, and O'Dwyer will take care that no one gets at them to speak to them. There's a guard kept round Tanner's Piece, which you know is surrounded with a high wall, and no one is allowed to go in. On Wednesday week they'll be marched up in a body, give their votes, and then they'll be paid."

"That's clever," said Mostyn. "Do you know how Tim thinks things are going?"

"Right, I believe, but it will be a close fight. Several of old Sir Charles's tenants won't acknowledge Warton. They say they would rather be turned out than vote for him. But the doubt is whether Driscoll will be able to get them to vote for Sir Everard. They say that no one ever heard of such a thing as a tenant voting against his own landlord."

"Right enough, too," said Maynard, "unless where one's landlord is a low-born upstart like Warton."

"How about the freemen?" asked Mostyn. "I don't mean Vallance's nominees, but the others. There's a longish list of them, isn't there?"

"Yes, and it is found that Warton has been making inquiries for a long time past about them, and it is supposed that he has got hold of a good many of them; but no one knows for certain how many. If he brings them up it will be towards the close of the poll."



"Nearly all the tradesmen they say have declared for Holmes," said Maynard.

"That's true," replied De Clifford. "All our best men—your father, and yours, Mostyn, and of course Sir Everard himself, and Mr. Darnell, and Mr. Grantley, and Colonel Hewitt, and Mr. Hope, and Mr. Walton, and Parson Kingsford, and Dr. Crawley, and ever so many more, went the round of the town, and told the tradesmen that they did not, of course, wish to interfere with their votes, but if they didn't vote for Holmes not one of them would ever buy a single article of them again. They answered one and all that they had never for a moment thought of doing anything else. You see the tradesmen here are almost entirely dependent on the gentry. They would be ruined to a dead certainty if their custom was withdrawn."

"And I suppose it's the same thing with Sir Everard's tenants, isn't it?" asked Mostyn.

"Sir Everard's tenants! Why, you don't think *they* would vote for any one else, to be sure? No, there was no need to say anything to them, except, of course, that they would be let off so much rent this quarter. Whatever made you ask that, Charlie?"

"Why, I heard that one or two of his

tenants had told him that they didn't think the same as he did about public matters."

"Didn't think the same as he did about public matters! A tenant tell his landlord that! You must be dreaming, Charlie. Public matters are Sir Everard's business, not theirs."

"No doubt," assented Mostyn. "But some people take strange fancies into their heads. They are reported to have said that they differed from Sir Everard about matters of the gravest importance. I suspect Warton or his friends have been getting at them, and therefore, though, of course, they should not presume to vote against Sir Everard, they hoped they shouldn't be obliged to vote for him."

"Well, upon my word, that was pretty impudent," broke in Maynard. "I hope Sir Everard or Tim Driscoll, whichever of them it was said to, gave them a good setting-down."

"I can't say," returned Mostyn. "By-the-by, one of the persons that was said to have given this answer is my landlord here, old Greaves."

"You can't mean it, Charlie!" exclaimed Maynard. "To be sure, old Joshua is getting into his second childhood, but still I should have thought he

would have known better than that. But if that should by any chance prove to be true, we must take the matter at once into our own hands."

"What are we to do?" asked Mostyn.

"We must instruct him in his duty in the first place," replied Maynard, "and if he won't hear reason we must walk him up to the poll ourselves."

"But supposing he won't go?" suggested Mostyn.

"He must go," rejoined Edgar. "We three and Joel Spratt, not to speak of half a dozen stout fellows whom Maurice O'Dwyer would lend us if we wanted them, could carry him up to the poll easily enough, if he refused to walk."

"But supposing he voted the wrong way?" persisted Charlie.

"Suppose the skies were to fall," returned Maynard, impatiently. "One is as likely as the other. Well, who else has refused?"

"They say old Doggett has," said Mostyn.

"Doggett! old Phil Doggett, the fellow that sells us our footballs and hockey-sticks and fishing-rods, hey? That's a better joke still. We'll soon set that right, anyhow."

(To be continued.)

## MORGAN'S HEAD; OR, THE TREASURE CAVE OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

BY JAMES COX, R.N.,

Author of "Nearly Garrotted," "How I Lost my Finger," etc.

### CHAPTER II.

PARTLY hidden by a grove of cocoa-palms on the mountain side, not two miles from the beach, stood the rum-shop—that curse of white and black alike—of a certain Ephraim Bingo, a full-blooded black. Under the overhanging shingled eaves of this tumble-down building congregated the loafers and riffraff of Morant after sunset; and here it was their custom to smoke, drink strong rum, and talk politics, until the small hours of the morning.

Not very long after the Iris had anchored, a dark-complexioned man (snuff and butter is the term usually applied by sailors), of forbidding aspect, shabbily dressed, and well besprinkled with dust, rode up to the door on a jaded mule, and called out for the proprietor of the afore-said establishment.

Mr. Bingo darted out from behind a miscellaneous collection of empty barrels and black bottles, and with a broad grin on his shining face shambled up to the side of the mule and said in a subdued voice,

"Been 'specting you all day, massa; de boys are all ready for work."

"Don't make such a row, Eph, I'm dead tired; here, let your boy hitch this animal up, and run and get me a drink; I'm dead tired, I tell you, and want a rest 'fore the lads arrive."

"Come dis way, then," replied Ephraim.

The forbidding-looking personage dismounted and followed his guide through the store to a small room at the back of the building, that was dimly lit by a solitary swinging oil lamp, suspended from dirty cobweb-festooned beams.

The traveller threw himself into a hammock hanging across one corner of the

room, and drawing from the breast pocket of his threadbare coat a packet of papers, threw them at Bingo, saying,

"There, my chicken, look over the list of names on that 'ere paper and then tell me if they are all to be depended on."

Bingo scratched his woolly pate, pinched up the wick of the lamp, and after some difficulty finished his task.

"Well?" said the traveller, impatiently.

"Wall, it's dis child's 'pinion that you can depend on the hull lot 'cept one." Here Bingo paused, but seeing that further explanation was required, proceeded, "'Cept one, and dat one is old Sam, Massa De la Cour's old valley. I long time hab my 'spicious 'bout him; nebber did like that hoary-headed old nigger—drat him!"

"Well, then, take this pencil and shove a cross against his name. I'll settle him; here, hand back them papers and don't let me be roused up till I call yer."

Bingo departed to attend to his business, leaving his friend Ned Teacke, better known as "the Spider," stretched across the hammock chewing a plug of tobacco and staring at the blackened beams above him.

This Teacke was one of the worst class of characters to be met with in the colonies. How he lived was a mystery to many, but the truth is that he stuck at nothing so long as he could fill his pockets. At the present time he was engaged in assisting to stir up the black population: not that he cared for the welfare of the negro, whom he cordially hated, but he hoped to make a good thing out of the business whichever way it went; and now the time for putting into execution the plans of the ringleaders was close at hand, and he had

been sent by them to Morant Bay to light the torch of insurrection, which it was hoped would set the whole island ablaze, and on its ashes phoenix-like was to rise a new black republic like that of the sister isle of Hayti.

While the Spider reclines and meditates on the best way of carrying out his plans with the least possible danger to himself, Ephraim is doing a roaring trade with the loungers in the front of the building. At last the Spider, having fortified himself with sundry glasses from the bottle beside him, and feeling his energies sufficiently recruited, called Bingo, and throwing himself out of the hammock, took his seat at the head of a rickety table.

"You may let all the darkies in, Eph, and be careful that there's no one knocking about outside before you fasten up the doors."

One by one a motley lot of negroes, mulattoes, and sambos filed into the room and seated themselves in silence on the rough wooden benches and empty casks with which Mr. Bingo's back parlour was furnished.

"Now, my friends, the last time I met you here I think you were all agreed that the time had arrived to get rid of the Bucras, and most of you promised to do your best. I ask you now, are you ready to crush your oppressors, you poor down-trodden sons of Ham?"

There was a general grunt of assent from the assembly.

"Is there any reason why we shouldn't commence work to-morrow?"

"Yaas, Massa Spider," squeaked a decrepit mulatto, "dere's the man-of-war ship down in the bay."



"I know that, I saw her as I came along; but suppose she goes away, what then?"

"All right den, massa."

"Well, I've thought the matter over, and I don't think we could do better than get rid of the white trash to-morrow. Our friends in the next parishes have made all

as certain names were mentioned glances of malignity and hate flitted across the faces of the conspirators. Then the rules drawn up by the movers of the insurrection for the appropriation of the land followed. This gave rise to a stormy discussion. Angry passions showed themselves, and notwithstanding the authority

shingles drowned the voices of the angry talkers.

At last everything seemed settled to the satisfaction of all, and the members of this black conspiracy were about to depart to their homes, when a crash on the roof, followed by the fall of a heavy body through the shingles, which overturned



"Spider rode up to the door on a jaded mule."

their arrangements and are only waitin' to see the smoke rise over the hill up at the big house; so if the ship sails we meet down at the Court House, where we shall catch all the big fish in a heap. Now, Eph, pass round the bottle while I read out the programme."

And the bottle, without which few crimes are undertaken, was freely passed round.

A dead silence prevailed while the villain read out the plans for murdering the proprietors of the several estates; and

the Spider exercised over his followers, he had great difficulty in maintaining order. At one time, indeed, it looked as if some of the company would come to blows over a squabble about the appropriation of the Cool Shade estate.

"Hold your jabber!" at last shouted the Spider; "that's already settled; that's my share, and if any of you dispute my right I'll knock your heads off."

A terrific peal of thunder at this moment shook the building, and the noise of that and the pattering of the rain on the

the lamp and caused the utmost consternation, delayed the proceedings.

"What's dat? what's dat?" was the cry that rose from the mingled mass of humanity struggling with might and main to reach the door.

The Spider, with unusual presence of mind, fumbled in his pocket for a lucifer, and striking it on his boot exhibited to the terrified company the face and form of old Sam, who was sprawling at full length on his back upon the table.

(To be continued.)



## AN OLD FOOTBALL MATCH.

BY THE REV. THOMAS KEYWORTH.

FOOTBALL was a tradition at Middleton—Middleton-among-the-Hills, as it was sometimes called to distinguish it from other places with the same name—and the stories which were told about the game did not represent it in a very peaceful or charming aspect.

Various old inhabitants could remember the time when very violent things were done in football matches. There had been no strict rules, and no umpires; but each player had done the best he could for his side. Victory was the one idea, and everything else had to give way to that.

Middleton was a mining district, and many of the men were very rough; the result was that in every contest there was some damage done, and occasionally limbs were broken or fatal injuries inflicted.

The quieter people were glad when football was put down. This happened after a match had degenerated into a riot, and a number of people had been seriously hurt. There were not many places about Middleton where football could be played.

There were hills almost everywhere, and only in the long, narrow meadow near the bottom of the town could a convenient spot be found for games of any kind.

The owner of the meadow had often threatened to prevent the use of his land for sports, and after the riot he carried out his threat. There was some trouble at first, but things gradually settled down, and football at Middleton became a mere tradition. In the course of years some people either forgot the violence and excesses which had led to an abandonment of the old pastime, or pretended to do so; and it was not uncommon to hear regrets expressed that times had changed, and life had been robbed of many charms. If other people with better memories or fairer judgments pointed out the other side of the subject, and referred to the brutality which had once been prevalent, they were scoffed at as the puny representatives of a lifeless age.

Enoch Spencer was a great admirer of the past. He was not a native of Middle-

ton, but had come from Stoneford when the new machinery was introduced at the Speedwell mine. Spencer belonged to a Middleton family, and was treated almost like a native. His grandfather had gone to Stoneford many years before, so when Enoch came back he had a very different reception from what would have been given to a stranger. "Middleton for Middleton folks" was a well-known expression in the neighbourhood. The feeling which gave rise to this saying made the district an unpleasant one for absolute strangers to settle in.

Enoch Spencer was a great authority on all subjects connected with machinery for mining purposes, as he had learnt that business at Stoneford. For many years this was the cause of great soreness among the people at Middleton. Machinery was not welcome there; it was supposed to be the forerunner of poverty. But when the unfavourable prophecies were falsified by facts, the prejudice gradually and slowly passed away.



"We went on steadily."



Enoch never forgot that he was born at Stoneford, and while he enjoyed the privilege of belonging to a Middleton family, he assumed airs of superiority in consequence of his connection with a large and important town. He was never tired of contrasting the backward state of things around him with the prosperity and progress to which he had been accustomed. His criticisms were sometimes received with derision, and sometimes with envious admiration. Some of the men who jeered at him to his face would quote him with authority when he was not present. I am not aware that there is a word which means the opposite of backbiting; but there is room for such a word, to describe the conduct of those who are foul to you when you are present, and fair to you when you are gone.

Most of the people about Middleton had Scriptural names. Long ago there must have been a generation of very devout people who called their children after the men and women of the Bible. The custom has been continued, but merely as a habit in families. When a drunken miner called his son Benjamin, he was not thinking about the youngest son of the patriarch Jacob, but about Benjamin Spurley, the drunken miner's drunken father.

One of Spencer's Stoneford habits which gave offence to his neighbours was the calling of his children by names which were unusual in Middleton. Names like Walter and Alfred and Maude and Edith were looked upon as proofs of pride and a desire to cast scorn upon one's ancestors.

Walter Spencer was a bright and agreeable youth, and many people called him a real Spencer, but for his name. It was difficult to accept such a name as Walter in Middleton. Walter was sometimes ready to wish that he had been called Enoch like his father, or Eli like his uncle, or Seth or Samson like his cousins.

Walter was fond of Middleton, and fond of the old stories which he sometimes heard about the former generations of men who lived there. Fragments of a rhyming chronicle still existed in the memories of old people, and nothing pleased Walter better than to hear the rough lines which recorded the deeds of Spencers who were dead and gone. The deeds might be anything but heroic, they might even refer to great feats of eating and drinking; but Walter felt that it was something to have ancestors who had furnished materials for the uncouth verses of nameless poets. There were passages which related to these extinct football matches, and about an Ezra Spencer

"Who never feared where men were thick,  
But went for thrust, or pull, or kick;  
And if he only got the ball,  
It was not likely he would fall."

Enoch Spenceer had a poor opinion of any kind of football except that which he could just remember at Stoneford. He said Middleton football had been child's-play compared with it, and that the modern football which was played at some places—whether under Rugby or Association rules—was not worth mentioning.

When Walter told him about the football which was played at Crewsdale School, and about the fellows who were in the first team, the father could scarcely disguise his scorn.

"I suppose you have rules, like a lot of children playing games with a box of toys."

Walter tried to show that rules were

necessary, and that the matches were improved by them. But Enoch Spencer had not lived all his life to believe nonsense like that. He declared that football which deserved to be called football, and such as he remembered at Stoneford, was a great deal better than any of the systems which his son knew anything about.

Walter had heard about Stoneford football, and had questioned whether in the true sense of the word it should be called football; but this line of argument was not acceptable to his father, and so the boy took the safer ground of suggesting that, as the kind of football which had prevailed at Stoneford was extinct even there, people must learn to be satisfied with the kinds which still continued.

The father grunted, and said,

"I suppose when there are no horses we shall all ride donkeys, and be thankful for them."

When Walter was at home for the holidays he sometimes had a few friends in the house, and all the boys would ask questions about those old times when football was very different from what it is now.

Mr. Spencer would tell his old stories readily, and would dilate on the prowess of worthies who were passed away. He regretted the loss of the old times as much as anybody, except in the matter of machinery. In that particular, of course, he thought there had been improvement. But, as Josiah Platts said, "Enoch was a machinery-man; and even dogs would have a word to say in favour of horns if they had them on their heads, like bulls."

One night, when Walter had several young friends with him, and the conversation had turned upon football as it was formerly played at Stoneford, Mr. Spencer was asked to tell all about the Christmas match which had been referred to. After pretending that his hearers did not really care about the subject, he consented, with an assumed reluctance which always characterised him when speaking about famous events in his early life.

He said, "Stoneford is a big place now—much bigger than it was when I was a boy, though my father used to say it was big then compared with what he could remember. It is full of improvements, too—more is the pity, as far as many of them are concerned. When I go I can scarcely find my way in some parts. Pleasant old lanes have been widened and turned into fine streets. I don't see where the benefit is. I suppose it pays the builders, that is about all. There are too many bridges now. Why, I can remember when there was only one! It was called 'the bridge,' but now you must have names for them or people will not know what place you mean if you ask for the bridge."

"Stoneford was a merry town at Christmas when I was a boy. The carol-singers were at it all night on Christmas Eve, and there were so many sets of them that it was difficult for them to keep from interrupting each other. It took some contriving for them all to go through their rounds and not be close to the same spot at a time. They did not always manage it, and I have heard some good stories about the consequences. But that is not the subject, and you boys will care very little about those old ways. You think you live a very pleasant life, but I tell you the world was very different when I was young."

"There were two parishes in Stoneford then; perhaps there are twenty now. I

have not asked, and do not want to know. Those two parishes were generally called the River and the Field. The River parish was St. John's, and the Field parish was St. Mary's. Perhaps St. Mary's Church was built in a field—but there was no field there in my time. It had a graveyard round it, like other churches, that is all. St. John's Church was very near the river, just before you crossed the bridge. The people in the two parishes were rivals about many things, but football most of all.

"Now, in these days, if there was a bit of rivalry like that, there would be a club in each parish, and a match would be played with a few picked men on each side, and that would be supposed to settle the matter. But it was not so when I was young; everybody was interested in the dispute, and everybody who liked could take part with his side and help to win the victory."

"The day after Christmas was the time chosen for the match, and several hundreds of men from each parish turned out to take part in it. Why, I have known the women to help!—not that they ran and kicked like the men, but a woman once hid the ball under her shawl, and nobody knew where it was until she walked up to the goal and won the match for her side!"

"That sort of thing would not be allowed now, with your rules and your spectators, who must not interfere with the match. There were not many spectators at the time I am talking about; everybody was ready to help his side, and did so if there was a chance."

"The ball was not hollow as it is now, but was full of cork shavings, and it was packed pretty tightly too, I can tell you. The strongest man could not kick it far; and there was not much chance of that, with some hundreds of players crowded together in the streets. For I must tell you that one goal was a boathouse near the bridge, and the other goal was a toll-gate near St. Mary's Church. We kicked off in the market-place, which was fairly between the two goals, and we played through the streets. I lived in the Field, and the people of my parish tried to get the ball to the boathouse; the people in the other parish tried to get it to the toll-gate. We could either kick it or carry it; there were no rules to hamper us; the great thing was to reach the goal, and then the match was over for a year. We did not go on scoring goal after goal as players do now."

"The river winds a good deal, and the Field goal was not far from it. I have seen the ball in the water many a time, and then good swimming would come in, and a match might be won that way. The ball was sometimes emptied of its shavings and hidden under a coat, and the man who had it would quietly walk up to the goal and win the match for his side."

"Boys were not allowed to go into the crowd where men were pushing and kicking, though some would have liked to do so. We played behind the men, and if the ball came our way, and one of us managed to kick it, we felt it to be a great honour."

"When snow lay thick upon the ground the difficulties of the game were increased. Almost the last time the match was played was a very snowy Christmas, and the ball was trampled into a snowdrift and lost. Some people said it had been stolen, but when the snow melted the ball was found."

"Perhaps you have heard that I won the match once for my side. I do not think much about it, though I was proud at the time, and was carried shoulder-



high through the streets of the town. It was snowy weather, and the men were busy just below the market-place, when I felt sure that I saw the ball kicked into a heap of snow in Lad Lane.

"The game went on, for nobody seemed to know that the ball was missing. I suppose everybody thought somebody else had it. Our side had been pushing the River party down the street, but soon the tide turned against us. I went into Lad Lane and stopped until the men had reached the market-place again. Then I looked in the spot where I thought the ball was, and found it. The snow was falling, and had covered it directly, but there was not much of it to cover, for the place where it had fallen was soft. My first intention was to cry 'Ball!' but I am glad to say I did not.

"There was nobody about, and I rolled it in the snow until it had a crust on it, and became two or three times the size of the ball. Then I was noticed by several other boys of our parish, who had been on the bridge, and were intending to go along

Lad Lane and Friar's Court to get behind their own party.

"I said, 'Let us roll this and make a big snowball.' But they told me they could do that any time. Then I looked round to see that nobody else was near, and told them the ball was in it. They could scarcely believe me, but when I assured them it was a fact, they set to work with me, and we rolled away towards the river. Our snowball soon became large, and we had to roll it carefully lest it should break. A number of the River parish men were about, but they took no notice of us.

"There was a great noise up the town, and we soon heard the cry, 'Ball lost!' But we went on steadily. I am sure I don't know how we managed to keep from betraying ourselves. I felt so excited that I thought everybody would understand what we were doing. When the cry 'Ball lost!' was heard there was a careful look-out kept towards the river, for sometimes a man would swim with the ball.

"There was a steep incline down to the boathouse, and my plan was to run the

ball down there and break it against the boathouse wall. I told my companions, and we sent it with all our force down the hill. It struck the wall, and split. Then I rushed down, took up the football, and, touching the proper place with it, I cried, 'River, River, River!' My companions cried too, and almost immediately the players rushed back in a crowd and saw me with the ball.

"The match was over, and I was carried through the town. I thought I should never have done explaining to people how it all happened.

"Yes, that was football, I tell you. None of your ropes, and stakes, and rules, and umpires. But you boys will never know what kind of world this was before you were born."

The boys listened attentively, and applauded when the story was finished; but for all that they really thought that the football which they played was better than that which they had heard of in the story of AN OLD FOOTBALL MATCH.

(THE END.)

## THE SILVER CAÑON: A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

By G. MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "In the King's Name," "Nat the Naturalist," etc.

### CHAPTER XVI.—IN NATURE'S STOREHOUSE.

ALL this seemed to add terribly to the sense of insecurity felt by the doctor, and Joses was not slow to speak out.

"We may have a mob of horse Injuns down upon us at any moment," he growled. "I don't think we're very safe."

"Joses is right," said the doctor; "we must see if there is a rich deposit of silver here, and then, if all seems well, we must return, and get together a force of recruits so as to be strong enough to resist the Indians, should they be so ill-advised as to attack us, and ready to work the mines."

"Aven't seen no mines yet," growled Joses.

The doctor coughed with a look of vexation upon his countenance, and, beckoning to the chief, he took his rifle. Bart rose, and, leaving Joses in charge of the camp, they started for the edge of the cañon.

There was no likelihood of enemies being about the place after the event of the morning, but to the little party every shrub and bush, every stone, seemed to suggest a lurking-place for a treacherous enemy. Still they pressed on, the chief taking them, for some unknown reason, in the opposite route, along beneath the perpendicular walls of the mountain, which here ran straight up from the plain.

They went by a rugged patch of broken rock, and by what seemed to be a great post, stuck up there by human hands, but which proved, on a nearer approach, to be the remains of a moderate-sized tree that had been struck by lightning, the whole of the upper portion having been charred away, leaving only some ten feet standing up out of the ground.

A short distance farther on, as they were close in by the steep wall of rock, they came to a slight projection, as if a huge piece had slipped down from above, and turning sharply round this, the Beaver pointed to a narrow rift just wide enough to allow of the passage of one man at a time.

He signed to the doctor to enter, and

climbing over a few rough stones, the latter sprang in and out of sight.

"Bart! quick, my boy! quick!" he said directly after, and the lad sprang in to help him, as he thought, in some perilous adventure, but only to stop short and stare at the long sloping narrow passage fringed with prickly cactus plants, which slope ran evidently up the side of the mountain.

"Why, it's the way up to the top!" cried Bart. "I wonder who made it."

"Dame Nature, I should say, my boy," said the doctor. "We must explore this. Why, what a natural fortification! One man could hold this passage against hundreds."

Just then the chief appeared below them, for they had climbed up a few yards, and signed to them to come down.

The doctor hesitated, and then descended.

"Let's see what he has to show, Bart. I have seen no silver yet."

They followed the Beaver down, and he led them straight back, past the camp, through the narrow ravine, once more to the shelf of rock overlooking the cañon, and now, in the full glow of the sunny afternoon, they were able to realise the grandeur of the scene where the river ran swiftly down below, fully a thousand feet, in a bed of its own, shut out from the upper world by the perpendicular walls of rock.

At the first glance it seemed that it would be impossible to descend, but on farther examination there seemed in places to be rifts and crevices and shelves, dotted with trees and plants of the richest growth, where it might be likely that skilful climbers could make a way down.

From where they stood the river looked enchanting, for while all up in the plain was arid and grey, and the trees and shrubs that grew there seemed parched and dry, and of a sickly green, all below was of the richest verdant hues, and lovely groves of woodland were interspersed with

soft patches of waving grass that flourished where stormy winds never reached, and moisture and heat were abundant.

Still this paradise-like river was not without signs of trouble visiting it at times, and these remained in huge up-torn trees, dead branches, and jagged rocks, splintered and riven, that dotted the patches of plain from the shores of the river to the perpendicular walls of the cañon.

Bart needed no telling that these were the traces of floods, when, instead of the bright silver rushing river, the waters came down from the mountains hundreds of miles to the north, and the great cañon was filled to its walls with a huge seething yellow flow, and in imagination he thought of what the smiling emerald valley would be after such a visitation.

But he had little time for thought, the chief making signs to the doctor to follow him, first laying down his rifle and signing to the doctor to do the same.

Dr. Lascelles hesitated for a moment, and then did as the chief wished, when the Beaver went on for a few yards to where the shelf of rock seemed to end, and there was nothing but a sheer fall of a thousand feet down to the stones and herbage at the bottom of the cañon, while above towered up the mountain which seemed like a Titanic bastion round which the river curved.

Without a moment's hesitation the chief turned his face to them, lowered himself over the edge of the shelf down and down till only his hands remained visible. Then he drew himself up till his face was above the rock, and made a sign to the doctor to come on.

"I dare not go, Bart," said the doctor, whose face was covered with dew. "Would you be afraid to follow him, my boy?"

"I should be afraid, sir," replied Bart, laying down his rifle, "but I'll go."



"No, no, I will not be such a coward," cried the doctor; and going boldly to the edge, he refrained from looking over, but turned and lowered himself down, passing out of Bart's sight; and when the latter crept to the edge and looked down, he could see a narrow ledge below with climbing plants and luxuriant shrubs, but no sight of the doctor or his guide.

Bart remained motionless — horror-stricken as the thought came upon him that they might have slipped and gone headlong into the chasm below; but on glancing back he saw one of the Indians who was of the party smiling and evidently quite satisfied that nothing was wrong.

This being so, Bart remained gazing down into the cañon, listening intently, and wondering whither the pair could have gone.

It was a most wonderful sight to look down at that lovely silver river that flashed and sparkled and danced in the sunshine. In places where there were deep, calm pools it looked intensely blue, as it reflected the pure sky, while other portions seemed one gorgeous, dazzling damascene of molten metal, upon which Bart could hardly gaze.

Then there was the wonderful variety of the tints that adorned the shrubs and creepers that were growing luxuriantly wherever they could obtain a hold.

There were moments when Bart fancied that he could see the salmon plash in the river, and he could make out the birds in the depths below as they floated and skimmed about from shore to shore, and over the tops of the trees that looked like shrubs from where he crouched.

Just then, as he was forgetting the absence of the doctor in an intense desire to explore the wonders of the cañon, to shoot in the patches of forest, to fish in the river, and find he knew not what in those wondrous solitudes where man had probably never yet trod, he heard a call, and, brought back to himself from his visionary expedition, he shouted a reply.

"The Beaver's coming to you, Bart. Lower yourself down, my boy, and come."

These — the doctor's — words sounded close at hand, but the speaker was invisible.

"All right; I'll come," cried Bart; and as he spoke a feeling of shrinking came over him, and he felt ready to draw back. But calling upon himself, he went close to the edge, trying to look under, and the next moment there was the head of the Beaver just below, gazing up at him with a half mocking smile upon his face.

"You think I'm afraid," said Bart, looking down at him, "but I can't help that. I'll come all the same;" and swiftly turning, he lowered himself down till his body was hanging as it were in

space, and only his chest and elbows were on the shelf.

Then for a moment he seemed to hesitate, but he mastered the shrinking directly after, and lowered himself more and more till he hung at the extremity of his hands, vainly seeking for a foothold.

"Are you there, Beaver?" he shouted, and he felt his waist seized and his sides pinioned by two strong hands, his own parted company from the shelf, and he seemed to fall a terrible distance, but it was only a couple of feet, and he found himself standing upon the solid rock, with the shelf jutting out above his head, and plenty of room to peer about amongst the clustering bushes that had here made themselves a home.

The chief smiled at his startled look, and, pointing to the left, Bart glanced sidewise at where the precipice went down, and then walked onward cautiously along a rugged shelf not much unlike the one from which he had descended, save that it was densely covered with shrubby growth.

This shelf suddenly ended in a rift like a huge crevice in the face of the mountain, but there was a broad crack before it, and this it was necessary to leap before entering the rift.

Bart stopped short, gazing down into what seemed an awful abyss, but the Beaver passed him lightly, as if there were no danger whatever, and lightly leaped across to some rough pieces of rock.

The distance was nothing, but the depths below made it seem an awful leap, till Bart felt that the doctor must have gone over it before him, and without further hesitation he bounded across and stood beside the chief, who led the way farther into the rift to where, some fifty feet from the entrance, the doctor was standing, hammer in hand, gazing intently at the newly-chipped rock and the fragments that lay around.

"At last, Bart," he cried, joyously.

"What! Is it a vein?" said Bart, eagerly.

"A vein, boy? It is a mountain of silver—a valley of silver. Here are great threads of the precious metal, and masses of ore as well. It seems as if it ran right down the sides of the cañon, and, from what the Indian appears to know, it does. Bart, I never expected to make such a find as this."

As he spoke, he handed pieces of the rock to Bart, who found that in some there were angular pieces of what seemed to be native silver, while others were full of threads and veins, or appeared as pieces of dull metalliferous stone.

"It is a huge fortune—wealth untold, Bart," said the doctor.

"Is it, sir?" said Bart, coolly, for he

could not feel the same rapture as the doctor.

"Is it, boy? Yes! enormous wealth."

"But how are we to carry it away, sir?" asked Bart, drily.

"Carry it away! Why, do you not understand that this mine will want working, and that we must have a large number of men here. But no; you cannot conceive the greatness of this find."

As he spoke, the doctor hurried to the mouth of the rift, and then cautiously lowered himself into the chasm, over which Bart had leaped, clinging to the stout stems of the various shrubs.

For a few moments Bart hesitated. Then he followed till they were both quite a hundred feet below the shelf and the part of the rift they had first entered, and were able to creep right out till they were level with the side of the cañon, and able to look down to the river."

But the doctor did not care to look down upon the river, for, tearing away some of the thick growth from the rock, he cast it behind him, so that it fell far out into the cañon. Then two or three pieces of rock followed, and somehow Bart felt more interested in their fall than in the search for silver, listening in the hope of hearing them crash down deep in the great stream.

"Yes; as I thought," cried the doctor, excitedly, "the vein or mass runs right down the side of this vast cañon, Bart—the Silver Cañon, we must call it. But come, let's get back. I must tell my child. Such a discovery was never made before. Discovery, do I say! Why, these poor ignorant Indians must have known of it for years, perhaps for generations, and beyond working up a few pieces to make themselves rings for their horses' lariats, or to secure their saddles, they have left it as it is."

As he spoke, he was already climbing up towards the shelf, his excitement in his tremendous find making him forget the risks he kept running, for, to one in cool blood, the face of the rock, the insecurity of the shrubs to which he clung, and the many times that silver-veined stones gave way beneath his feet, were very terrible, and Bart drew his breath hard, climbing slowly after his companion, till at last they stood once more upon the shelf.

And all this time the Beaver was looking calmly on, following each movement, helping his white friends to climb where it was necessary, and seeming half amused at the doctor's intense eagerness. In fact, Bart fancied that at times he looked rather contemptuously on at the doctor's delight with what he found, for it was so much white-grey metallic stone to him, and as nothing beside the possession of a fine swift pony, or an ample supply of powder and lead.

(To be continued.)

## GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

### II.—THE WRECK OF THE HURON.

IN our November part we told the story of the most famous wreck in the annals of the French marine, and of the scene on the raft of the Medusa we gave a coloured plate. Here with we illustrate the best remembered of the few disasters that have yet occurred to the Navy of the United States. The sketch is by Mr. J. O. Davidson, who was one of the survivors.

In many respects the wreck of the Huron compares very favourably with that of the Medusa, which afforded so striking an example

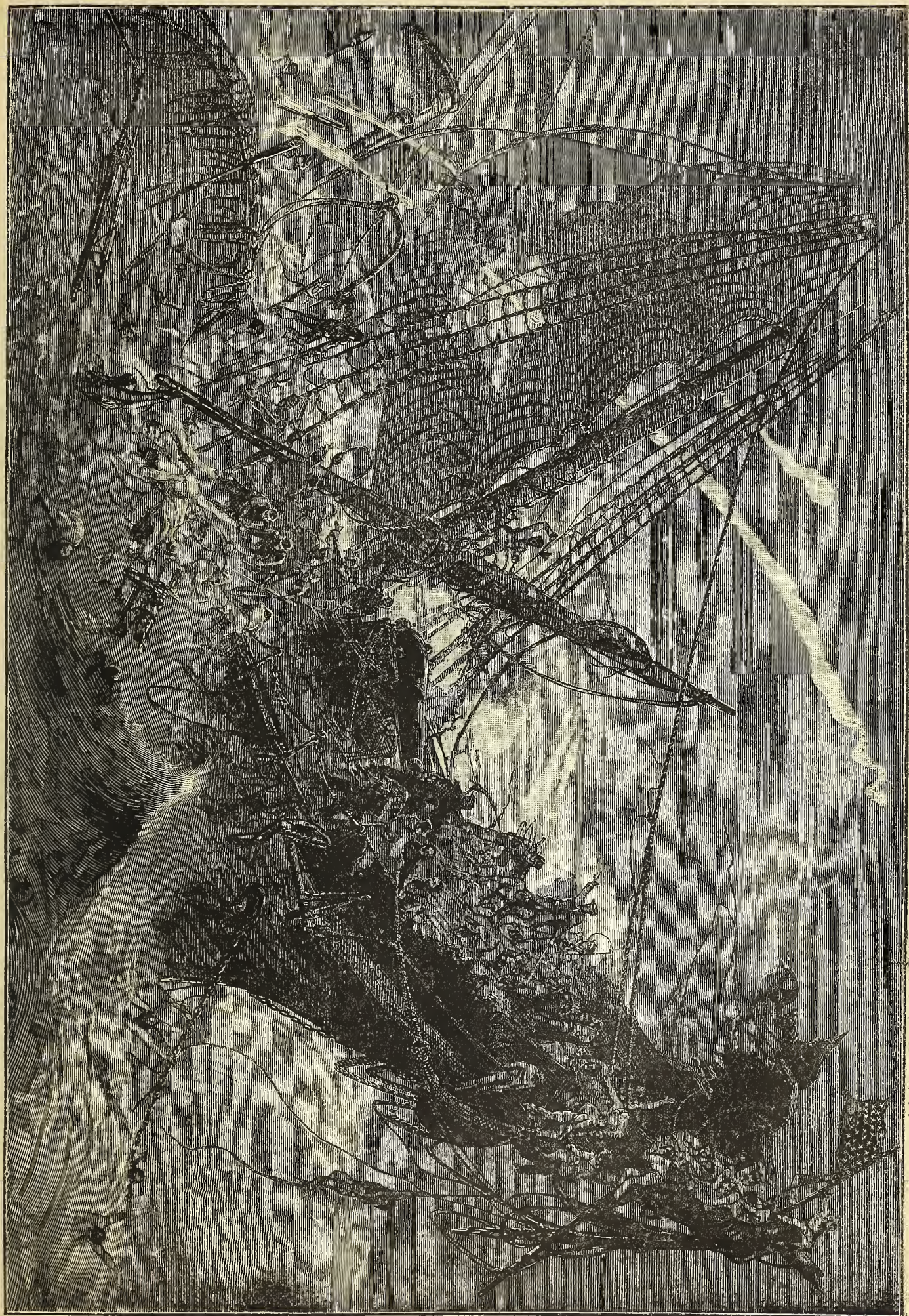
of disgraceful incompetency and brutal selfishness, with hardly one redeeming feature. The French frigate was lost in broad daylight in a favouring breeze; the American at midnight in a hurricane.

On Friday, November 23, 1877, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the Huron, commanded by Captain Ryan, left Hampton Roads for Havana on a surveying cruise among the Antilles and the islands of the Caribbean Sea. In less than twenty-four hours she had dis-

appeared a total wreck, with a hundred and four men drowned out of a crew of a hundred and thirty-eight.

The corvette, rigged as a three-masted schooner, was reputed to be a speedy, safe, and seaworthy boat. Her captain was one of the most promising officers in the service, and in the Sacramento, Lenapee, and Sabine had gained a considerable and varied experience. This was his second commission in the Huron, so that he should have been thoroughly familiar with her







peculiarities. How she came to be wrecked remains a mystery to this day. It has been suggested that she was caught in a current of unusual strength, or, and more probably so, that her compasses were affected during the storm.

When she went out of Hampton Roads on Friday morning a fresh breeze was blowing. Towards evening this increased to a gale, and at ten minutes past one she struck on the sand near Kitty Hawk, on the coast of North Carolina. A terrific surf was raging at the time, the night was dark as pitch, the position of the ship was not known, the direction of the land even was not known, and all the signals of distress proved useless.

The men remained to the last at their posts, even in the engine-room. The ship had heeled over forty degrees to windward, and bumped heavily on the sand. At every bump parts of the engine frame snapped. The starboard boilers were shaken loose and shifted across, and forty minutes after she struck the fires beneath them had to be extinguished. At two o'clock the engine broke down, and a quarter of an hour afterwards the fires were reluctantly drawn from the port boilers, and the remaining steam used in

blowing the danger whistle. All the valves communicating with the water were then secured, and the engineers were ordered up from below.

On reaching the deck they found the rest of the crew at their stations cool and collected, the sea breaking over them and thinning their numbers at almost every wave, and the rockets sent up seeming to be lost in the darkness, while the roar of the whistle was drowned in the fierce howling of the furious storm. Captain Ryan, several of the officers, and many of the crew had been washed overboard as soon as the vessel struck, and now nearly half the men were missing. So violent was the gale that to launch the boats proved impossible.

When daylight came over eighty men had perished. Of the survivors, five were in the main rigging, and fifty on the fore-castle. At eight o'clock a tremendous sea broke over the poop and carried away the boats and hammock nettings. Half an hour afterwards the main and mizen masts went by the board.

The land was now visible, and to it Ensign Lucien Young volunteered to make his way. After great effort he got through the tremendous surf, and as soon as he reached the shore he

hurried off for assistance. He found the nearest car and life-saving apparatus locked up! The men had seen the signals in the night, knew that a ship was in danger, and yet made no struggle to help her because they shrank from the responsibility of breaking open a door of which the key was not forthcoming! Mr. Young, however, stood not on such ceremony. He broke into the shed, and availing himself of the sheriff's team, which happened to be handy, he took off the life-car, the mortar, and the rocket-lines, and hurried back. He reached the scene of the wreck at about eleven, and then the foremast had gone, the deck was clear of the men, the ship was fast breaking up.

As soon as the news was flashed to them several ships started from their anchorage at Hampton to bring off the survivors, but they arrived too late. Within, as we have said, twenty-four hours of her putting to sea the *Huron* was a total wreck, and but thirty-four of her crew were washed ashore alive.

In an early number we shall complete the story of these great shipwrecks by telling the story of a memorable English disaster—the loss of the *Kent*.

## CROWNS AND CORONETS.

(See the Coloured Plate.)

THE Crown of the British Empire is jewelled with over three thousand stones. It has the large irregularly-polished heart-shaped ruby given to Edward the Black Prince by Don Pedro of Castile after the Battle of Najera in 1367, and worn by Henry v. at Agincourt in 1415, where it was so nearly cut off by D'Alençon's axe. It has also one large broad spread sapphire, bought by George IV., sixteen other sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, and 277 pearls. It was made by Rundell and Bridge in 1838. The jewels were principally taken from old crowns, and are set in silver and gold; and the crown, with its purple cap and white silk lining, weighs, complete, 39 oz. 5 dwts.

One hundred and twenty-nine pearls run along the lower band next the ermine, and a hundred and twelve along the line above. In front comes George IV.'s large sapphire, at the back a smaller sapphire, with three other sapphires on each side, and eight emeralds between them. Around the eight emeralds circle a hundred and twenty-eight diamonds, and there are fourteen diamonds above and below the sapphires. One hundred and sixteen diamonds in sixteen trefoil spaces alternate with the emeralds and sapphires. Above the band are eight sapphires, and above them eight diamonds, with eight festoons between each pair, using up one hundred and forty-eight diamonds. The big ruby comes in the centre of a Maltese cross bearing seventy-five brilliants. There is a Maltese cross at the back and on each side of the crown, and three large emeralds form their centres, guarded with three hundred and eighty-six diamonds.

Between the four Maltese crosses come the fleurs-de-lis, each with four rubies in its centre, and surrounded in all with three hundred and forty-four rose diamonds. From the crosses spring the imperial arches of oak leaves and acorns, the leaves with seven hundred and twenty-eight diamonds, the acorns with thirty-two pearls in cups built up of fifty-five diamonds. In the arches and the acorns there are a hundred and eight brilliants, a hundred and sixteen tables, and five hundred and fifty-nine rose diamonds. Four large pear-shaped pearls, with cups containing twelve rose diamonds, and stems built up of four-and-twenty more, hang from the upper part of the arches, and above all stands the "mound," or globe, containing in its southern hemisphere three hundred and four brilliants, in its northern ten hundred and forty-four, cut off from each other by a sparkling

equator of thirty-three rose diamonds. The cross has "the inestimable" rose-cut sapphire in its centre, around which come four large brilliants, and around them are bedded a hundred and eight smaller brilliants.

It is the latest and most elaborate of the crowns, and even in the dull light of the jewel-room glows most gloriously. Near to it in its iron cage in the Tower is the so-called "crown of St. Edward," whose shape is familiar to us on our coins and heraldic insignia. The crown of the Confessor of course it is not.

John lost his crown in the Wash, and Henry III., at Gloucester, had to make shift with a simple circlet of gold. He was, by-the-by, the only king since the Conquest crowned away from Westminster, for Edward v. was never crowned at all. Edward II. is said to have been "crowned with the crown of St. Edward," but Edward III., as is well known, pawned the royal jewels, as did many of his predecessors and successors, to raise funds for his expeditions, and they were never redeemed. The new crown of Richard II. was also handed over to the pawnbroker of the period, and Henry IV.'s crown was broken up and pawned in pieces by Henry v. before he started on his Agincourt campaign. Henry VI. is said to have been "crowned with St. Edward's," and Henry VIII. with a new crown, for which he first introduced the purple cap. Edward VI. was crowned with three crowns—"St. Edward's," the "crown of England," and one specially made for him—and Mary was also crowned thrice, the last time with a private crown made to measure.

In 1642 the crowns were destroyed. The regalia had up to then been kept in an iron chest in the arched room in the Westminster Cloisters, and, by order of the Parliament, Henry Martyn broke open the box and sold the crowns and sceptres. The crown of St. Edward was valued at £1,110, and it was melted down and the jewels distributed. At the coronation of Charles II. a new set of coronation jewellery was made on the patterns of the old, and it was this that Colonel Blood of Sarney—"a daring man, with a villainous, unmerciful countenance," as Evelyn calls him—attempted to steal in 1671.

On the 9th of May in that year a clergyman who had made acquaintance with Edwards, their keeper, and pleased him with a proposal for his daughter's marriage, introduced "two friends who were anxious to see the crown jewels." As soon as Edwards brought the minister's friends into the room they threw a cloak over his head, stuffed a gag into his mouth, and proceeded to

take possession of the regalia. Blood, the clergyman, put the crown into his cassock; Hunt, his son-in-law, popped the orb into the pocket of his voluminous breeches; and Parret, an old soldier of the Commonwealth, coolly filed the sceptre into short lengths and stowed them away in his bag. Edwards's son happened to pass, however, and an alarm was raised. The thieves were pursued and stopped at St. Catherine's Gate. Their trial was somehow hushed up by the king; Blood was "punished" with the gift of an Irish estate rated at £500 a year, and, till he died in the King's Bench in 1681, was quite a favourite at Court. What it all meant no one to this day can tell. Blood's theft of the regalia is the most extraordinary of the minor events in English history.

Some of the crowns of our older monarchs are perhaps worth noting. The British chiefs would seem to have worn in the Roman times a string of pearls. The early English leaders at first were crowned with laurel leaves, and their coronations were very frequent. Adolph, the East Anglian, had a plain fillet; Ofa, the Mercian, had sometimes a double row of pearls, like many of his successors. Egbert had a radiated crown; Ethelwulf a pearl fillet with a large jewel in front. Athelstan had an arched crown; and Edred three high rays with pearls on the points. Edgar the Peaceful, Edward the Martyr, and Ethelred had all plain crowns. Ironside had a crown like Edred, and Canute at first had a plain or fillet, but after the tidal episode at Southampton

"From that time forth did for his brow disown  
The ostentatious symbol of a crown,  
Esteeming earthly royalty  
Presumptuous and vain."

Harold Harefoot had a crown with pearl arches, but Hardicanute had only a single string. Edward, who first introduced the globe, the symbol of dominion, had a closed crown, but of course much simpler in design than the one now called after him. The Conqueror's crown is shown on our presentation plate. Rufus added a few pearl arches, Henry I. first bore the fleur-de-lis or spear-heads, Stephen had an open crown of the "fleur" type, like that of Richard shown in our coloured sheet, Henry II. had five points with pearls. The crowns of the Edwards were very similar to ducal coronets. We show that eventually adopted by Edward II. and those of Henry IV., Henry v., Henry VI., Edward IV., and Henry VIII. Elizabeth's was a very graceful crown, as was also that worn by James I. and Charles I.

(To be concluded.)



# THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE: WHAT IT IS, AND HOW TO ENTER IT.

By AVIET AGABEG, LL.B.

(Continued from page 190.)

**L**ASTLY, as to Law. This is divided into the following heads: (a) General Jurisprudence, (b) Notes of Cases and Law of Evidence, (c) Indian Law. For General Jurisprudence the candidate should study (1) Blackstone's Commentaries, by Stephen; (2) The Institutes of Justinian, by Saunders; (3) Austin's Jurisprudence; (4) Lord Mackenzie's Studies in Roman Law; (5) Bentham's Theory of Legislation. For the Law of Evidence the best works to study are Mr. Pitt Taylor's Treatise and Mr. Justice Stephen's Digest. The Indian Evidence Act should also be studied. As regards the Notes of Cases, each candidate must, at stated periods during the two years, furnish four reports of one or more civil causes or criminal trials, or an inquiry before a magistrate (as may be required). In Indian Law the candidate must thoroughly master the following:—(a) The Indian Penal Code; (b) The Code of Civil Procedure; (c) The Code of Criminal Procedure; (d) Hindu and Mahomedan Law; the principal Acts of the Government of India, paying particular attention to some of the most important ones, such as the Limitation Act, Contract Act, Evidence Act, etc. For a and c we can recommend the edition by Mr. Prinsep, for b the edition by Justices Broughton and Wilkinson, of the High Court at Calcutta. For the general Acts the student should have Fagan's edition, and for individual Acts, such as the Limitation and Contract Acts, editions by Bourke and Cunningham respectively. For Hindu and Mahomedan Law the student cannot do better than study the works on that subject by Macnaghten and Baillie respectively.

Besides the marks, there are pecuniary prizes offered at the final examinations, the amounts of which for the different subjects are respectively as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Law ... ..	100	0	0
Sanskrit ... ..	75	0	0
Hindustani ... ..	50	0	0
Hindi ... ..	50	0	0
Bengali ... ..	50	0	0
Tamil ... ..	50	0	0
Telugu ... ..	50	0	0
Marathi ... ..	50	0	0
Arabic ... ..	50	0	0
Persian ... ..	50	0	0
History and Geography of India... ..	50	0	0
Political Economy ... ..	50	0	0

Of course for these prizes a very high standard of proficiency is required, which the candidate should endeavour to acquire in some of the most useful subjects—such as Law or the Vernacular Languages, if only for the sake of distinction, apart from the question of the value of the prizes. As the duties of civilians in India are such as often require the performance of journeys on horseback, candidates are expected to produce before the time fixed for the final examination satisfactory evidence of their ability in this respect.

Just a word or two about the cost of studying for the first examination. Every intending competitor should begin his "special studies" for this examination quite two years before the youngest age for it, which is seventeen; and whether he pursue those studies at a grammar's or elsewhere, the expenses, which will in a great measure depend on him, vary from £120 to £250 a year. The two years of probation will be a little more expensive, perhaps, but an extra £40 to £50 a year ought to be sufficient. Against this, however, should be set off the allowances made by the Secretary of State, which we have mentioned above.

Finally, one word of advice. A candidate, in

order to acquire a high standard of proficiency in Law, should, in addition to reading the works we have mentioned, study, some portion of his time—which should be at least six months—in the chambers of a practising barrister in London, especially of one who has previously practised in India. The charge for this is a matter of arrangement, but fifty guineas would cover eight or nine months' study, and a hundred guineas a year and a half. He should also attend the Courts as much as he can.

(THE END.)



## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(FIFTH SERIES.)

### Model Locomotive Competition.

**W**E offered, it will be remembered (see Vol. V., page 351), in this Competition, Two Prizes, of One Guinea and a Half and One Guinea respectively. Competitors were to be arranged in two divisions, the Junior Division embracing all ages up to 16, and the Senior all ages from 16 to 21.

We are happy to be able to report that a very large number joined in the competition, most of the competitors stating that they knew nothing whatever of the subject until the articles on Cardboard Models appeared in our columns, and that the work of construction had afforded them most pleasant and profitable occupation.

The adjudication has been conducted with painstaking care, and in publishing our Award we do so with even more than ordinary pleasure on account of the excellence of much of the work sent in. Indeed, many of the competitors run each other so closely—some excelling in details overlooked by others whose general excellence was yet, perhaps, higher—that we gladly increase the amount of the prize-money, and vote several additional prizes. This week we deal only with the Junior Division. The Senior will follow in a later number. Our Award is as follows:—

#### JUNIOR DIVISION.

First Prize—One Guinea.

ERNEST J. PERKINS (aged 15 years). [Please send full address.]

Extra Prize—15s.

CHARLES GEDDES (aged 14), Reedham Orphanage, Purley, R. S. O.

Extra Prize—10s. 6d.

TOM TRIPLOW (aged 13), Reedham Orphanage, Purley, R. S. O.

Extra Prizes—7s. 6d. each.

CHARLES E. KENT (aged 15), 49, Paxton Road, Chiswick, W.

ARTHUR E. DAVIS (aged 14), Reedham Orphanage, Purley, R. S. O.

Extra Prizes—5s. each.

EDWARD CACKETT (aged 14), 7, Sandringham Terrace, West Green Road, Tottenham.

R. KERSHAW (aged 15), 9, Alwyne Square, Canonbury Park, N.

#### CERTIFICATES.

(Competitors' names appear in the order of merit.)

THOMAS R. NEAL, St. Augustine Street, Norwich.

FRED. PLUMER, 119, King Henry's Road, Primrose Hill, London.

PERCY H. JONES, 9, Trematon Terrace, Ford Park Road, Maitley, Plymouth.

FREDERICK WIELAND, care of Mr. Webb, Market Place, Chipping Norton, Oxon.

BERNARD R. HIBBERT, St. Chad's School House, Shrewsbury.

W. B. DENNISON, 1, Panmure Place, Edinburgh.

ALFRED GEO. EAST, 17, Mornington Road, New Cross, S.E.

WALTER REEVES, 187, Darwin Street, Birmingham.

WILLIAM W. OXER, 24, North Street, Old Town, Clapham.

C. F. FATT, 33, Colverstone Crescent, Dalston.

MALCOLM S. DON, Bedgebury, Hawkhurst, Kent.

GEORGE H. BUTLER, 11, Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road.

ANTHONY J. WILLIAMS, 7, New Buckingham Square, New Kent Road, S.E.

F. T. LLEWELLYN, Acacia Cottage, Shrewsbury.

FREDK. W. HALES, 48, Hillmarton Road, N.

JOHN A. HALL, 11, Mount Pleasant, Chepstow, Mon.

RICHARD BAXTER, 71, Sydenham Place, Otley Road, Bradford.

THOS. C. IZOD, 136, Long Lane, Boro', S.E.

FRED. THOMSON, 25, Highfield South, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

C. P. PRATTEN, 38, Butts Hill, Frome, Somerset.

THOMAS H. COCKBURN, The Croft, Ellington Road, Ramsgate.

JOHN D. BAIRSTOW, 25, Lewis Street, Halifax, Yorkshire.

WILLIAM MILLS, 4, Freer Street, Walsall.

C. J. SHUCKBURN, Manor House, Bilton, Rugby, Warwickshire.

GEO. F. HEDGE, 34, King Street, Thetford, Norfolk.

ERNEST GIBBS, 38, Park Street, Dorset Square.

HUGH W. THOMAS, Bloomfield Terrace, Wigton.

ROBERT S. PRIPPEN, Worle, near Weston-super-Mare.

NIGEL GRENVILLE-WELLS, The Heath House, Petersfield, Hants.

BERNARD H. WOODYATT, St. John's Vicarage, Over, Cheshire.

GEORGE ERNEST WILLIAMS, Albert Street, Pensnett, near Dudley.

RICHARD C. BRYAN, 20, Abbeydale Road, Sheffield.

JOHN WILLIMONT, St. Lawrence, Bodmin, Cornwall.

LORENZO A. COMPTON, 29, Canton Street, Bedford Place, Southamptn.

WM. J. CANNON, 8, Cato Terrace, Roman Road, East Ham, Essex.

ISAIAH G. BAYLEY, 12, Old Park Road, King's Hill, Wednesbury, Staffs.

C. S. SLATER, 29, Mount Pleasant Row, Lewisham.

ROBT. H. ROBERTS, 92, High Street, Croydon.

RICHARD PARRIS, 53, Arundel Square, Barnsbury, N.

HARRY MITCHELL, Winterburn Cottage, Stone, near Dartford, Kent.

OSWALD C. JONES, 2, College Hill, Shrewsbury, Salop.

CHAS. E. HELLIWELL, Oakleigh, Cornholme, near Todmorden.

E. C. HIGGS, 120, Marina, St. Leonards.

WALTER P. WINTER, 5, St. Luke's Terrace, Cheltenham.

C. E. DOUGLAS, Consett.

ARTHUR CARR, 6, Warwick Place, Leeds, Yorkshire.

B. GLADSTONE SHEPHERD, 42, Market Place, Banbury.

CHAS. F. FULLERBROOK, 157, High Street, Hounslow.

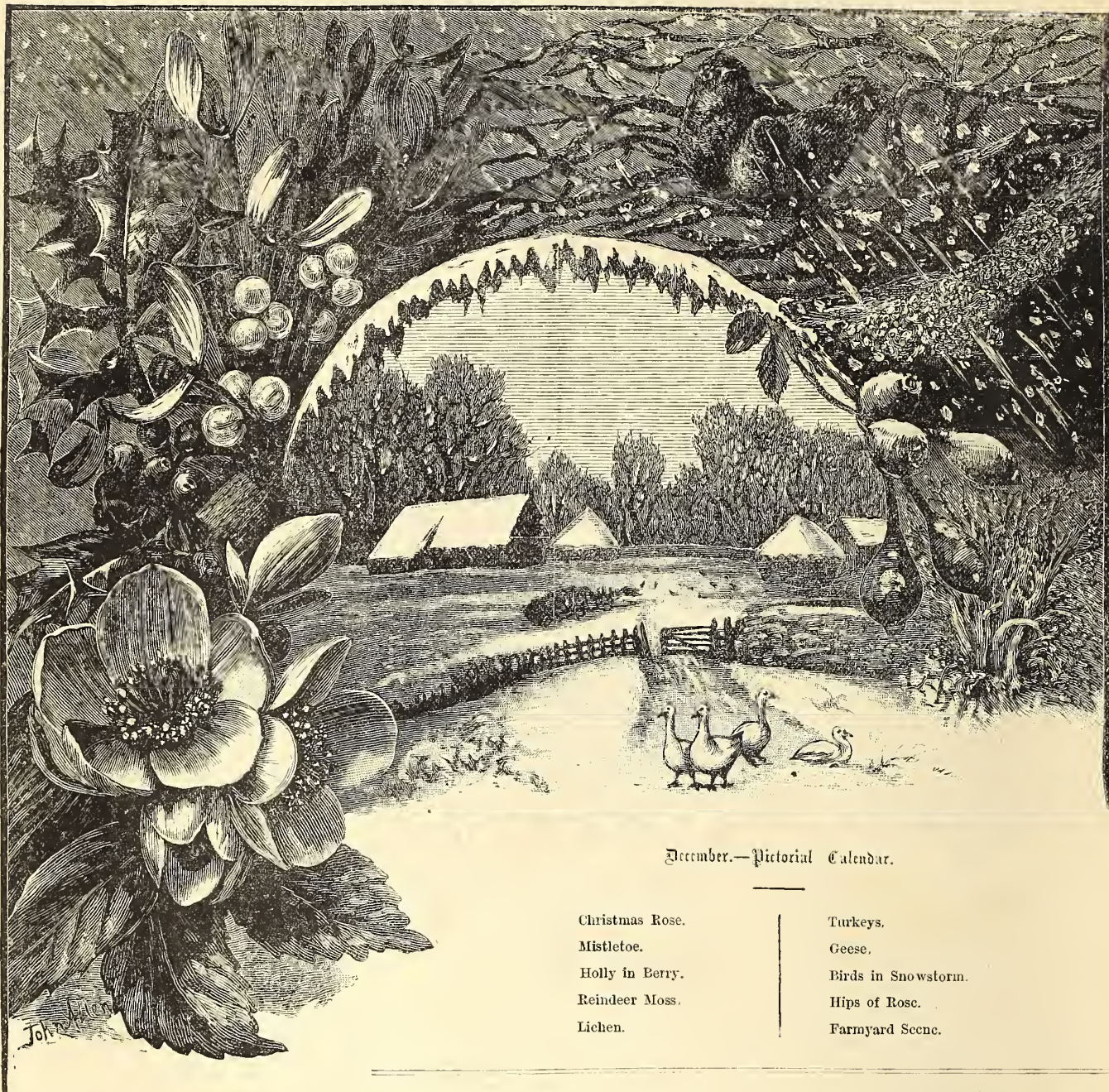
RICH. O'DRISCOLL, Glin, Co. Limerick.

FREDK. THACKERAY, 43, Richmond Terrace, Over Darwen.

CECIL G. LINDO, 2, Woodlands Terrace, Blackheath.

HARRY LOEIMER, 53, Church Street, Altrincham, Cheshire.





December.—Pictorial Calendar.

Christmas Rose.  
Mistletoe.  
Holly in Berry.  
Reindeer Moss.  
Lichen.

Turkeys.  
Geese.  
Birds in Snowstorm.  
Hips of Rose.  
Farmyard Scene.

## Correspondence.

**D. CHALMERS.**—1. The pegs of the violin will not slip if you dust a little powdered resin on to them. They may, however, be too small for the holes, in which case you must get new ones. They are not expensive. 2. "Please excuse the bearer's absence" is grammatically correct, but the author of the sentence must have been having a joke with you. Were the bearer absent how would you get the letter? The non-discovery of the joke is no proof of grammatical deficiency, but it does little credit to your shrewdness.

**G. E.**—In Loomis's "Practical Astronomy," price ten shillings and sixpence, you will find the formulæ for the calculation of transits and eclipses. It is an American book, obtainable through any bookseller.

**W. W.**—Your case is hopeless, W. W.! Stick to prose. Poets, like other mortals, go to school, and there, we suppose, they learn their punctuation. But you will never become laureate after a start like yours—"Please can you tell me weather Poets put their own stops in, or weather the printer puts them in. And if the poet puts them in, how does he acquire the knowledge to do it?" Perhaps Mr. Tennyson will oblige.

**RADICAL.**—There is no such thing as aristocracy known to our law, and the "members of the aristocracy" are subject to the same punishment as the rest of the community. Speak of the man by his name and occupation, and leave such nebulous and misleading phrases as "an aristocrat" alone. They only show your ignorance of your country's history.

**G. F. L. T.**—1. There is no way of removing congenital marks. You will be all right when you grow your whiskers. 2. The premium is rarely less than £50, but you could not expect to enter a first-class firm for that sum. However, why not write to the owners?

**H. A. MILES.**—You fail to see the opening your suggestion offers to fraud. The papers you mention are in a different position from us. Even now some readers imagine that we are responsible for the quality of the goods supplied by the advertisers on our wrapper. If you want to dispose of your things by exchange or otherwise, there is a periodical with an elaborate organisation for the purpose. See the "Exchange and Mart," published at 170, Strand. The mere reading of the rules therein will show you the risks that are run. Added to which the swapping mania is not one that should be encouraged. The producers do more good in the world than the dealers. Work first, trade last.

**TIM.**—The River Fleet rises at Highgate Ponds, and flows into the Thames under Blackfriars Bridge. It is much smaller now than formerly, for the very simple reason that its "catchment-basin" is now tapped by the drains, and the water that used to swell its volume now goes by other routes to the sea. This is treating the subject from a lofty standpoint; confidentially we might whisper that the River Fleet is a dirty sewer.

**J. B. Z.**—The best book on Canaries is Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s large one, of which our contributor, Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N., is part author. It is expensive, however. Dean and Son publish a small sixpenny treatise that might serve your turn; or you might get our back numbers treating on the subject of canaries.

**A NEW READER.**—1. Cuttings are made from geraniums in July and August; two joints are sufficient to leave. Make the cuttings beneath the joint, and before you plant them take off the big leaves. 2. Insects of various kinds, slugs, etc.

**W. HUNT.**—Any light line will do for a lasso. Let the noose run through a bowline knot, to make which see "Knots and Cordage" in our second volume. The ropes used by the Indians are made of hide; you might succeed with clothes line.

**JUVENILE TRICYCLIST.**—1. We should think forty miles a day a fair average. 2. You can mend indiarubber tires with cement procurable from any bicycle shop. 3. The late Mr. Starley was the principal improver of the 'cycle. 4. In the modern acceptance of the term the bicycle is older than the tricycle, but there were three-wheeled velocipedes before the invention of the two-wheeled one. 5. We gave an article on the different patterns of tricycles in No. 135.

**R. A. H.**—We do not approve of chaining cockatoos at all. They do better in a very large parrot's cage, with a thick perch; the ring may be taken out. Do not keep them constantly in the cage, but let them out every day for exercise.

**EARS.**—Yes, you are right—it is cruel to carry rabbits by the ears; lifting them by the skin of the neck is better, but lift and carry them as little as possible.

**CONSTANTINOPLE.**—1. Could not say unless we saw the eggs. 2. A blackbird or thrush will forsake her nest of eggs for many reasons. They do not like their privacy interfered with nor the eggs lifted. Even shaking the bush or tree may cause a twig to fall in the nest; that would be enough.



## THE FATHER of FISH-CULTURE

### Seth Green's Ideas About the Finny Tribe and Some of His Varied Experiences.

(Turf, Field and Farm).

"How did you ever come to devise this scheme?"

"I have been working at it ever since I was large enough to bend a pin."

The above remark was addressed to Mr. Seth Green, the veteran fish culturist, who is known to the entire world, and his reply indicates the extent of his labors.

"When I was quite young," he continued, "I would lie on the limbs of trees that reached out over the water entire afternoons watching the movements of the fish and studying their habits. In this way I discovered many characteristics which were before unknown. I saw, as every observer must see, the destructive elements that are warring against fish, and I realized that unless something were done, the life in the streams of this country would become extinct. To counteract this disastrous end became my life work, and I am happy to say I have seen its accomplishment."

"Were you successful on the start?"

"No, indeed. Up to that time all artificial attempts to hatch and raise fish from the spawn had failed, and I was compelled to experiment in an entirely new manner. The work was a careful and tedious one, but I finally succeeded, and to-day I am able to hatch and raise fully seventy-five per cent. of all spawn."

"Enormous! Why, that is a larger percentage than either the vegetable or animal kingdoms produce in a natural condition."

"I know it, but we exercise the greatest care in the start, and guard the little fellows until they become able to care for themselves."

The foregoing conversation occurred at Caledonia, where the representative of this paper was paying a visit to the state fish hatcheries. It has been his privilege to report very many interesting sights within the past twenty-five years, but the view presented here exceeds in interest anything ever before attempted.

"How many fish are there in those ponds, Mr. Green?"

"As we have never attempted to count them it will be impossible to say. They extend way up into the millions though. We shipped over three millions out of the ponds this year, and there seemed to be as many afterward as before. We have nearly every variety of the trout family and many hybrids."

"You speak of hybrids, Mr. Green. What do you mean by that?"

"I have experimented for years in crossing the breed of the various fish and am still working upon it. We cross the female salmon trout with the male brook trout, and thus produce a hybrid. Then we cross the hybrid with the brook trout, which gives us three-quarter brook trout and one-quarter salmon trout. This makes one of the finest fishes in the world. He has all the habits of the brook trout, lives in both streams and lakes, develops vermilion spots on his sides, rises steadily to a fly, is far more vigorous and fully one-third larger than ordinary brook trout of the same age. The possibilities of development in the fish world are great, and we are rapidly ascertaining what they are."

As the man of news watched the countenance of Mr. Green while he was giving the above account, he could not but feel that he was in the presence of one of the few investigators who, from a rich and life-long experience, bring great benefit to the world. Let the reader imagine a strong and stalwart frame, surmounted by a head strongly resembling that of Socrates, and covered with a white silky beard and luxuriant gray hair. Seth Green, the father of fish-culture, is a picture of health, and the reporter could not help remarking so.

"If you had seen me the last winter and spring, young man, you might have thought differently," said the veteran.

"How is that? One would think, to look at you, that sickness was something of which you knew nothing."

"And so it was until last winter. I went down into Florida in the fall to see what kind of fish they had in that state and study their habits, and was attacked with malaria in its severest form, and when I came home I realized for the first time in my life that I was sick. My symptoms were terrible. I had dull, aching pains in my head, limbs and around my back. My appetite was wholly gone, and I felt a lack of energy such as I had often heard described but had never experienced. Any one who has ever had a severe attack of malaria can appreciate my condition. I went to bed and remained there all the spring, and if there ever was a sick man. I was the one."

"It seems hardly possible. How did you come to recover so completely?"

"My brother, who had been afflicted by a severe kidney trouble and threatened with Bright's disease was completely cured by a remedy in which I had great confidence. I therefore tried the same remedy for my malaria and am happy to say I am a well man to-day and through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be one of the most valuable of medicines. Indeed, I see it is endorsed by the United States Medical College of New York, and that Dr. Gunn, dean of that institution, has written a long article concerning its value."

"And are you now as well as formerly?"

"Apparently so. I keep the remedy on hand all the while though, and do not hesitate to recommend it to others."

"One question more. How many ponds of fish have you here, and how are they divided?"

"Well, we have 43 ponds, which are divided up as follows: 22 ponds of brook trout, 2 ponds of salmon trout, 4 of McCloud river or rainbow trout, 2 ponds of German trout, 3 of California mountain trout, 2 ponds of hybrids, 4 of one-quarter salmon and three-quarters brook trout, 2 ponds of gold fish, and 1 pond of carp. Then we have what we call the centennial pond or 'happy family,' consisting of crosses of different fish, including Kennebec salmon, land locked salmon, California salmon, brook trout, salmon trout and hybrids. These fish range in size from minnows to 18-pounders, and in age from one and one-half months to eleven years. I forgot to say, also, that we have a 'hospital' pond, which is entirely empty, which speaks pretty well for a community of many millions. Indeed the whole secret of fish culture can be summed up in four things: Impregnation—using no water; plenty of food; plenty of pure water; and cleanliness."

The numerous fish exhibitions which are taking place in all parts of Europe, and the unusual interest which is being manifested in this subject throughout the world, all owe their origin to the process above described as originated and conducted by Seth Green. It is certainly cause for congratulation to every American that this country produces so many men whose genius brings value to the world; and it is proof positive of the greatest merit that a remedy even with such high standing as Warner's Safe Cure is known to have, should be so strongly endorsed and recommended by one so reputable and reliable as Seth Green.

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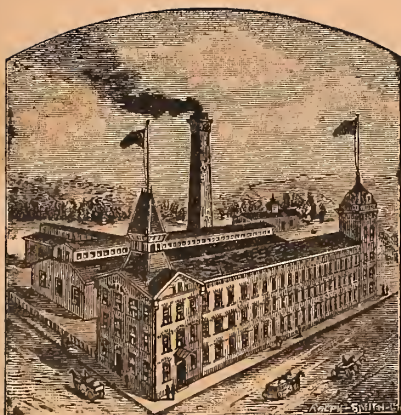


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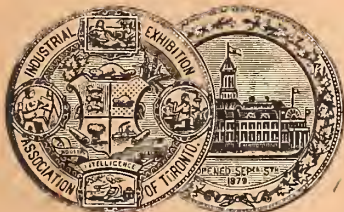
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